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SÍSCÉALTA Ó
THÍR CHONAILL

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a bhailigh

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Comhairle Bhéaloideas Éireann
An Coláiste Ollscoile
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FAIRY LEGENDS
FROM
DONEGAL

Originally collected
by
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PLATE I. Cathal Ó Baoill ag caint le Seán Ó hEochaidh. Bealtaine 1977
Cathal Ó Baoill talking to Seán Ó hEochaidh. May 1977

Photo S. Ó Cathain

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SEÁN Ó HEOCHADH
MÁIRE NÍ NÉILL
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INTRODUCTION

When Seán Ó hEochaidh's first collection of *Sídhe-Scéalta* (Fairy Stories) appeared Professor Gerard Murphy described it as "the most representative collection of modern fairy-lore which has yet appeared in print." "It would be well," he added, "in view of its importance, to have it translated into one of the better-known languages for the use of folklorists and mythologists unacquainted with Irish."¹ In recognition of this importance and of the appeal the stories should hold not only for folklorists but for all interested in the Irish past, Séamus Ó Duilearga urged me to undertake the translation into English.

Sídhe-Scéalta appeared in two instalments.² To them have been added in this translation a few items of fairy belief from other printed collections by Seán Ó hEochaidh, e.g. *Rannta agus Rann-Scéalta* (Verses and Stave-Anecdotes),³ and *Seanchas Iascaireachta agus Farraige* (Fishing and Seafaring Traditions).⁴ Four items have been taken from the texts he contributed to Heinrich Wagner's study of the Irish spoken in the Teelin district.⁵ One story recorded by Seán in English is also included.⁶

Because the translation is made from these several sources and for two other reasons a different order from that followed by Ó hEochaidh in his *Sídhe-Scéalta*, helpful and well chosen as that proved to be, has been adopted. His order was governed by subject interest. Mine stresses the environmental background. My second reason for re-arrangement was to group the Teelin stories under headings and titles which would be informative to folklorists. The miscellanies from the other areas were not extensive enough for grouping under headings but in them too the general order of subject has been followed.

The south-west corner of Donegal is one of the remote areas of Ireland. It is mostly mountain and moorland with inland glens

1. *Éigse* VIII, pt. III, 1956 (1957), p. 273.

2. *Béaloides* XXIII, 1954 (1956), pp. 135-229, and *Béaloides* XXVII, 1959 (1961), pp. 1-34.

3. *Béaloides* XXV, 1957 (1959), pp. 25-45.

4. *Béaloides* XXXIII, 1965 (1967), pp. 1-96.

5. *Gaeilge Theilinn* by Heinrich Wagner, 1959, pp. 266-72, 276-82.

6. *Béaloides* XXIII, 1954 (1956), pp. 239-40.

and its most striking feature is its stupendous coastline: here mountain and sea meet abruptly, the cliffs of Slieve League standing nearly two thousand feet sheer above the Atlantic. The old parish of Glencolmcille is almost co-terminous with the area of the stories. Teelin is on the eastern boundary of the parish and some ten miles away from the old parish centre in the Glen. Livelihood in this beautiful but rugged land was a struggle, farming was for subsistence, and long distances had to be traversed on foot to fairs at Carrick, Kilcar, Killybegs and Ardara. The pattern of life around Teelin bay, however, was dominated by the fact that the bay is one of two good havens on the south Donegal coast. The other is Killybegs, which the modern tendency to concentration has favoured and which to this day is one of the main Irish fishing ports, while Teelin has declined. In the past Teelin's natural advantages nourished an enterprising breed of fishermen.

Seán Ó hEochaidh is a native of Teelin, the grandson of one of the master fishermen, and a kinsman and neighbour of the narrators of the Teelin portion of this collection. As he says himself he has the sea in his marrow (*dúchas na farraige go smior ionnam féin*). Unlike other fishing communities of the western Irish seaboard the Teelin men did not go to sea in curachs and there was no trace remaining in song or story that they had ever done so. In the old days they had built locally two kinds of timber boats, sailing boats of about ten tons for trading across Donegal Bay and along the shores of Connacht, and smaller boats for fishing known as *bádaí deiridh* or 'stern-boats' which carried crews of seven, six to row and one to steer. In the stories there are references to these crews of seven, and tradition held that this was the number in St. Peter's boat (*Seachtar a bhí i bhfoirinn Naomh Peadar fosta!*).⁷ About the turn of the century these two types were replaced by yawls and larger sailing boats of a Scottish model known in Teelin as *Scotai*. It is the earlier types of boat which figure in the stories.

The sea is in the marrow of Teelin tradition, but behind the hill-encircled haven there are the long stretches of mountain and glen and these too, it will be seen, made their contribution to the fairy lore of the region.

7. *Béaloidéas* XXXIII, 1965 (1967), p. 4. Cf. St. John, chapter 21, verse 2.

Teelin's sea tradition may be compared with that of Tory, the rocky island off the northern coast of Donegal, where an equally hardy race of fishermen made their living from the harvest of the sea. In Tory there were two kinds of curachs, one with oars for three or four oarsmen and a smaller and more ancient type operated by a paddle which one man could handle and which could not hold more than two at most. Tory islanders had also larger timber sailing boats: nowadays these have motor engines but there are circumstances in which they prefer to use the curachs which they handle so skilfully.

It might be argued that as the sea and seafaring has permeated the fairy beliefs of Teelin and Tory the stories dealing mainly with sea-beliefs should have been put foremost in the arrangement but fishermen and sea-traders live first on land and so the stories with a land background have been put first. Readers who are more interested in the sea stories may turn to those under the heading "Fairies of Sea and Shore" in the Teelin section and to the later stories in the Tory and final sections.

The other area substantially represented in the collection is the lonely mountain glen in the Cruacha, the Bluestack Mountains. Seán Ó hEochaidh has described the small community living there as the most isolated and self-contained he has met.⁸ Earning money by sheep rearing, spinning yarn and knitting socks for sale, each household with a couple of cattle and a patch of potatoes, twelve miles away from Glenties the market town, these people, many of them monoglot Gaelic speakers, with a tradition that they descend from fugitives from Tyrone, preserved the old tradition of fireside storytelling and entertainment when he first went there in 1947. He spent two years collecting in what he described as the last true Gaeltacht in Tír Chonaill.

The final section of stories from scattered places in North Donegal, e.g., Gortahork, Fanad, Gweedore, Rannafast, etc., fills out the traditions of the three main areas. Together they give a faithful record of the fairy belief of Gaelic Tír Chonaill.

It is not an exhaustive record but it is all the more valuable for its spontaneity, for presenting what was uppermost in people's

8. *Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie* Band 29, Heft 1/2, 1962, "Na Cruacha i dTír Chonaill", pp. 8-14.

minds about the fairies. As examples of the variability of tradition it can be pointed out that two of the commonest stories in Ireland are not found in this collection, (a) the cranky wizened changeling left in place of a stolen child, and (b) the fairy shoemaker who, when captured, can be forced to reveal hidden treasure. Their absence does not mean that they were unknown. Indeed, an earlier collection from Teelin by León Ó Baoighill contains a form of the changeling story in which two old fairy men are left in the place of stolen twin boys. And the *lochromán*, the northern form of the name of the fairy shoemaker, is attested in other sources. Since, however, Ó hEochaidh's collection has instances of (a) simulacra left in place of stolen women and children, and of (b) fairy money gifts, it is, at least, noteworthy that they are not the widespread stereotypes.

The collection cannot be ignored in the debate about the connection between belief in the fairies and pre-Christian notions of the dead. It is to be remarked that the dead met among the fairies in these stories are those who died untimely accidental deaths, such as fishermen drowned at sea or shore-gatherers carried away by the tide. Others believed to be "taken away" were women and infants who died at childbirth, and children and adults lost on the hills. Elderly mortals who have lived out their normal span are not encountered. Neither, as far as my knowledge goes, are the executed, those who died in war or by other human violence, and this I think is true of the whole field of Irish folklore. These victims of human violence have made a separate impact on imagination and figure in ghost stories, not in fairy belief. It would seem that people did not accept untimely accidental deaths as real deaths—for these there had to be another explanation. There is also the curious belief that when the fairies "take" cattle, the apparent cattle carcasses they leave are really the corpses of old men and women. Who are these elderly dead among the fairies? The stolen mortals, come to their allotted span? This is never explicitly said and it may be too much to look for so rationalized an explanation. But if fairies are the ancient dead, how do the dead die again? And if the fairy world is a survival of ancient ideas of life after death, it may be said that the music, singing, dancing, drinking and feasting of the Irish fairies is a very different after-life from that of the ancient Greeks as told in the *Odyssey*.

Gerard Murphy, in the review referred to above, inclined to the view that fairy belief is such a survival:

The pagan belief would have been that all the dead lived again in the divine world from which their ancestor came. In Donegal today, however, and in general in every part of Ireland, under the influence of Christianity, a normal Christian death is regarded as assuring entry to the Christian other world, but where certain abnormal deaths are concerned the pagan concept tends to persist.

This is arguable, and the nature of the deaths must be considered. "Untimely" and "accidental" seem to me more accurate than "abnormal".

Reidar Th. Christiansen recognized complexity in the problem:

There is for instance the much debated question on the origin of fairy-faith. It is probably equally misleading to derive its every feature from ancient ideas about the continued existence of the deceased, as to say that men have evolved this extraordinary texture of realistic touches and imagination out of their own inner consciousness. That there is in fairy tradition an historic element, and that ancient conceptions of life after death played an important part in its formation, no one is likely to deny. Apart from all theories, however, fairy-belief is perhaps in popular tradition the most significant relic of the past, and therefore also the strongest and most vital link between us and ancient days.⁹

This collection opens with an interesting general account of fairies, taken down from Conall Ó Beirn, a noted *seanchaí*, and there are scattered through the tales a few general statements about fairy ways, but usually information is conveyed in the form of legends. Some of the legends are brief and confined to one episode but there are also longer well-articulated stories such as "The Knife against the Wave", "The Three Sneezes", "The Woman dropped from the Air", "The Fairy Cow of Loch an Iúir", which are variants of tales well known elsewhere in Ireland. Gerard Murphy drew attention to similarities between some of the tales and those in old and medieval Irish literature. One of the best tales

9. Christiansen, R. Th.: *The Dead and the Living*, Oslo, 1946, pp. 93-94

in the book, "The Inver Man and the Fairy Woman", is clearly the same tale in a peasant setting as one told briefly in a sixteenth-century manuscript of Maolmhuire, ancestor of the three Clanna Suibhne, and his fairy mistress.¹⁰ And since variants of many of these legends and tales occur in the fairy traditions of other European lands, the question arises as to the interplay of tale and belief. Did the stories keep belief alive or belief the stories? How much of all this is indigenous? How much part of a common heritage?

One factor making for the survival of belief comes out clearly in these Donegal tales. Many reflect the anxieties of life and livelihood, the fear of calamities which, while not everyday occurrences, happened frequently enough in a fishing and subsistence-farming community to be ever present in the imagination. A large number of them deal with untimely deaths, with children straying on the hills, wayfarers overtaken by storm and mist, with losses of cattle, failures of crops, houses in which families did not prosper and, most prominently of all, with the dangers of the sea. Interestingly enough, the majority of the abduction tales end in the defeat by human action of the fairies' attempts, but this may perhaps be attributable to the storytelling tradition which prefers success to failure and has more scope in an abduction-and-rescue drama than in a simple poignant tale of abduction.

Another group of tales reflects wishful thinking: prolific cows, food mysteriously supplied, purses never without money, lost money restored, magical powers acquired, these usually as rewards for kindness to fairies. The most imaginative stories belong to erotic fantasy, the love of fairy woman and mortal man. In Donegal the balance seems to be preponderantly this way rather than fairy man and mortal woman, although the story of Áine and of the attempted abductions of brides may be regarded as implying the existence of fairy lovers of women. The motive for "taking" women in childbirth is to get nurses for children in faery, and whether the children they nurse are fairy or stolen human infants is never clarified.

It must be stressed that this collection is limited to fairy lore and so represents only one component of imaginative tradition. It is an abstract, and while abstracts often define forms with bold

clarity they do so at the risk of a distortion which is disproportionate to the manifold human experience. To put the matter in perspective Seán Ó hEochaidh's compilation *Seanchas Iascaireachta agus Farraige* (Fishing and Seafaring Traditions) may be instanced. Six of the items in this book are drawn from it and it contains a few close variants of items reproduced here from Seán's earlier publications. Together, these, the fairy traditions, are but a small part of the general lore of fishing and the sea handed down by the fishermen of Teelin and Tory and recorded in that valuable eighty-five page conspectus.

Contrary to what might be expected there is little in the stories about religion or place mythology. Irish tradition as can be seen in Conall Ó Beirn's general account had fitted the fairies into a Christian eschatology. The fairies, it would seem, regard Christianity with evasiveness, fear or wistful envy. The one example of outright hostility, No. 96, "The Priest delayed on a Sick-call", a legend well attested elsewhere in Ireland, may be a stray into fairy tradition: the motivation seems to be more that of evil spirits than of fairies. Whenever fairies come up against the power of Christianity in the person of a priest, a sacred object, or a religious exclamation, they suffer defeat. It is taken for granted by the people that the priest has a knowledge of fairy powers and how to counteract them. The only mythological lore—and the references are both significant and tantalizingly brief—concern Cnoc Áine, the fairy hill near Teelin, and Áine, the abducted girl or fairy queen from whom it is named. Apart from Cnoc Áine, the place-associations of the fairies are rarely specific. True, some places are recognized as being *gentle* but the impression given by the stories as a whole is that the fairies can be anywhere. This sense of their being ubiquitous differentiates fairy-lore, I would tentatively suggest, from place mythology, which is copious in the areas from which the stories come.

There are, however, two places of fairy association outside the home areas which should be noted. One is *Contae an Dúin* (County Down) from which a fairy stranger says he comes (No. 33). The notion of County Down as a specially fairy place is not unknown elsewhere in Ireland. As well as belief in a local fairy hill and nearby fairy habitations there appears to be a residual belief in fairy power being strong in distant regions from which visitations or attacks are

10. Walsh, Paul: *Leabhar Chlainne Suibhne*, Dublin, 1920, pp. 4-7.

made. *Contae an Duín* may be so explained and it is possible that the word *dúin*, meaning fort and often associated with fairy dwellings, may have reinforced the notion. Since the seafaring men of Teelin and Tory often visited the coasts of north Connacht it is not surprising that Connacht turns up as the "other" place in which strange happenings occurred in several of the tales. Of special interest is the naming of Cruachán as the place from which a fairy rescuer comes (No. 9) if, as seems likely, we may suppose this to be the famous old royal seat of Connacht.

The time-setting of the stories is interesting and, on the whole, consistent. Almost all set the incidents *fad ó shin* (long ago), while a very few cite a grandfather, a father, or uncle as actor or contemporary. The life portrayed is that of an older time before modern methods of transport and communication had been introduced, and before hardship had been alleviated by pensions, insurances and doles. The impression given is of a homogeneous community in which the only economic differences come from chance success or failure in the hard struggle to make a livelihood. The priest is the only local dignitary who figures in the stories. There is one incidental reference to a doctor and one to a policeman. River bailiffs on guard against poachers and revenue men searching for poteen makers figure a few times. In one poteen story there is a startling illusion of a raid by the "Tans" (No. 42); in another fairies are mistaken for the "Mollies", a rural protest society (No. 43); these are two exceptional echoes of political struggle. It might be thought that the conditions belong to the mid or late nineteenth century; yarn supplied by the government is known as *snáth bainriona* (Queen's yarn), the Queen, of course, being Victoria. Since the stories were recorded from 1935 to 1955 this time picture is in itself worth consideration, and in this connection there is one quite remarkable absence: in these stories which give so many details of daily life there is almost no mention of potatoes. There is, in contrast, concern about corn and many references to it. It will be noticed that the stories very successfully combine immediacy with a slight distancing, the immediacy by being told of familiar places and of persons with familiar kinds of names, and the slight distancing by these persons being usually of a past generation. We may assume that the stories told by grandparents were told to them by their

grandparents, and so on back through the ages, keeping, however, always the freshness of being associated with the near past, the day before yesterday. And so the stories of Áine, of the youth loved by the sea-girl, of the Inver man and his fairy mistress are told, not as remote myths, but as unusual recent events.

Strongly grounded as was the Gaelic tradition in Donegal and simple as was the society which preserved these stories, the region was open to incoming cultural currents. Not only were the Teelin and Tory men themselves seafarers but Teelin was a haven known to foreign ships. It is marked on the Portolan maps of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.¹¹ From the thirteenth century there was a steady stream of western Scottish adventurers of mixed Norse-Gaelic ancestry, the famous "gallowglasses", into Donegal, many of whom settled there. The seventeenth century land forfeitures and plantations brought a new Scottish population from the lowlands. They settled mainly in the more fertile parts of the region, but there was a group of them in Glencolmcille (see Nos. 22 and 27). They have become a part of Donegal folklore and have contributed to it. Indeed their influence on Irish tradition would make an interesting study. In the years 1876-1879 Letitia McClintock contributed articles on fairy belief and folklore to *The Dublin University Magazine* and *The Cornhill Magazine*, recorded for the most part in the fertile east Donegal district west of the river Foyle between Derry and Lifford. Her informants were both Protestant and Catholic spoke the local dialect of English. Essentially the stories and beliefs are akin to those of Gaelic Donegal, while social fabric and style of narrative (re-told in the recorder's words) are somewhat different. Two striking resemblances to Nos. 3 and 135 of this collection are indicated in the notes.

Fairy lore as an expression of the human mind and of a particular tradition is a subject of fascinating appeal, but for many readers perhaps the greatest charm in this collection will be its revelation of a way of life. Each legend tells of something extraordinary but happening to people going about their ordinary ways. So we have the little girls taking turns at herding on the hills, the boys slipping off to fish on the rocks, the mother crossing the mountain

11. Westropp, T. J.: "Early Italian Maps of Ireland", P.R.I.A., XXX (C), p. 411.

with her gift of fish, the travellers seeking shelter from storm, the midwife called out at night, the tired father after a day's fishing going to the bog for a creel of turf, the morning summoning of fishermen, the boy looking for a branch for a hurley-stick, the long walks to the fairs, the hospitality so warmly given and so confidently expected, the poteen-makers on the alert in their hidden places, the seaweed-gatherers on the shore, the banter of the fishing crews, their fishing below the cliffs and out to the banks and the trading to Connacht. All the little touches of a life made real, with the skill we might expect of a great novelist, by the country storytellers of Donegal.

The name most often used for the fairies in south-west Donegal is *bunadh na gcnoc*, literally "the people of the hills". *Bunadh* is the normal local word for 'people' and occurs in such common terms as *bunadh Theilinn* (the people of Teelin), *an seanbhunadh* (the old people). My choice of the word "hill-folk" to translate it requires some explanation. "Hill-folk" is not a usage in the English spoken in Donegal. I chose it for its brevity, and because "wee folk", the translation of *na daoine beaga*, *an mhuintir bheaga*, is a Donegal usage, therefore giving some justification for using the word "folk", which, to my ear, goes better with "wee" than "people", and since "wee" is the usual Donegalism, I prefer to use it rather than "little" in translating the names for the fairies. In Donegal English the fairies are most often referred to as "the gentry" or "the wee gentry", an exact translation of the Irish *na huaisle beaga*. The adjective "gentle", translating the Irish *uasal* is used to describe fairy places; "a very gentle place" means "a very fairy place". In Irish several other names are used, some more frequently than others. *Siógái*, the exact term for fairies, occurs rarely. It seems proper to give each of the Irish names its own distinct translation. Here follows a list of the Irish names and the English equivalents used in the translation

Bunadh na gcnoc: the hill-folk.

An bunadh beag: the wee folk.

Bunadh beag na farraige: the wee folk of the sea.

Cuid na gcnoc: those of the hills.

Daoine beaga: wee folk.

Daoine maithe: good folk.

Dream na gcnoc: the hill crowd.

*An dream aerach*¹²: the airy crowd.

An dream beag: the wee crowd.

Lucht na mbearad dearg: the red caps.

An mhuintir bheaga: the wee folk.

Siógái: fairies.

An slua aerach: the airy host.

An slua bheatha: the immortal host.

Slua bheatha na farraige: the immortal host of the sea.

An slua sí: the fairy host.

Slua sí an aeir: the fairy host of the air.

Slua sí na spéire: the fairy host of the sky.

Na huaisle: the gentry.

Na huaisle beaga: the wee gentry.

Uaisle beaga na farraige: the wee gentry of the sea.

Uaisle na gcnoc: the gentry of the hills.

With regard to the English translation of the Irish texts a few general points should be borne in mind: I have aimed at being faithful to the basic meaning and spirit of the original but have tried to avoid a slavishly literal translation. My goal has been to produce texts which are readable in their own right rather than to provide a key for the student of Irish. I have therefore felt free to vary sentence structure, occasionally eliminate repetitions and duplications and replace personal pronouns with proper names or vice versa.

Irish placenames are a problem for the translator. Since this book is not only for Irish readers it seemed reasonable to give the larger and better-known places in their conventional English forms, and this has been done for towns and larger landmarks such as Teelin, Carrick, Ardara, Carrigan Head, Horn Head, etc. For names less widely known there did not seem to be the same excuse. Ever since the convention was adopted of rendering the Irish names in an approximation of English pronunciation their native forms and meanings have been obscured. Scotland fared much better than

12. *Aerach*, airy, has the secondary meaning "light-hearted" or "merry". "Dream aerach" could be translated "merry crowd", but the primary meaning seems preferable.

Ireland in this regard, and Wales better again. Irish orthography, admittedly, is baffling to the uninitiated, but I can see no reason whatever for changing Cruachlann to Croaghlin: the Irish word is as easy on the English-indoctrinated eye as the anglicized version. Iomaire Mhuireanáin, which has meaning, may be daunting, but is it any more so than Ummerawirranaun, which is gibberish? To please English mono-lingual sensibilities it is not considered necessary to transliterate and transform such names as Hylsfjörd or Sönstveit in Norwegian folktales nor Bácsjózseffalva or Kisújszállás in Hungarian tales, and the same tolerance should be extended to those Irish names not already familiar in their anglicized forms. In partial palliation of the inconsistency of using two different systems for the place-names endpaper maps have been affixed to the book, one entirely in Irish, the other using the forms of the Ordnance Survey maps.

In translating my aim has been to give the meaning of the original as accurately as I could. No deliberate attempt was made to give an idiomatic equivalent and I fear the result may be a somewhat flat and feeble resonance of the lively speech and individuality of the storytellers of Gaelic Donegal. Stripped of their native accents and idioms the stories depend for effect on outline and content. Even in this deprived state I think they speak clearly and stand firmly, unlike the fairies in Tale No. 106, who on learning their destiny "went into the mist on the hill-top moaning and crying."

Nuair a chuala siadsan seo d'imigh siad uilig isteach sa cheo a bhí ar mhullach an chnoic, agus iad ag búirfi agus ag caoineadh, agus nuair a bhí an bráthair ag ísliú síos ar thaoibh Dhúin na nGall den Chruaich, bhí sé ag éisteacht leofa rith an ama, agus iad ag tharraingt siar ar Chonnacht.

MÁIRE MAC NEILL

TRANSLATION OF SEÁN Ó hEOCHAIDH'S 1956 PREFACE¹

For good or ill, we of this generation live in an era when scientists face the great challenge of reaching the moon and other heavenly bodies. So it is understandable that many find fairy stories and belief in "the good people" absurd. Nevertheless fairy belief is a subject of serious study and for those interested in following it there is incentive enough in the fact that fairies have been believed in from time immemorial and not in Ireland only but in the countries most advanced in civilization and not only by unlettered countrymen but by the most learned, by scholars and poets.

Although belief in the fairies has been gradually declining, a remarkable number of stories about them have survived, specially in Irish-speaking districts. Where the stories survive, who would dare say that vestiges of belief do not also persist? Moreover, fairy belief is an important part of folklore and I am convinced that it is important to make available every fragment of that lore before it is too late. This is my excuse for offering this gathering as an addition to the collections of scholars. It consists of stories I recorded in my travels from Teelin to Tory, local stories which have not, to my knowledge, already appeared in print.²

In many districts it is difficult to separate traditions of "the good people" from traditions of the dead, but I think I may say that is not so in the two districts in which I collected most of the material which follows, namely Teelin and Tory. There is a clear distinction between the two traditions in these places, which is not evident even in other places known to me in County Donegal.

There are many other characteristics of the belief in fairies. One is that while they were respected as "good people", some of them, like the human race, were good and bad, and it was thought better to avoid them than to have dealings with them. They often did good to people, and as can be seen in the stories, it was held

1. *Béaloides* XXIII, 1954 (1956), pp. 135-6.

2. Variants of a few of the stories in this collection appear in León Ó Baoighill's "Sgéalta Sidhe ó Theileann", *Béaloides* VIII, 1938, pp. 146-166.

they could do little harm without the help of a mortal and because of that they often abducted people. Childbirth was the time they were most active in this way—women and infants died and likenesses were left in their place.

They were much given to music, and many a good piper and fiddler learned his music from them between midnight and day-break. They were fond of hard liquor, and anyone who was distilling and did not give them their share would fare ill. They had the name of being charitable and often came to the relief of poor orphans in need of milk by leaving a cow until the children were reared.

Apart from the traditions of the people we have very little information about them. If one asks where they are now or where they went, the usual answer is that they were put to rest by prayers and other devotions.

I wrote down this collection of anecdotes and traditions from the people whose names are listed. From Séamus Mac Eiteagáin of the Glen, Carrigart, I wrote down the verse at the beginning of the collection while I was taking down scraps of lore from him in 1939: he was about seventy-six years old at the time. The rest was recorded from time to time during the last twenty years here and there in the county. In February, 1954 I visited Cathal Ó Baoill (then sixty) at Mínan Aodhaire and recorded on ediphone cylinders most of his contribution. I did the same with the Ó Beirn brothers and sister in Teelin.

Some of the storytellers are on the Way of Truth for many a day, God's grace on them! I am under deep obligation to them all, both living and dead, for their generosity and kindness to me every time I visited them and that was not seldom over the years while I was looking for folklore.

SEÁN Ó hEOCHADH

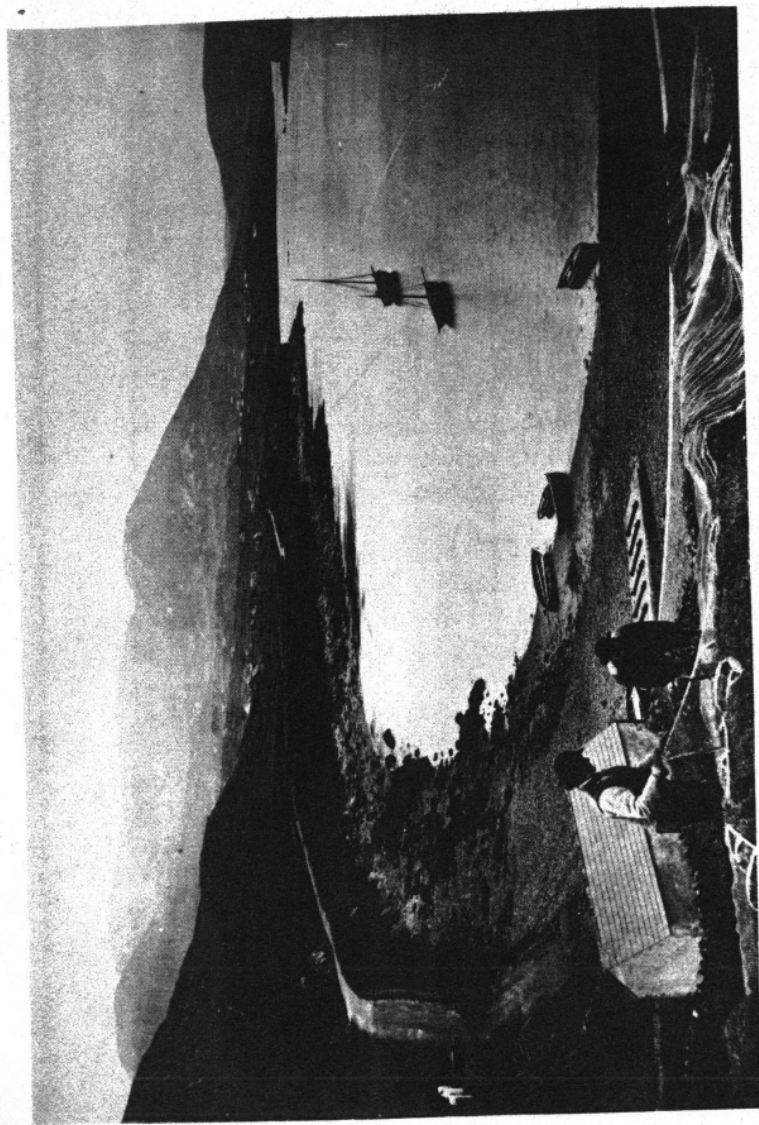


PLATE II. Cuan Theilinn, c. 1890
Teelin Harbour, c. 1890

Laurence Collection N.L.I.

NA SCEÁLTA THE STORIES

“A dhaoine beaga uaisle ins an ált údaí thall,
Molaimid bhur n-ainm agus diúltaimid bhur gcuideachta !”
—Séamas Mac Eitigeáin, An Gleann, Carraig Airt

“Wee gentry in the cliff over there,
We praise your name and shun your company !”

SCÉALTA Ó IARDHEISCEART DHÚN NA nGALL
STORIES FROM SOUTH-WEST DONEGAL

1. AN BHARÚIL A BHÍ AG NA DAOINE DE NA SIÓGAÍ

Nuair a bhí mise i mo ghasúr chluininn m'athair mór ag caint ar bhunadh na gcnoc. Ní rabh aon fhear scéalta sióg ins an taoibh seo den tír a ba mhó ná é. Chreid sé féin go láidir go rabh siad ann, agus ní rabh aon iarraidh dá dtéadh sé chun an phortaigh fá dhéin cliabh mónadh nach mbíodh sé ag feitheamh ar a bhfeiceáil!

D'áirmhíodh seisean gurbh é an rud a d'fhág ann iad ar chor ar bith—nuair a bhí an cogadh ins na Flaithis eadar Dia agus na hAingle, gur fhoscail sé doirse na bhFlaitheas, agus gur bhuaill sé orthu á gcaitheamh amach, agus gur lean sé don obair sin ar feadh dha fhichead lá agus dhá fhichead oíche. Chónaigh cuid acu san aer ansin, cuid eile ar talamh, agus chuaigh dream eile acu i bhfarraige. Ní rabh aon áit a ba mhó a rabh siad le feiceáil ná fá na hardáin agus mórán mór acu a chois na farraige ins na háilt. Chualáí mé an seandúine ag rá fosta achab é iad a bheith ag dréim le fáil arais chun na bhFlaitheas Lá an Bhreithiúnais go scriosfadh siad an saol.

Bhí seanbhean anseo comhgarach dúinn fosta. agus nuair a bhíodh siad ag trácht orthu ba ghnách léithi a rá:

“A gcúl linn,
Agus a n-aghaidhe uainn,
Agus go sábhálaí Dia agus Muire muid
Ar an urchóid.”

Ba gnách léithi fosta giota a chur leis an chaint seo in amannaí agus déarfadh sí:

“Inniu an Luan,
Amárach an Mháirt,
Agus anórthaoir an Chéadaoine,
A gcúl linn,
Agus a n-aghaidhe uainn,
Agus go sábhálaí Dia ar an urchóid muid!”

Chualáí mé é ag rá fá dtaobh daofa fosta nach bhfuil oiread fola iontu uilig agus a shilfeadh de ghob pinn.

Thug siad daoine as in amannaí, cinnte, agus cuidíonn siad sin leofa neathannaí a bhí le déanamh a dhéanamh ag troid fá na scadáin, agus ag tabhairt daoine leofa isteach i gcnoic agus i gclocha.

Bhí an-mhórán ainmneacha orthu ag daoine—cuid a bheireadh “daoine beaga” orthu, cuid “bunadh na gcnoc”, “siógaí”,

1. WHAT PEOPLE THOUGHT OF THE FAIRIES

When I was a child I used to hear my grandfather talk about the hill-folk. No man in the countryside had more tales of the fairies than he had. He himself was a firm believer in them, and he never went to the bog for a creel of turf without expecting to see them.

The explanation he had for them existing at all was that during the War in Heaven between God and the angels, God opened the gates of Heaven and set to casting them out and that work went on for forty days and forty nights. Some of them stayed in the air, others on the earth, and others again in the sea. The places where they were most to be seen were the heights and there were many of them in the cliffs by the sea. I used to hear the old man say that if it were not that they hoped to get back into Heaven on the Day of Judgment they would destroy the world.

An old woman, a neighbour of ours, used to say when she heard them spoken of:

“Their backs towards us,
Their faces away from us,
And may God and Mary save us from harm!”

Sometimes she used to add a bit to the saying:

“Today is Monday,
Tomorrow is Tuesday,
And the day after is Wednesday.
Their backs towards us,
Their faces away from us,
And may God save us from harm!”

I have heard it said of them also that there is not as much blood in them altogether as would drop from the point of a pen.

They used to “take away” people sometimes to help them in doing what had to be done in fighting for herrings or in “taking away” others into the hills and rocks.

The people had a great many names for them—some called them “the wee folk” and some “the hill-folk”, “the fairies”, “the

"daoine maithe", "na huaisle beaga", "lucht na mbearad dearga", "an slua aerach", agus fiche ainm eile dá dtigeadh liom smaoitiú orthu anois.

Cuid ar bith acu a chonaictheas an bealach seo bhíodh bearaid dhearga ar a mbunús agus gúnaí glasa ar na mná. Bhíodh brístí gorma agus bearaid dhearga ar na fir. Chualaí mé fear ag rá go bhfaca sé comh maith le dhá chéad acu seo tráthnóna amháin i ndiaidh luí gréine, agus ba é sin an cineál cóirithe a bhí orthu uilig. Duine ar bith dá bhfacaí iad, ba gnách leofa uilig a rá nach rabh siad mórán le dhá throigh go leith ar airde. Bhíodh gruag rua orthu agus éadain dhearga.

De réir na gcuntas bhí an-dúil acu i gceol agus i bpíobaireacht, agus ba mhinic a chuidigh siad go maith le daoine saolta a thug pléisiúr daofa ar cheachtar den dá dhóigh.

B'annamh a níodh siad dochar do dhuine ar bith, ach ceart go leor, an té a bhainfeadh daofa agus nach ndéanfadh a gcomhairle, b'fhéidir nach rachadh leis go ró-mhaith. Bhí eagla ar dhaoine rompu sa tsean-am, agus go háirid daoine a bhíodh fán chnoc go mall tráthnóna.

2. LÍONMHAIREACHT BHUNADH NA gCNOC

Chualaí mé an seanbhunadh ag rá go minic—comh minic agus atá méara agus ladhra orm—go rabh bunadh na gcnoc comh fairsing leis an fhéar ag fás, agus nach raibh aon duilleog copóige sa tír nach rabh slua acu ar foscadh fúithi. D'áirmhíodh an seanbhunadh fosta nach rabh aon iarraidh dá ligeadh bó a bheadh ag ingilt séideog aisti nach rabh sí ag séideadh na mílte acu amach as an bhealach aici.

Bhí fear muinteartha domh féin thuas i Mín na bhFiann, agus chualaí mé á rá é céad uair go rabh ball áirid ina chuid talaimh, agus an té a bhéadh comhgarach dó mhoitheochadh sé an bainne dá bhualadh acu.

3. ÁINE CHNOC ÁINE

Ins an tsean-am fad ó shin, bhí fear ina chónaí i mbaile Chruachlanna, i dTeileann. Bhí níos amháin aige arbh ainm daoithi Áine. Tháinig tráthnóna amháin ceobáisteach, leath-dhoineanta go maith,

good people", "the wee gentry", "the red caps", "the merry host", and a score more of names if I could only remember them.

Most of those who were seen hereabouts wore red caps, and the women wore green dresses. The men wore blue britches and red caps. I heard a man say that he had seen as many as two hundred of them one evening after sunset, and that is how all of them were dressed. Anyone who saw them used to say that they were about two and a half feet in height. They had red hair and ruddy faces.

By all accounts they were very fond of singing and piping and they often helped people of this world who gave them pleasure in these ways.

They rarely harmed people, but it is true that anyone who interfered with them or failed to follow their advice was unlikely to thrive. People were afraid of them in bygone times, specially people who were out on the hills late in the evening.

2. THE PLENTIFULNESS OF THE HILL-FOLK

As many times as I have fingers and toes I heard the old people say that the hill-folk were as plentiful as the growing grass and that there was not a dock-leaf in the country that a crowd of them were not sheltering under. The old people used to say, too, that a grazing cow never let a puff of breath out of her that she did not blow thousands of them out of her way.

A kinsman of mine lived up at Mín na bhFiann and hundreds of times I heard him say that there was a certain place on his land and anyone going near it could hear them churning.

3. ÁINE OF CNOC ÁINE

Long, long ago there was a man living in the townland of Cruachlann in Teelin, who had an only daughter named Áine. One evening of misty rain and threatening storm he told Áine to go out

agus d'iarr an fear seo ar Áine a ghabháil amach chun an chnoic agus an t-eallach a chuartú agus á gcur abhaile. D'imigh sí léithi, agus nuair a bhí seal fada caite ar siúl aice, agus coim na hoíche ag teacht, tháinig sí gan an t-eallach, agus gan a dtásc ná a dtuairisc léithi.

"Cá bhfuil an t-eallach?" arsa an t-athair léithi nuair a tháinig sí isteach.

"Ní bhfuair mé iad," arsa Áine.

Tháinig mothú feirge ar an athair nuair a dúirt sí seo, agus thiontaigh sé uirthi, agus arsa seisean:

"Tairbhím thú do chnoic agus do mhullaigh, agus gabh amach, agus ná tar arais anseo go bhfagháil tú an t-eallach!"

D'imigh sí amach ar an doras, agus leis sin féin bhuail aithreachas eisean fán rud a bhí sé i ndiaidh a rá, agus nuair a d'éirigh sé amach le scairtí arais uirthi, bhí sí ag siúl isteach i gcreig a dtugtar Creig na Caillí uirthi go dtí an lá inniu. Tá Cnoc Áine mar ainm ar an chnoc fosta ó shin, agus níl aon chnoc sa tír comh huasal leis.

4. OBAIR ÁINE

Deirtear i dTeileann gurbh í obair Áine ag sníomh na ngath gréine agus ag déanamh éadach óir den tsnáth.

5. COMHAIRLE ÁINE DON MHNAOI MHÍSHÁSTA

"Áine Chnoc Áine,
Caidé lagaíos na fir?
Coirce te ón áiche,
Is bainne caorach ar goil!"

Bean a bhí ag éirí tuirseach dá fear céile a chuir an cheist thuas ar Áine Chnoc Áine, i dTeileann.

6. CAILÍN BÓ AGUS ÁINE CHNOC ÁINE

Bhí baintreach mhná ina cónaí ar an bhaile seo fad ó shin, agus bhí níos amháin aici arbh ainm daoithi Nansáí. Bhí sé ina ghnás ar an bhaile seo ins an am go ndéanadh gasúr nó girseach iomlán eallach an bhaile a bhuachailleacht ar a seal. Thuit sé ar chrann Nansáí a ghabháil leofa an lá seo, agus d'imigh go luath ar maidin.

to the hills to search for the cattle and bring them home. She went off, and after she had been out for a long time and it was near midnight she came back home without the cattle and without tale or tidings of them.

"Where are the cattle?" asked her father as she came in.

"I did not find them," said Áine.

A fit of rage came over the father when she said this, and he turned on her and said:

"May the hills and the heights have you! Go out and do not come back here until you find the cattle!"

She went out the door, and at that very moment he repented what he had said, but when he rushed out to call her back she was walking into the crag which is called Creig na Caillí¹ to this very day. The hill is also called Cnoc Áine² ever since, and there is no hill in the country as gentle as it is.

4. ÁINE'S WORK

In Teelin it is said that Áine's work is spinning the sunbeams and making gold cloth of the thread.

5. ÁINE'S ADVICE TO THE DISCONTENTED WIFE

"Áine of Cnoc Áine,
What weakens men?"
"Corn warm from the kiln
And sheep's milk on the boil."

A woman who was growing tired of her husband put the question above to Áine of Cnoc Áine in Teelin.

6. THE LITTLE HERD-GIRL AND THE WOMAN FROM CNOC ÁINE

There was a widow-woman living long ago in this townland who had an only daughter by the name of Nancy. The custom at that time was that a boy or girl would take turns in minding all the cattle of the townland. This day it was Nancy's turn, and she went off early in the morning. It is likely that she forgot to shake Holy

1. i.e. The Hag's Crag.

2. Áine's Hill, the height just west of Cruachlann.

Is cosúil nuair a bhí sí ag fágáil an bhaile go dtearn sí dearmad an t-uisce coisreachta a chur uirthi féin. Thiomáin sí léithi an t-eallach soir go Croimleann. Bhí an lá maith, agus nuair a chaith sí seal ag buachailleacht, dar léithi go rachadh sí ar amharc na mbeann. Chuaigh, agus nuair a d'amharc sí síos bhí girseach bheag dheas rua ina suí thíos ansin ins an bhinn ar laftán agus í ag seinm ar chláirsí. Thaitin an ceol binn léithi, agus dheamhan i bhfad gur tharraing sí síos ar bhean na cláirsí. Labhair sí le Nansaí, agus ba ghairid gur fhás an bheirt an-mhór le chéile, agus rinn sí dearmad den eallach.

Cá bith fad a chaith an bheirt ar an laftán, nuair a chuaigh an ghirseach bheag rua a dh'imeacht d'iarr sí ar Nansaí a bheith ag teacht léithi. Chuaigh. Ní rabh sé doiligh a bhlandar. Chuaigh siad síos giota, agus d'fhoscail doras ar an bhinn, agus ba ghairid uilig a chuaigh siad isteach go dtáinig siad ar an chaisleán toighe a ba deise a chonaic Nansaí ariamh. Lean sí don ghirseach rua, agus chuaigh siad isteach chun na cisteanadh. Ní rabh istigh ansin ach seanbhean, ach bhí an-ghleo agus callán istigh i seomra a bhí ar chúl na cisteanadh. Chuir an tseanbhean bheag seo céad fáilte agus sláinte roimhe Nansaí ina hainm agus ina sloinneadh. Chuaigh sí ionns ar phrios a bhí ann ansin, agus thóg sí amach toirtín aráin go dtearn sí ceapaire daoithi. Nuair a bhí sí ag síneadh an cheapaire ionns ar Nansaí, shiúil bean amach as an tseomra a rabh an callán ann, agus chaith sí an ceapaire amach as láimh Nansaí.

"Caidé a bheir ort sin a dhéanamh?" arsa Nansaí, "agus mo sháith ocrais orm."

"Dá mbeadh fhios agat an rása a bhain tú asamsa rith an bhealaigh as Cnoc Áine ní labhairfeá mar sin liomsa. Gabh amach romham ar an doras anois, agus ná hamharc i do dhiaidh go mbainí tú an baile amach. Níl aon fhear ná aon bhean ar an bhaile nach bhfuil amuigh do chuartú ó thráthnóna, agus nuair a rachas tú abhaile inis do do mháthair gur shábháil Bodaí Eibhlíne, a báith-eadh fad ó shin an lá a bhí sí ag déanamh cnusaigh ins an Gharbh Chladach, thú. Beidh fhios aicise cé mé féin."

Nuair a bhí Nansaí á fágáil, chuir Bodaí a lámh ina póca agus shín sí bonn airgid chuici, agus d'iarr sí uirthi an bonn a thabhairt dá máthair. Thug, agus bhí an t-iomrá ag gabháil nár chaith an bhaintreach bhocht sin lá gan airgead ón lá sin go dtí an lá a chuaigh sí i dtalamh.

Water on herself as she was leaving home. She drove the cattle east to Croimleann. It was a fine day and after she had spent some time herding she thought she would go for a view of the hills. She did so, and when she looked down she saw a pretty little red-haired girl sitting on a hummock of grass on the hillside and playing a harp. The sweet music pleased her and she made no delay in going down to the girl-harper who greeted her. The two quickly became very friendly and Nancy forgot about her cattle.

However long they spent on the hummock, when the little red-haired girl got ready to leave she asked Nancy to go with her. And Nancy went. It was not hard to coax her. They went down a short way and a door opened into the hill. They had gone in only a short distance when they came to the finest castle Nancy had ever seen. She followed the red-haired girl into the kitchen. There was only one old woman there, but there was great noise and hubbub in the room beyond the kitchen. This little old woman wished Nancy a hundred welcomes and good health and addressed her by her name and surname. She went to a press, took out a loaf and cut a slice off it. As she handed the slice to Nancy another woman came from the room where the noise was and slapped the slice out of Nancy's hand.

"Why did you do that," asked Nancy, "and I so hungry?"

"If you knew what a race for your sake I have made all the way from Cnoc Áine you would not speak to me so. Go out before me through that door and do not look behind you until you reach home. There is not a man or a woman of your townland but has been out searching for you this evening. When you go home tell your mother you were saved by Biddy Eibhlíne who was drowned a long time ago the day she was beachcombing on the Rough Shore. She will know who I am."

When Nancy was going, Biddy put her hand in her pocket and gave her a coin and told her to give it to her mother. Nancy did so, and it used to be said that the poor widow was never without money from that day until the day she was buried.

7. SCADÁN RÓSTA AR AN CHNOC

Bhí beirt ghirseach fad ó shin amuigh i gCnoc Chruachlanna ag buachailleacht callaigh. Thóg siad boladh éisc a bhítheas ag rósadh, dar leofa in áit inteacht comhgarach daofa. Chuartaigh siad thall agus abhus, agus fá dheireadh tháinig siad ar iarann a rabh an t-iasc dá rósadh air agus gan tine ar bith faoi. Rinn an bhean ab óige acu a teanndíchill go n-íosadh sí giota den scadán, ach bhí ní ba mhó céille ag an bhean a ba sine agus ní ligfeadh sí daoithi.

Tháinig an bheirt abhaile eadar sin agus an tráthnóna, agus, ar ndóiche, d'inis siad dá máthair caidé a d'éirigh daofa, agus nuair a chualai a máthair caidé mar bhí ní thearn sí moill ar bith go dtug sí an bheirt amach ionns ar shagart mhaith a bhí i gCill Chartha. Léigh an sagart sin oifige daofa, agus d'iarr sé ar an mháthair gan na páistí a ligean amach ar a n-aghaidhe féin chun an chnoic go mbeadh siad ní ba sheanchríonna.

"Dá mblaiseadh siad na scadáin a bhítheas dá rósadh," arsa an sagart, "ní fheicfeadh sibh aon amharc orthu go bráth. Chuir bunadh na gcnoc ansin iad le cathaí a chur orthu, agus dá mblaiseadh siad iad dhéanfaid siad dearmad den bhaile, agus ní fheicfí aon amharc orthu go deo."

Thug a máthair abhaile léithi iad, agus níor lig sí amach chun an chnoic iad ariamh ina dhiaidh sin go rabh siad ina gcailíní móra.

8. BRÓGA SÍ NA HAICHEARRA

Ba as an taoibh istigh de chnoc mo mháthair mhór—taobh Gleann Cholm Cille—agus bhí trí mhíle de shliabh eadar sin agus an áit a rabh sí ina cónaí. Bhíodh sí isteach is amach aichearra an chnoic chun na háite a rabh a bunadh ina gcónaí in am ar bith a mbíodh gnoithe isteach aici.

Bhí sí lá amháin ag teacht amach, lá deas samhraidh, agus páiste léithi ar a gualainn. San am sin ní rabh bróga ar pháiste ar bith. B'annamh an rud bróga a fheiceáil ar aon pháiste amach ó mhac ná níon doctúra. Ní rabh aon áit dá ndéanadh sí scríste leis an pháiste nach rabh sí ag fáil péire bróg a d'fhóirfeadh don pháiste a bhí ar a muin. Smaoitíodh sí in amannaí gur chóir daoithi na bróga a thógáil agus a dtabhairt léithi, agus smaoitíodh sí arais caidé a

7. ROAST HERRING ON THE HILL

Long ago two little girls were herding cattle on Cruachlann Hill. They got the smell of fish being roasted somewhere near them as it seemed to them. They searched here and there and at last they came on a gridiron where the fish was roasting and there was no fire at all under it. The younger of them made eagerly to taste a bit of the herring, but the elder girl had more sense and she would not allow her to touch it.

They went home before evening and, of course, they told their mother what had happened, and as soon as the mother heard about it she made no delay but brought the two of them over to a good priest who lived at Kilcar. He read an office for them, and told the mother not to let the children out by themselves on the hill until they were older and wiser.

"If they had tasted the herrings which were being roasted," said the priest, "you would never have seen them again. The hill-folk had put the fish there to beguile them, and if they had tasted it they would have forgotten all about home and they would never have been seen again."

The mother took them home, and she never let them go to the hills after that until they were big girls.

8. FAIRY SHOES BY THE SHORT-CUT

My grandmother came from the other side of the hill, the side towards Glencolmcille. There were three miles of mountain between there and the place she was living. She used to go in and out by the short-cut over the hill any time she wanted to see her family.

One fine summer day she was coming back and carrying her child on her shoulder. In those days no child had shoes. They were rarely seen on any child but the son or daughter of a doctor. At every spot she stopped to rest, there was a pair of shoes which would fit the child. At times she would think she should take the shoes and then again she would wonder who would mislay shoes on a path she was the

d'fhágadh na bróga cailte ar a leithéid de dhóigh, agus gan duine ar bith ag gabháil an bealach ach í féin. Is cosúil go rabh oiread de choisreacan Dé fá dtaobh daoithi agus nár bhain sí de aon cheann acu. Bhí sí ag smaoitiú ina dhiaidh sin dá leagadh sí a lámh ar aon cheann de na bróga, nach bhfeicfí aon amharc go bráth uirthi féin ná ar an pháiste a bhí ar iomchar léithi. Ba léar léithi, ar ndóiche, gurbh iad bunadh na gcnoc a bhí ag cur na mbróg ina bealach ag súil go gcuirfeadh siad cathaí uirthi péire acu a thabhairt léithi, agus dá ndéanadh sé sin, bhí greim acusan uirthi in áit na mbonn.

9. "HÓRÓ, BRÍD NÍ BHAOILL IS A BUARACH!"

Bhí lánúin ina gcónaí ag bun Shliabh Liag fad ó shin a dtugadh siad Condaí Bhiolaí Bhaoill agus a bhean orthu. Bhí áit bhreá chónaí acu, agus bhíodh an-mhórán eallach féaraigh acu gach uile shamhradh. Bhí an mhuirín lag san am, agus ní rabh duine ar bith le hamharc i ndiaidh an eallach féaraigh ach bean Chondaí. Ní rabh maidin ar bith nár ghnách léithi a ghabháil suas fán chnoc a dh'amharc fán eallach ar eagla go mbeadh ceann ar bith acu crothnaithe.

Tháinig maidin amháin a rabh ceo ann, agus nuair a bhí sí ag gabháil amach chuir sí uirthi cóta Chondaí, agus chuir sí buarach bó uirthi féin thart aniar ar an chóta. Thug sí léithi a bata, agus d'imigh sí chun an chnoic. Thúsaigh sí a chuntas an eallaigh. Sular mhothaigh sí d'fhoscail an talamh, agus thuit sí síos, agus ba ghairid uilig a chuaigh sí go dtáinig sí ar theach. Chuaigh sí isteach, agus bhí an-mhórán daoine istigh ansin, agus iad ag damhsa agus ag gabháil cheoil, agus neart uisce bheatha ag gabháil thart ann. Ní rabh sí i bhfad istigh go dtáinig bean chuici agus gloine mór uisce bheatha léithi.

"Seo dhuit," arsa sise, "ól seo, nó is cruaidh atá sé de dhíth ort, bean ar bith atá ag cuartú eallaigh fríd an chnoc ó mhaidin!"

Bhí greim aici ar an ghloine, agus í ag gabháil á ól, nuair a sciordaigh cuilseach de bhean mhór scaoilte isteach ar an doras, agus ba é an chéad rud a rinn sí cúl a láimhe a bhuaileadh ar an ghloine, agus steall sí fríd an teach é.

only one to use. It must have been the blessing of God that she did not touch any of them. Afterwards she used to think that if she had touched one, that no sight would be seen any more of her or the child. It was clear to her, to be sure, that it was the hill-folk who had put the shoes in her way in the hope that she would be enticed to take a pair and if she had done so they would have caught her that moment.

9. "HORO! BRIGID O'BOYLE AND HER SPANCEL!"

Condý Billy Boyle and his wife Brigid were living at the foot of Slieve League long ago. They had a fine dwelling-place and kept a good number of cattle out on grass every summer. Their children were young, and there was no one to look after the grazing cattle but Condý's wife. Every morning she used to go up the hill to see the cattle for fear any might be missing.

There came a misty morning and when she was going out she put on Condý's coat and fastened it about her with a spancel. She took her stick, went up the hill, and began to count the cattle. Suddenly the earth opened and she fell in. She had not gone far until she came to a house. She went in, and there were a great many people inside dancing and singing, and plenty of whiskey was being passed around. She was not long there before a woman came to her with a large glass of whiskey and said:

"This is for you, drink it, and badly you need it, a woman who has been searching for cattle on the hill since morning!"

Brigid had the glass in her hand and was about to drink when a large brawny woman rushed in the door and the first thing she did was to knock the glass with the back of her hand and splash it through the house.

"Anois," arsa sise, "is cruaidh an rása a bhain tú asamsa inniu ó Chruachán Chonnacht fríd thonnaí báite le do shábháil! Dá n-óltá an t-uisce beatha sin," arsa sise, "ní bhfaightheá amach as seo go bráth. Anois," arsa sise, "amach romham leat de chlis-eadh!"

Bhí oiread feirge ar na siogaí ansin nuair a chaill siad í agus go dtáinig siad amach ina diaidh ag scairtí:

"Hóró! Bríd Ní Bhaoill is a buarach!"

Hóró! Bríd Ní Bhaoill is a buarach!"

Bhí siad ag scairtí mar sin léithi go rabh sí ag cúl an toighe s' aici féin ag bun Shliabh Liag arais.

10. GIRSEACH AR GHOID NA SIÓGAÍ Í A FUARTHAS ARAIS

Seo lánúin óg a bhíthear ag gabháil a phósadh istigh i Málainn Bhig, agus sé an t-ainm a bhí ar an fhear Pádraig Ó Beirn, agus Nóirín Ní Eachaidh ar an bhean.

Bhail, ins an am seo, ní rabh tú cinnte daoithi go bpóstaí thú uirthi. Bhí dlíodh ann a dtugadh siad an fuadach air; sin dlíodh a dtiocfadh le fear a theacht as áit eile agus an bhean a bhaint díot mur mbéitheá pósta uirthi.

Ach fuair sé cuntas aníos as na Rosa go rabh páirtí ag gabháil a theacht aníos ag gabháil a bhaint a bhean de. Ní rabh fhios ag Pádraig caidé ab fhearr dó a dhéanamh. Thug siad an bhean leofa agus chuir siad isteach i mbád í, agus chuaigh siad amach go hoileán a bhí i lár na farraige a dtugann siad Ráchlainn air, agus d'fhág siad amuigh ar a seachnadh í ar eagla go bhfaigheadh siad í.

Tháinig siad féin isteach annsin, agus thug gach uile dhuine bata maith leis, agus chuaigh siad in airicis bunadh na Rosa. Casadh ar a chéile ag Croimleann iad, agus thúsaiigh siad a throid agus a mharbhadh a chéile le bataí. Bhuaill siad agus ghearr siad a chéile. Sa deireadh thall, fuair bunadh Mhálanna Bige buaidh ar bhunadh na Rosa, agus b'éigean daofa imeacht gan an bhean.

Thug siadsan iarraidh ar an bhád agus chuaigh siad amach chun oileáin fá choinne an chailín. Ní rabh an cailín le fáil acu nuair a chuaigh siad amach. Chuartaigh siad thíos agus thuas an t-oileán,

"Now," said she, "it is a hard race you put on me today from Cruachán of Connacht through the drowning waves to save you! If you drank that whiskey, you would never get away from here. Out with you now before me quickly!"

The fairies were so angry when they lost her that they came out after her and shouted:

"Horo! Brigid O'Boyle and her spancel!"

Horo! Brigid O'Boyle and her spancel!"

They kept on shouting that at her until she reached her own house at the foot of Slieve League.

10. THE STOLEN GIRL RESCUED FROM THE FAIRIES

This young couple in Malinbeg were about to be married: the man's name was Pádraig Ó Beirn and the woman's was Nóirín Ní Eachaidh.

Well, at that time you would not be sure of a woman until you were married to her. There was a law called the abduction, and by this law a man could come from another place and take the woman from you if you were not already married to her.

Pádraig got word from the Rosses that there was a party there who intended to come and take his woman from him, and he was uncertain what he should do. He and his friends took her out by boat to an island in the sea called Rathlin and they left her in hiding there for fear the others would find her.

They came back to the mainland then, and each one took a stout cudgel and went to meet the men from the Rosses. The two groups met at Croimleann and began to fight and "murder" each other with the cudgels. They hit and cut each other. In the latter end the men of Malinbeg got the victory over the men of the Rosses who had to go off without the woman.

Pádraig and his friends made for the boat and went out to the island to get the girl, but there was no girl to be found. They searched up and down the island and did not find her. They thought

agus ní bhfuair siad í. Shíl siad gur a báthadh a rinneadh, ach ní hea. Tháinig na liopracháin an oíche a d'fhág siad amuigh í, agus thug siad an cailín ar siúl. B'éigean daofa annsin a theacht gan í.

Beagán blianta ina dhiaidh sin, rinn iascairí Mhálanna Bige suas ghabháil anonn go Sligeach le lucht éisc go ndíoladh siad é. Nuair a bhí siad leath na báighe, tháinig sé ina ghaoth mhóir orthu, anoir aduaidh, ach b'éigean daofa reathaidh roimh an stoirm go dtáinig an oíche orthu. Ní rabh fhios acu annsin cá rabh siad ag gabháil. Bhuaile an bád isteach ar thráigh, thiar i gCill Ala, agus léim an fhoireann amach as an bhád, agus chuaigh siad suas go barr an chladaigh ar foscadh gur ghlan an lá. Tí bunadh Chill Ala an bád abhus ar an chladach, agus tháinig siad anuas fhad léithi, agus tí siad an fhoireann ar bharr an chladaigh, agus thug siad suas chun na dtoithe iad go dtug siad a gcuid daofa; agus tháinig siad anuas annsin go dtug siad suas a gcuid éisc gur dhíol siad daofa é. Nuair a bhí sé díolta acu d'ól siad braon.

Bhí buachaill amháin ann, agus d'amharc sé síos ina seomra a bhí ann. Bhí triúr buachaillí thíos ag imirt chárdaí. D'iarr siad air a theacht anuas agus cluiche a bheith aige. Chuaigh sé síos agus thúsáigh sé a dh'imirt leofa, agus bhain sé mórán airgid uathu. D'éirigh sé ina sheasamh go dtéadh sé amach; agus dúirt na buachaillí leis nach dtiocfadh leis imeacht go n-imríodh sé an t-airgead arais leofa a bhain sé uathu. Dúirt an buachaill nach rabh sé ag imeacht, ach go rabh ócáid gnoithe amach aige. Bhail, a dúirt siad, na buachaillí, go rabh sin maith, ceart go leor.

Nuair a chuaigh sé taobh amuigh den doras bheir an cailín greim gualanna air.

"Siúil leat liomsa go hachmair ná má théid tú isteach arais muirbhfidh siad thú." Thug sí léithi síos chun an chladaigh é, agus bhí bád beag thíos ar an chladach aici.

"Gabh isteach sa bhád seo," arsa shise, "agus cé bith áit," arsa shise, "ar an talamh ó thuaidh is maith leat do chur amach ann cuirfidh mise amach ann thú."

"Bhail," arsa an buachaill, "ba mhaith liom a ghabháil amach in Uig Mhálanna Bige."

"Cuirfidh mise amach annsin thú," arsa shise.

D'imigh sí léithi is é féin sa bhád, agus bhí sí ag imeacht léithi go dtáinig sí isteach go hUig Mhálanna Bige.

"Seo anois," arsa an cailín, "gabh amach," arsa shise.

she had been drowned, but it was not so. The leprechauns had come the night they had left her out and had carried the girl off. Pádraig and his friends had to come back without her.

A few years later the fishermen of Malinbeg decided to go to Sligo to sell a cargo of fish. When they were half-way across the bay a north-east gale began to blow and they had to run before the storm until night fell. They did not know where they were going. The boat went ashore west in Killala and the crew jumped out and took shelter at the top of the beach until daybreak. The Killala people saw the boat on the shore and came down to it and saw the crew. They brought them into their houses to give them food and after that the crew went down, brought up their fish and sold them to them. And then they had a drink.

One of them was a young lad who looked into a room and saw three lads playing cards. They invited him to come in and have a game. He went in, began to play and won a lot of money from them. He stood up then to go out: the other lads said he must not go until he had played back the money he had taken from them. The lad said he was not leaving but had occasion to go out. The others agreed that was all right.

When he went outside the door a girl caught him by the shoulders.

"Come quickly with me," she said, "for if you go back they will kill you." She led him down to the beach where she had a little boat.

"Get into this boat," she said, "and whatever place on the land to the north you want to be put ashore I will put you ashore there."

"Well," said the lad, "I would like to go ashore in the cove of Malinbeg."

"I will put you out there," she said.

Off she went in the boat with him and kept on going until she came to the cove of Malinbeg.

"Now," said the girl, "go ashore."

Léim an buachaill amach as an bhád agus choinnigh sé greim ar an bhád san am chéanna.

"Ní maith liom," (arsa shisean), "imeacht go mbeadh fhios agam cé bhí comh maith domh agus shábháil ar mo mharbhadh mé."

"Bhail, inseochaidh mise duit," arsa shise, "cé mé féin. An gcuala tú d'athair ariamh ag caint ar an chailín a cuireadh amach go Ráchlainn ar a seachnadh?"

"Chualaf, leoga, go minic," arsa an buachaill.

"Bhail, thug na liopracháin leofa mise an oíche a d'fhág siad amuigh ar an oileán mé."

"Cá bhfuil tú anois," arsa an buachaill.

"Tá mé in mo chónaí thiar os cionn thráigh Chill Ala."

"An bhfuil dóigh ar bith ar an domhan a dtiocfadh d'fháil amach as sin?"

"Tá dóigh amháin," arsa shise. "Dá dtéitheá amach amárach fhad le m'athair atá i nGleann, agus a iarraidh air," arsa shise, "ochtár de bhuachaillí Mhálanna Bige a fháil, agus an sagart atá i nGleann a bheith leofa, agus iad a ghabháil siar go tráigh Cill Ala. Thig dhá chloigeann déag againne ag marcafocht ar dhroim beathaigh gach uile oíche (Shamhna), agus thig muid thart trí huair ar an tráigh, agus dá mbeadh sibh ann nuair a thig muid amach, bheadh bearad dearg orm agus d'aithneochadh sibh gur mé atá ann, agus ní rabh agaibh ach mo tharraingt anuas den bheathach."

Lig siad thart iad an chéad uair agus ní thug siad iarraidh uirthi. Lig siad thart iad an dara uair, agus ní thug siad iarraidh uirthi.

"Tá eagla orm," arsa an sagart, "go gcaithfidh muid imeacht gan í."

"Ní chaithfidh," arsa buachaill amháin a bhí ann. "Ní rachaidh sí thart an tríú huair go dtugaf mise iarraidh uirthi."

Nuair a bhí sí ag teacht thart an tríú uair, tharraing sé anuas de dhroim an bheathaigh í, agus bhí an chuid eile de na beathaigh ag gabháil a léimní sa mhullach uirthi, agus choinnigh an sagart ar gcúl iad. Thug siad leofa an cailín síos chun an bháid agus thug siad leofa go Málainn Bhig í.

"Anois," arsa an sagart, arsa shisean, "gabh féin agus Pádraig Ó Beirn," arsa shisean, "soir go Gleann amárach fhad liomsa," arsa shisean, "go bpósaí mé sibh," arsa shisean, "agus nuair a bheas sibh pósta," arsa shisean, "imigi," arsa shisean, "agus caithigí dha

The lad leaped out but kept hold of the boat while doing so.

"I do not like to leave without knowing who has been so good to me and saved me from being killed."

"Well, I will tell you who I am. Did you ever hear your father speak of the girl who was put out to hide on Rathlin?"

"Often, indeed!" said he.

"Well, the leprechauns took me with them the night I was left out on the island."

"Where are you now?"

"I am living in the west above Killala strand."

"Is there any way in the world you could be got back from there?"

"There is one way. If you were to go tomorrow to my father in the Glen and ask him to get eight of the boys of Malinbeg, and the priest of the Glen with them, to go west to the shore of Killala. Every Samhain Eve twelve of us go riding on horseback and three times we go round the strand, and if you were to be there when we ride out all you have to do is to pull me off the horse and I will wear a red cap and so you will know me."

They let them go by the first time and made no attempt to catch her. They let them go by the second time and made no attempt to catch her.

"I am afraid," said the priest, "we must return without her."

"We must not!" said one boy. "She will not go past the third time without my trying to catch her."

When she went past the third time he pulled her down off the horse and all the other horses tried to jump on top of her but the priest kept them back. They took the girl down to the boat and brought her back to Malinbeg.

"Now," said the priest, "tomorrow you and Pádraig Ó Beirn are to come east to me in the Glen, and I will marry you. And when you are married go and spend two years in America. Then you may

bhliain i Meirice. Thig libh a theacht arais go Málainn Bhig agus bhur saol a chaitheamh ann. Níl aon dath aníos ná anuas le theacht a choíche. Thig libh bhur saol a chaitheamh i Málainn Bhig."

Chuaigh siad go Meirice agus chaith siad seal de bhlianta thall. Tháinig siad arais annsin agus chaith siad a saol ann. Tá cuid dá n-folró i Málainn Bhig go fóill.

11. NA TRÍ SRÓFARTAIGH

Bhí fear ann fad ó shin agus is é b'ainm dó Neidí na nGogán. Ba é an gléas beo a bhí aige ag déanamh gogán agus á ndíol ar na haontaí.

Oíche amháin, bhí sé ag gabháil síos Fionntrá ag tarraingt ar aonach na gCeall—bhí an t-aonach le bheith ann lá tharna mhárach—agus caidé a casadh air i bhFionntrá ach an slua sí. Dúirt siad le Neidí go rabh siad ag gabháil siar go Connachta chun bainse, agus go mbeadh oíche mhór acu, agus gur mhaith leofa dá dtéadh sé leofa.

Chuaigh Neidí leofa, agus ba é an fáth ar iarr siad air a ghabháil leofa, mar go rabh sé ráite ariamh nach dtáinig leofa duine saolta a fhuadach gan duine saolta a bheith leofa. Ach mar a deirim, thoiligh Neidí a ghabháil leofa, agus chuaigh siad isteach i gcuibhreann a rabh buafalláin bhuí ag fás ann, agus scairt gach uile dhuine ariamh acu: "Buafallán buí ina bheathach faoi mo thóinsa!"

"Buafallán buí ina bheathach faoi mo thóinsa!" arsa Neidí, agus níor luaithe na focla amach ar a bhéal ná bhí beathach breá rua faoina thóin. D'imigh siad leofa, agus níorbh fhada ná gearr go rabh siad thiar i gConnachta. D'iarr siad ar Neidí a bheith cinnte gan aon fhocal a labhairt nuair a rachadh siad go teach na bainse, go rabh siadsan uilig ag gabháil á gcrochadh féin ar na creataí. Gheall Neidí daofa nach labhairfeadh. Nuair a shroichí siad teach na bainse, chuaigh siad uilig isteach, agus chroch gach uile fhear acu é féin as ceann de na creataí, agus chuaigh Neidí agus a chuid gogán suas ar an taobhán mullaigh. Bhí oíche mhór ansin, agus tréan óil agus ceoil ag gabháil ann, agus damhsa breá ag gabháil acu.

Ach iarraidh amháin dá rabh an bhrídeog ag gabháil thart sa damhsa, lig fear acusan anuas coinnlín cocháin ó mhullach an toighe,

return to Malinbeg and spend your life here. No more harm will come to you and you may live in Malinbeg."

They went to America and spent some years there. They came back then and lived their lives here. Some of their descendants are still in Malinbeg.

11. THE THREE SNEEZES

Long ago there was a man known as Neddy the Noggins, His way of living was to make noggins and sell them at fairs.

One night as he was going through Fintra on his way to Killybegs Fair which was to be held next day, who should he meet but the fairy host. They said to Neddy that they were going west to Connacht to a wedding where they would have a great night and they would be glad if he would come with them.

Neddy went with them. The reason they asked him to go with them, it is said, was because they cannot take away a living person without having a living person with them. But, as I say, Neddy agreed to go with them, and they went into a field where the yellow ragweed was growing, and each one of them called out: "Yellow ragweed be a horse under me!"

"Yellow ragweed be a horse under me!" said Neddy, and no sooner were the words out of his mouth than he found himself astride a fine chestnut horse. Off they went and in less than no time they were west in Connacht. They asked Neddy to be sure to say no word when they went to the house of the wedding and told him they would perch on the rafters. Neddy promised he would not speak. When they reached the house they all went in and perched on the rafters, and Neddy with his noggins went up on the ridge-pole. It was a great night with plenty of drinking and singing and dancing going on.

But once when the bride was passing in a dance one of those above let a wisp of straw fall and I suppose some dust too, and this

agus creidim gur leag sé diosta ina chuideachta, agus bhain seo srófach aistise. Faoi chionn tamaill lig siad anuas coinnlín eile agus rinn sí srófach eile. Lig siad anuas an tríú ceann ansin, agus nuair a rinn sí an tríú srófach, dúirt Neidí: "Do Dhia is do Chríost thú!" Bhí síse sábháilte comh luath is dúirt sé seo, agus bhí oiread feirge orthu leis, agus gur chaith siad Neidí agus na gogáin anuas i lár an toighe, agus d'imigh siad leofa, agus d'fhág siad ansin é.

Bhí go maith. Tháinig an bhrídeog chuici féin arais, ach bhí sí bodhar balbh.

Dhíol Neidí a chuid gogán, agus tharraing sé ar an bhaile. Bhí sé ag obair leis, agus bliain ón am sin arais bhí sé ag tarraingt ar na Cealla, agus nuair a bhí sé ag gabháil síos ins an áit chéanna, mhothaigh sé an callán istigh in ardán. Sheas sé agus d'éist sé, agus chualaf sé duine acu ag rá: "Bliain is an oíche anocht bhí muid thiar i gConnachta, agus thug muid iarraidh brídeog a bhí ansin a fhuadach, ach sháraigh sé orainn. Leoga, is olc a chuaigh daoithi, nó is beag is fiú í don fhear a bhfuil sí aige. Tá sí bodhar agus balbh aige ansin ó shin."

"Ó, maise," arsa duine eile acu, "ba bheag an rud a leigheas-fadh í. Dá mbeadh giota den tseamair Mhuire cognaithe, agus a cur isteach ina béal, bheadh sí comh maith is a bhí sí ariamh."

Nuair a chualaf Neidí seo, shiúil sé leis, agus fuair sé duine ínteacht a bhain an luibh dó, agus d'imigh sé leis, agus níor stad sé go dteachaidh sé go teach na brídeoige thiar i gConnachta. Nuair a cuireadh an luibh ina béal, bhí sí comh maith agus bhí sí aon lá ariamh.

12. AN BHEAN A THUIT ÓN SPÉIR

Bhí fear ina chónaí istigh i nGleann fad ó shin, agus fuair a bhean bás go han-tobann. An lá céanna a cuireadh í, bhí fear thiar i gConnachta amuigh ins an chuibhreann i gcionn a spáide. Chualaf sé an tormán ag tarraingt air fríd an spéir, agus nuair a dhearc sé fá dtaobh de bhí bean ag tarraingt air san aer.

"Do Dhia is do Chríost thú!" arsa seisean, nuair a d'aithin sé gur bean shaolta a bhí inti, agus leis sin thuit sí ag na chosa. Bheir sé uirthi, agus thug sé chun toighe í, agus choinnigh sé ansin í ag obair léithi fán teach.

made her sneeze. In a little while they let another wisp fall, and she sneezed again. They let the third wisp fall, and when she sneezed the third time Neddy exclaimed: "God and Christ help you!" She was safe as soon as he said this, but they were so enraged with him that they threw Neddy and his noggins down in the middle of the house and went off leaving him behind.

Well and good. The bride recovered but she was deaf and dumb.

Neddy sold his noggins and went home. He worked as usual, and a year later as he was making his way to Killybegs and going through the same place he heard the sound of voices inside a height. He stood and listened and heard someone saying: "A year ago tonight we were west in Connacht trying to take away a bride, and we failed. But, indeed, it went badly for her; she is little good to the man who has her. She has been deaf and dumb since."

"Musha," said another of them, "'tis a small thing would cure her. If she had a bit of Mary's herb chewed and put in her mouth, she would be as well as ever she was."

When Neddy heard this he walked away and he found a certain person who picked the herb for him. He made no delay until he reached the bride's house west in Connacht. When the herb was put in her mouth, she became as well as she had ever been.

12. THE WOMAN DROPPED FROM THE AIR

Long ago there was a man living in the Glen whose wife died very suddenly. On the same day that she was buried a man west in Connacht was digging in his field. He heard noise approaching through the sky and when he looked up he saw a woman in the air coming towards him.

"God and Christ to you!" said he when he recognized that she was a woman of this world, and with that she fell at his feet. He took hold of her and brought her to his house, and he kept her to do the housework.

Bliain ón am sin chuaigh fear na mná seo siar go *Carney* a cheannacht caorach, agus ar an bhealach bhain sé faoi ins an teach a rabh an bhean choimhthíoch seo ann. Ní rabh áimear ar bith dá rabh sé a fháil nach rabh sé ag amharc uirthi faoina shúil, agus é ag rá ina intinn féin nach bhfaca sé aon bhean ariamh a bhí comh cosúil lena bhean féin léithi seo. Thug fear an toighe fá dear é fá dheireadh, agus labhair sé:

"Títhear domh," arsa seisean, "go bhfuil tú ag breathnú na mná seo go han-ghéar," arsa seisean.

"Tá," arsa fear Ghlinne, "ach ná bí ina dhiaidh orm. Bliain is an t-am seo cuireadh mo bheansa, agus ní fhacaí mise ariamh cúpla ar bith comh cosúil le chéile leis an bheirt."

"Cén lá den mhí a bhfuair sí bás agus ar cuireadh í?" arsa an Connachtach.

D'inis sé dó.

"Bhail, an lá céanna sin," arsa seisean, "bhí mise amuigh i gcionn mo ghnoithe ins an chuibhreann, agus chonaic mé an bhean seo ag tarraingt orm fríd an aer mar bheadh éan ar eiteoig. Dúirt mé 'Do Dhia is do Chríost thú!' nuair a chonaic mé í, agus níor luaithe a dúirt mé na focla sin ná thuit sí anuas ag mo chosa. Thug mé liom chun toighe í, agus tá sí anseo ó shin, agus má mheasann tusa gurab í do bhean féin í, ar ndóiche, bíodh sí leat chun an bhaile!"

Nuair a tháinig sé ar ais as *Carney* tháinig [sé] bealach an toighe, agus bhí a bhean leis isteach go Gleann, agus tá siad beo beitheach ó shin ann!

13. AN DÓIGH AR SHÁBHÁIL AN GRÉASAÍ A BHEAN

Nuair a bhí mé i mo ghasúr in aice le deich mbliana fichead ó shin, bhí mé ar fastó amuigh i bparóiste Chille Cartha i mbaile talaimh a dtugtar An Rualach air. Seo scéal beag a chualaí mé bean an toighe a inse oíche amháin:

Seal fada blianta ó shin bhí lánúin ina gcónaí ar An Ghoirt Sháile. Bhí bean an toighe ag feitheamh ar dhuine clainne, agus cuireadh fear an toighe isteach ar mhuin capaill go Cill Chartha fá dhéin bean ghlún. Fhad is bhí sise á gléas féin, chuaigh seisean a dhéanamh teachtaireachtaí fríd an bhaile, agus d'ól sé braon beag. Bhí an fear seo ina ghréasaí fosta, agus dar leis féin nuair a bhí sé ar an bhaile go rabh sé comh maith aige cupla punta tairní bróg a cheannacht.

A year later the woman's husband went west to *Carney* to buy sheep and, on his way, he stopped at the house where this strange woman was. There was no opportunity he could get that he did not steal a look at her and think to himself that he had never seen a woman so like his own wife. The man of the house noticed this at last and said:

"It seems to me that you are looking very keenly at this woman."

"I am," said the man from the Glen, "but do not blame me. It is a year since my wife was buried, and I have never seen twins as alike as the two of them."

"Which day of the month did she die?" asked the Connacht man.

He told him.

"Well, on that same day I was out working in the field and I saw this woman coming towards me in the air like a bird in flight. I said: 'God and Christ help you!' when I saw her, and no sooner had I said the words than she fell down at my feet. I brought her to the house, and she has been here since, and if you think that she is your own wife take her home with you!"

He came back to the house on his return from *Carney*, and his wife went with him to the Glen, and they are alive and well since!

13. HOW THE SHOEMAKER SAVED HIS WIFE

When I was a boy about thirty years ago I was hired in a townland called Rualach in the parish of Kilcar. Here is a little story I heard the woman of the house tell one night:

A good many years ago there was a couple living at Gortalia. The wife was expecting the birth of a child and the husband was sent on horseback to Kilcar to fetch the midwife. While she was dressing herself he went about the town doing some errands, and he had a small drink. He was a shoemaker, and he decided he might as well buy a couple of pounds of shoe-nails while he was in the town.

Bhí go maith agus ní rabh go holc. Nuair a bhí gach uile sheort aige dá rabh a dhíth air, tharraing sé uirthise arís, agus bhí sí réidh ansin ag fanacht leis. Chuir sé suas í ar a chúlaimh ar mhuin an chapaill, agus as go bráth leis an bheirt ag tarraingt ar an bhean thinn. Nuair a chuaigh seisean suas ar mhuin an chapaill, bhí na tairní leis ina leathláimh, agus rug sé ar an tsrian ins an láimheile. D'imigh siad leofa ansin, agus an capall ar a teann rása. Bhí oíche smúidghealaí ann, agus nuair a bhí siad ag gabháil amach ag áit a dtugtar Ált an Tairbh air, mhothaigh sé mar bheadh scaoith éanacha ag tarraingt orthu ins an aer. Tháinig siad ar aghaidhe leofa, agus nuair a bhí siad ag gabháil trasna os cionn mhullach a chinn, chaith sé páipéar na dtairní a bhí ina láimh suas ins an spéir, agus bhí a sháith feirge air ins an am, agus is é dúirt sé amach óna chroí:

"Go dtógaí an diabhal leis sibh!"

Níor luaithe na focla seo amach ar a bhéal ná chualaí sé mar bheadh rud inteacht ag tuitim ar an talamh ag cosa an chapaill. Phill sé thart, agus thuirling sé as an diallaid, agus nuair a d'amharc sé ar an rud a thuit, caidé a fuair sé aige ach bean. Dhearc sé go géar uirthi, agus cé a fuair sé ann ach an bhean a d'fhág sé ina lúf ina dhiaidh sa bhaile. Rug sé uirthi, agus chuir sé suas ar mhuin an chapaill í i gcuideachta na mná a bhí thuas. Choinnigh sise greim uirthi, agus thug sé féin an capall abhaile ar ghreim slogaide.¹

Bhí go maith. Nuair a bhí sé ag tarraingt ar an teach, bhí an hullach-hallach ansin go rabh siad mall, go rabh an bhean marbh ó d'imigh siad, agus an caoineadh agus an gleo a bhí ansin bhí sé mór le rá. Thug an fear an bheirt a bhí leis féin isteach chun an stábla i gcuideachta an chapaill, agus d'iarr sé orthu fanacht ansin go bpilleadh seisean. Chuaigh sé féin isteach chun toighe, agus níor lig sé dadaí air féin, ach chuaigh sé anonn os cionn na leapa an áit a rabh an corp, má b'fhíor. Bhí iontas ar gach uile dhuine nach raibh sé ag caoineadh ná é ar dhóigh ar bith fríd a chéile mar ba ghnách le fir a bheith a mbeadh a gcuid ban marbh. Phill sé thart ar a sháil, agus amach leis, agus siúd isteach é i gcionn bomaite agus an ghraep a bhí sa bhóitheach leis. Chuaigh sé suas chun na leapa, agus thug sé iarraidh ar an tollairt a bhí sa leaba, ach ba mhaith an mhaise daoithise é, nuair a chonaic sí é ag tarraingt uirthi d'éirigh sí, agus chuaigh sí amach mar bheadh splanc fríd an fhuinneog.

1. Ar ghreim cinn.

Well and good. When he had got all he needed he returned for the midwife who was ready and waiting for him. He put her up behind him on the horse, and off with the two of them on their way to the sick woman. When he mounted the horse he had the nails in one hand and he held the reins in the other. They rode away with the horse going at full gallop. It was a cloudy moonlit night and as they were going through a place called Ált an Tairbh he heard a sound as if a flock of birds was coming towards them in the air. It came directly in their way and as it was passing overhead he threw the paperful of nails up in the air. He was full of anger and spoke out from his heart:

'May the devil take you with him!'

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than he heard the sound of something falling at the horse's feet. He turned around and dismounted, and when he looked at the thing that had fallen what did he find but a woman! He looked sharply at her and who did he find her to be but his own wife whom he had left lying at home. He took her up and put her on the horse with the midwife who held her while he led the horse home by its head.

Well. As they were approaching the house there was a hullabaloo there that they were too late, that his wife had died since he left, and there was great crying and clamour. The man led the two women he had with him into the stable with the horse and asked them to stay there until he returned. He himself went into the house, as if nothing had happened, and went over to the bed where the supposed corpse was lying. Everyone was astonished that he was not crying nor the least distraught as men usually are when their wives die. He turned on his heel and out with him and in again in a moment with the pitch-fork from the byre. He went up to the bed and made a swipe at the thing that was lying there, but, well for her, when she saw him drawing at her she rose and went out of the window like a flash of lightning.

Chuaigh sé amach ansin, agus thug sé isteach a bhean féin agus an bhean ghlún. Chuaigh gach uile chineál ar aghaidhe go breá, agus nuair a tháinig an t-am rugadh an leanbh. Chaith sé féin agus a bhean saol fada ar An Ghoirt Sháile ina dhiaidh sin, agus níor chuir daoine beaga ná daoine móra buaireamh ar bith orthu!

14. AN BHEAN GHLÚN A BHÍ ISTIGH SA CHREIG NUAIR A RUGADH AN LEANBH

Bhí bean ina cónaí i mbaile atá amuigh anseo ins na cnoic a dtugann siad Mín an Daimh air, agus is é ab ainm daoithi Nansaí Ní Chuinnigeáin. Ins an am sin ní rabh iomrá ar bhanaltraí a bheith ag gabháil thart eadar mhná, agus ba é an t-ainm a bhí ar na mná a bhí ag déanamh na ngnoithe atá na banaltraí a dhéanamh anois, mná glún. Ba bhean acu seo Nansaí.

Oíche amháin, tháinig scairt chun dorais chuici, agus d'fhiafraigh an fear a bhí ann daoithi, lena toil an rachadh sí fhad lena bhean anocht.

"Cé thú féin?" arsa sise. "Ní shlíim go bhfacáí mé ariamh thú."

"Ó, maise, creidim nach bhfacáí tú ariamh mé," arsa seisean, "ach, leoga, níl aon siúl mór le déanamh agat uilig. Níl agat," arsa seisean, "ach a ghabháil suas ansin go barr na páirce fhad leis an chreig."

Theann Nansaí uirthi, agus chuaigh sí suas leis an fhear, agus d'fhoscail an chreig, agus chuaigh an bheirt isteach. Bhí bean óg ansin a rabh gnoithe cruaidh aici le Nansaí, agus ní rabh an t-am iontach fada uilig gur rugadh mac óg ann. Bhí oíche bhreá phléis-iúrtha acu ansin go maidin, agus d'fhág an fear seo Nansaí sa bhaile slán folláin arais. D'fhiafraigh sé daoithi dá mbeadh gnoithe aige léithi in am ar bith eile, go dtiocfadh sí arais, agus dúirt Nansaí go dtiocfadh agus fáilte.

"Bhail, má thig," arsa seisean, "ná bíodh eagla ort go ligfidh mise do aon duine den dream s' againne barr méire a leagan ort go bráth."

He went out then and brought in his wife and the midwife. Everything went well then and in due time the child was born. He and his wife spent a long life after that at Gortalia and neither the wee folk nor the big people gave them any more trouble!

14. THE MIDWIFE CALLED TO CHILDBIRTH INSIDE THE CRAG

There was a woman living in the townland of Mín an Daimh out here in the hills and her name was Nancy Cunningham. At that time there was no talk of nurses going about to help women in childbirth and those who did what the nurses do now were known as midwives. Nancy was one of these.

One night a call came to her door for her, and the man who was there asked her if she would be willing to go to his wife that night.

"Who are you?" she asked. "I do not think I have ever seen you."

"O, musha, I believe you never have seen me," said he, "but indeed you have not far to go. You have only to go to the top of the field as far as the crag."

Nancy got ready, and went up with the man, and the crag opened and in the two went. There was a young woman there in sore need of Nancy and before very long a young son was born. After that they spent a fine merry night and in the morning the man left Nancy home again safe and sound. He asked her if she would come back if he ever needed her again, and Nancy replied she would gladly.

"Well, if you come," said he, "have no fear that I would let any one of our people ever lay a finger on you."

15. BEAN GHLÚN A CHAILL AMHARC NA LEATHSHÚILE

Bhí bean thall anseo ar an Bhaile Bhuí aon am amháin. Bean ghlún acu seo a bhí inti, a bhíodh ag freastal ar mhná a bhíodh i ngéibheann thall is abhus. Oíche amháin, tháinig marcach chun dorais chuici, agus d'iarr sé uirthi a bheith ina suí go rabh gnoithe aige léithi. Dúirt sí gur dhoiligh léithise an teach a fhágáil fán am seo d'oíche, agus gan fios aici cá rabh sí ag gabháil.

"Ná bíodh eagla ná uafás ar bith ort!" arsa an marcach léithi. "Fágfaidh mise slán sábháilte anseo ag do dhoras féin thú roimh an lá amárach!"

Ghléas sí uirthi, agus shuidh sí ar a chúlaibh ar an bheathach. D'imigh siad leofa, agus ní rabh fhios aici se cadé a shiúil siad—b'fhéidir go dteachaidh siad isteach sa dara paróiste—ach, fá dheireadh, tháinig siad ionns ar bhéal creige. D'fhoscail doras ansin, agus chuaigh siad isteach. Shiúil siad leofa go dtáinig siad fhad le caisleán mór, agus bhí an áit sin lán daoine, agus iad uilig ag ithe agus ag ól. Thug sé an bhean seo fhad le háit a rabh seomra, agus bhí bean ansin i dtinneas clainne. Ar ball rugadh leanbh daoithi, agus bhí an leanbh marbh. Cuireadh i leataoibh é, agus tamall beag ina dhiaidh sin tí sí páiste eile, agus cé an páiste a bhí ann ach an páiste a d'fhág sí féin ina diaidh sa bhaile!

"Come, come!" arsa sise, "fágaigí an páiste seo arais!"

"Ní fhágfaidh, maise," arsa fear acu, "ach bí thusa ag imeacht amach as seo comh tiubh agus a thig leat!"

Chuaigh an bhean fá dtaobh den pháiste, agus bhí cineál inteacht soithigh crochta a chois an dorais, agus tíodh sí iad ag cur na méar ann nuair a bhíodh siad amach is isteach ar an doras. Chuir sí féin a méar ins an tsoitheach bheag seo, agus thóg sí braon uisce a bhí ann, agus chuir sí ar a bathais é. Tháinig sí abhaile agus an páiste léithi.

Bhí go maith agus ní rabh go holc. Coicís ina dhiaidh sin bhí aonach i mBaile an Droichid, agus smaointigh sí go rachadh sí chun aonaigh go bhfeicfeadh sí caidé a bhí ag gabháil. Ag gabháil síos an Caiseal daoithi mhothaigh sí an t-an-challán, agus mar bheadh séideán gaoithe móire ar an aonach. Caidé a bhí ann ach bunadh na gcnoc. Chuaigh sí síos agus isteach fríofa, agus cé a thug sí fá dear ina measc ach an fear céanna seo a dtearn sí freastal ar a bhean.

15. THE MIDWIFE WHO LOST AN EYE

There was a woman beyond here at Baile Bui one time. She was one of those midwives who used to attend women in childbirth. One night a horseman came to her door, and aroused her, saying he had need of her. She said she was loath to leave the house at that hour of night without knowing where she was going.

"Don't be the least bit afraid," said the horseman to her. 'I will leave you back safe and sound at your own door before tomorrow morning!'

She got ready, and sat up behind him on the horse. Off they went and she did not know how far they had gone—perhaps they had gone into the next parish—but at last they came to the face of a crag. A door opened and they went in. They rode on until they came to a big castle which was full of people all eating and drinking. He took her to a room where there was a woman in labour. After a while the child was born, a dead child. It was put aside, and shortly afterwards she saw another child and what child was it but her own that she had left at home!

"Come, come," said she, "leave this child back!"

"I will not, indeed," said one of them, "but go you out from here as quickly as you can!"

The woman went to the child. There was a vessel of some sort hanging beside the door, and she had seen them putting their fingers into it as they went in and out. She herself put her finger in this little vessel and took a drop of water from it and put it on her forehead. She came back home with her child.

Well and good. A fortnight later there was a fair at Kilcar, and she thought she would go to the fair and see what was going on. Going down by Caiseal she heard a great noise as if there was a big blast of wind at the fair. What was it but the hill-folk! She went down amongst them, and who did she see but the very man whose

Tharraing sí air, agus d'fhiafraigh sí de caidé mar bhí bean an toighe. Sula dtug sé freagar ar bith uirthi, ní thearn sé ach a lámh a thógáil agus steall sé an tsúil aisti.

"Anois," a deir sé léithi, "ní fheicfidh tú mise ná aon duine dá mbainí domh an dá lá shaol a bheas agat!"

Is cosúil nuair a chuir an bhean seo an t-uisce a bhí sa tsoitheach ar a bathais, gur shíl cuid de anuas isteach ina súil, agus ba leis an tsúil sin a chonaic sí eisean. Ní fhacaí sí é leis an tsúil eile, agus ní fhacaí duine ar bith eile é ach oiread. Mhair an ghaoth mhór bunús an lae, agus bhí an scairteach agus an callán agus an gleo le cluinstitín i rith an lae acu agus gan fios acu caidé a bhí ann.

16. BEAN GHLÚN A D'FHREASTAL AR BHEAN A TUGADH AS

Bhí bean amuigh anseo fad ó shin i gCúl na Cruaiche a dtugadh siad Bidadá Sheáinín uirthi. Bean ghlún a bhí inti agus bhíodh sí ag freastal ar na mná a mbíodh páistí beaga acu. An oíche seo tháinig fear fána coinne an áit a rabh a bhean i ngéibheann. Chuaigh sí leis.

Thuit an bhean a raibh sí ag freastal uirthi i laige, agus níor rugadh an páiste ar chor ar bith.

Cupla oíche ina dhiaidh sin tháinig fear eile fána coinne ar dhroim beathaigh agus mhúscaíl sé amach as a codladh í, agus dúirt léithi go rabh gnoithe aige léithi. D'éirigh sí, ach níor aithin sí an fear ar chor ar bith, agus dúirt sí nár mhaith léithi a ghabháil le fear ar bith ach an fear a rabh aithne aici air.

"Ná bíodh eagla ar bith ort fá sin!" arsa seisean. "Faigfidh mise sa bhaile slán folláin thú, agus ní bheidh agat le ghabháil i bhfad uilig."

Chuaigh sí suas ar a chúlaibh, agus ba ghairid uilig a chuaigh siad go dtáinig siad ionns ar chreig. D'fhoscail an chreig, agus chuaigh siad isteach, agus shiúil siad leofa gur shroichí siad caisleán mór. Chuaigh siad fríd an chaisleán, agus fá dheireadh, tháinig siad ionns ar sheomra a rabh bean ina lú ann. Ba í an bhean chéanna í a thuit i laige cupla oíche roimhe sin. Rugadh paiste don bhean, agus d'fhág an marcach sa bhaile an bhean ghlún slán folláin roimhe mhaidin.

wife she had attended. She went up to him and asked him how his wife was. Before he made any reply to her, he raised his hand and gouged her eye out.

"Now," said he to her, "you will not see me nor anyone belonging to me as long as you live!"

It is likely that when this woman put the water from the vessel on her forehead some of it trickled into her eye, and it was with this eye she saw him. She did not see him with the other eye, and no one else saw him either. The big wind lasted most of the day, and a howling noise and clamour was heard without people knowing what caused it.

16. THE MIDWIFE WHO ATTENDED A STOLEN WOMAN

Long ago there was a woman out here at Cúl na Cruaiche known as Biddy Sheáinín. She was a midwife and she used to attend women who were having children. This night a man came for her because his wife was in sore need of her, and she went with him.

The woman she was attending fell into a faint and the child was not born at all.

A couple of nights later another man came on horseback and wakened her out of her sleep and told her he needed her. She rose, but she did not recognize the man, and she said she did not like to go with anyone she did not know.

"Don't be the least bit afraid about that," he said. "I will leave you back home safe and sound, and you have not far to go."

She got up behind him on the horse, and in a very short time they arrived at a crag. The crag opened and they went in and rode on until they reached a big castle. They went through the castle and at last they came to a room where there was a woman lying. It was the same woman who had fallen into a faint two nights before! She gave birth to a child, and the horseman left the midwife home safe and sound before morning.

17. SUANTRAÍ NA MNÁ A TUGADH AS

Bhí lánúin anseo fad ó shin, agus nuair a bhí siad bliain pósta bhí siad ag feitheamh ar dhuine clainne. Tháinig an t-am, agus mar shíl siad féin fuair an bhean agus an páiste bás, ach ní bás a fuair siad—ba é an rud a tugadh as iad.

Bhí deirfiúr don bhean seo amuigh fán chnoc ag baint beairtín luachra ag bun creige, agus níor mhothaigh sí ariamh gur thúsaigh an ceol ins an bhinn os a cionn. D'éist sí ar feadh tamaill, agus chualaf sí bean na binne ag cealgadh an linbh istigh. Shíl an deirfiúr go dtuigfeadh an bhean amuigh a scéal i gan fhios don bhunadh a thug as í, ach níor thuig.

Seo é an t-amhrán a bhí aici ag cealgadh an linbh:

1

"Bliain 's an oíche 'réir a tugadh ó m'fhear mé,
 Ár ngnúis le chéile ó shin ní fhacaí muid.
 Huis-a-ba-lí agus huis-a-ba-lí,
 Huis-a-ba-lí, agus codail, a leanbh bán!

2

"Tá min eorna agam, is tá min choirce agam,
 Is tá min seagail le dortadh amach agam."

An cealgadh

3

"A dheirfiúr dhílis, 's a dheirfiúr charthannach,
 Siúd chugat an fear mór is a scian faoina ascaill leis!

An cealgadh

4

"Níor sníomhadh an gréasán caol ná garbh,
 Ach dhá shlait déag a chuaigh ar stéis mo leanbh bán."

An cealgadh

17. THE STOLEN WOMAN'S LULLABY

Long ago there was a couple here, and after they had been married a year they were expecting a child. The time came and, as it was thought, the woman and the child died. But they had not died—they had been taken away.

A sister of the woman was out on the hillside gathering rushes at the foot of a crag, and suddenly she heard a song beginning in the hill above her. She listened a while and heard a woman singing a lullaby to a child. The woman inside thought that her sister would understand what she was saying without the knowledge of those who had taken her away. But she did not understand.

This is the lullaby she was singing to the child:

1

A year ago last night I was taken from my husband.
 Face to face we have not seen each other since.

Hushabalee and hushabalee,
 Hushabalee, and sleep, dear baby!

2

I have barley-meal and I have oat-meal
 And I have rye-meal to pour out.

Refrain

3

My darling sister and my loving sister,
 A big man is coming towards you, his knife under his arm!

Refrain

4

Fine web or coarse web there was not woven
 But twelve yards only for my dear baby!

Refrain

5

"A dheirfiúr dhflis, is a dheirfiúr charthannach,
Ceangail an beairtín, agus bí ag gabháil abhaile leis!"

An cealgadh

6

"A dheirfiúr dhflis, is a dheirfiúr charthannach,
Ní rachaidh mé a choíche go Baile Uí Iodharláin!"

An cealgadh

7

"A dheirfiúr dhflis, is a dheirfiúr charthannach,
Bris an t-iarann, agus caith a bharr orm!"

An cealgadh

8

"Níor ith mé greim, agus níor ól mé deoch acu,
Ach na préataí fuarbhrúite a bhí ar dhriúir m'athara!"

An cealgadh

9

"Tá mo leaba cóirithe is an luachair craite agam,
Is Níon Uí Mhórtha le theacht ar cuairt chugam."

An cealgadh

18. CATH GHLEANN BHOLCÁIN

Bhí lánúin amuigh i mBarr Ghleann an Bhaile Dhuibh, i mbaile a dtugann siad Cruach Chaorach air, fad ó shin, agus lá fómhair bhí siad amuigh ag sábháil féir. Ní rabh acu ach aon pháiste amháin, agus mar nach rabh aon duine acu le fágáil istigh ag an pháiste—bhí an lá maith—smaoitigh siad go dtabharfadh siad amach an páiste, agus go bhfaigfeadh siad ina shuí amuigh san fhéar é. Bhí an fear thuas ar choca féir, agus an bhean ag cur suas an fhéir chuige,

5

My darling sister and my loving sister,
Tie up your bundle and hurry home with it!

Refrain

6

My darling sister and my loving sister,
I shall never go again to Baile Uí Iodharláin!

Refrain

7

My darling sister and my loving sister,
Break the iron and throw the point at me!

Refrain

8

I have eaten no bite nor sipped no drink of theirs
But cold mashed potatoes on my father's dresser!

Refrain

9

My bed is made, and the rushes strewn by me,
And Ó Mórtha's daughter is coming to see me!

Refrain

18. THE BATTLE OF GLEANN BHOLCÁIN

Long ago a couple who lived in the townland of Crowkeeragh at the head of Glen Ballaghdoon were saving hay one autumn day. They had only one child and as they had no one to stay indoors with it and the day was fine they decided to bring it out and leave it sitting on the grass. The man was on top of the hay-stack and

nuair siúd amach le scodaí mná, agus beirí sí ar an pháiste. Thúsaigh an fear agus an bhean ag scairtí léithi an páiste a fhágáil, ach ní rabh dath de ghar ann. Nuair a chonaic an fear caidé mar bhí, d'imigh sé ina diaidh ag reathaidh agus an ráca leis.

Bhí go maith agus ní rabh go holc. Rith sise léithi, agus níor stad sí go dteachaidh sí soir go Gleann Bholcáin. D'fhoscail screig ansin, agus chuaigh sí isteach agus an páiste léithi. Lean seisean isteach í, agus bhí cúirt agus cathair agus caisleán mór istigh ansin agus é lán páistí. Nuair a chuaigh sé isteach, dúirt seisean go gcaithfeadh seisean a pháiste féin a fháil. Ní rabh aon pháiste de chéad páiste nár tugadh chuige, agus deireadh sé i dtólamh narbh é sin a pháistesán agus go gcaithfeadh seisean a pháiste féin a fháil.

Thiar thall tráthnóna, bhí seandúine ann a bhí ina shuí a chois na tineadh, agus nuair a chonaic sé nach rabh gar ann dúirt sé leis a bhean a pháiste féin a thabhairt don fhear seo, nó nach mbeadh aon suaimhneas ann mur bhfaghadh sé é. Chuaigh sí suas chun tseomra, agus tháinig sí anuas agus an páiste léithi, agus nuair a shín sí an páiste chuige:

"Anois," arsa an seandúine, "sin clog beag atá crochta ar thaoibh an dorais, agus bí an-fhaichilleach ag gabháil amach duit, agus ná bain dó. Níor buaileadh ariamh an clog sin," arsa seisean, "ach le coirm ná le cath, agus níl muid ag súil le ceachtar acu sam am i láthair."

Bhí oiread feirge ar an fhear ag gabháil amach dó agus gur tharraing sé an ráca ar an chlog. Thúsaigh an clog a bhualadh, agus i rith an tráthnóna agus go rabh sé dubh dorcha, bhí siad ag coimheád ar an tslua sí ag teacht anoir ag marcaíocht ó Ghleann Bholcáin ina gcéadtaí. Ar maidin lá tharna mhárach nuair a chuaigh siad a dh'amharc rachfá go dtí béal do dhá bhróig i bhfuil agus i ngruaig. Ní rabh féasta ar bith rompu, agus nuair nach rabh d'éirigh an cath eatarthu, agus mharbh siad a chéile, agus bhí an abhainn dearg lena gcuid fola ar maidin lá tharna mhárach.

19. TEACH SÍ DE CHOIS AICHEARRA CHNOIC

Bhí lánúin i Málainn Bhig ins an tsean-am, agus chuaigh siad chun an mhargaidh le píosa báinín a bhí déanta acu. D'éirigh leofa an báinín a dhíol go luath ins an lá, agus a ngnoithe a dhéanamh ar

the wife lifting the hay up to him when along came a bold woman who caught up the child. The man and his wife began to shout at her to leave the child, but to no avail. When the man saw how things were he rushed after her with the rake in his hand.

So far so good. She ran on without stopping until she arrived east at Gleann Bholcáin. A rock-face opened and she went inside with the child. The man followed her in and found a great court, city and castle inside full of children. He said that he must have his own child back. There was not one child of a hundred that was not brought to him, but each time he said that was not his child and that he must get his own.

Late in the evening an old man who was sitting by the fire saw they must yield and told his wife to give back his own child to the man as they would have no peace until he got it. She went into a room and came back with the child, and as she was handing it to the father the old man said:

"There is a small bell hanging beside the door, and be very careful when you are going out not to touch it. That bell is never struck but for a feast or a battle, and we are not looking for either of those now."

The man was so angry that he struck the bell with the rake as he was going out. The bell began to ring, and all through the evening until darkness fell, the fairy host in hundreds could be seen riding in Gleann Bholcáin. Next morning if you had gone out you would have been up to the top of your boots in blood and hair. There was no feast ready for them, and so a battle broke out and they killed each other. Next morning the river was red with their blood.

19. THE FAIRY HOUSE AT THE SHORT-CUT THROUGH THE HILLS

In the old days a couple who lived in Malinbeg went to market with a piece of flannel they had made. They succeeded in selling the flannel and finished their business at the market early in the day.

an mhargadh. Casadh fear orthu, agus thug sé isteach iad, agus thug bia agus deoch daofa, agus rinn sé gach uile ní leofa. Nuair a bhí a ngnoithe déanta tharraing siad ar an bhaile.

Bhí siad ag siúl leofa, ach ba ghairid gur athraigh an lá, agus bhí cuma air go ndéanfadh sé lá iontach doineanta—an rud a rinn. Bhí aichearra cnoic le gearradh acu—an aichearra a dtabharann siad an Gearrán Bán uirthi. D'éirigh an spéir dubh dorchá, agus tháinig an fhearthainn, gaoth mhór, toirneach agus splancacha, agus gach uile chineál eile anáis. Ní rabh gealach ná réaltóg le feiceáil acu.

"Caillfear muid!" arsa an fear leis an bhean.

"Nach bocht an scéal sin!" arsa sise. "Nach bhfuair mo mháthair bhocht a sáith briseadh croí ina ham, agus gan sinne a chailleadh anocht. Chaill sí a mac trí seachtaine sular rugadh mise."

Leis sin féin chonaic siad solas, agus tharraing siad air. Nuair a chuaigh siad isteach, d'éirigh fear an toighe agus bean an toighe, agus rug siad greim dhá lámh orthu, agus d'ainmnigh siad iad ina n-ainm agus ina sloinneadh, agus d'iarr siad orthu suí síos, go rabh siad caillte. Rinneadh réidh bord breá bídh daofa, agus bhí lúcháir mhór orthu an bia a fháil—bhí sé a dhíobháil go cruaidh orthu de bhrí dó go rabh siad tuirseach ocrach. Nuair a bhí an bia caite acu, d'éirigh fear an toighe, agus rug sé ar phéire píob, agus sheinn sé cupla port breá daofa. Sula rabh sé críochnaithe ag seinm, bhuail na daoine a theacht isteach agus a chur fáilte roimh na stráinséaraí, agus iad uilig dá n-ainmniú ina n-ainm agus ina sloinneadh. Ní rabh siadsan, ar ndóiche, ag aithne duine ar bith acu.

Bhí oíche bhreá phléisiúrtha acu, agus neart ceoil, óil agus damhsa go maidin. Ins an am chéanna d'éirigh an bhean mí-shuaimhneach. Ba léar léithi go rabh siad in áit nár cheart daofa a bheith, agus shuidh sí ag an tine. Shuidh fear an toighe ar an taoibh eile den tine os a coinne, agus bhain sé de a bhróga. Chuaigh sé a chumailt a chuid ladhar, agus d'amharcaíodh sé trasna na tineadh uirthise—a bhean.

"An bhfaca tú," a deir sé, "ná ar chualaí tú ariamh trácht ar fhear ar bith a rabh sé ladhra air?"

"Níor chualaí," arsa sise, "agus ní fhacaí mé aon fhear ariamh dá chineál."

"Bhail," arsa seisean, "nuair a rachas tú abhaile abair le do mháthair go bhfacaí tú fear a rabh sé ladhra air, agus b'fhéidir go mbeadh fhios aici cé é féin. Anois," arsa seisean, "ná fan bomaite

They met a man who took them indoors, gave them food and drink and did all he could for them. With everything done they started out on the long walk home.

They were on their way when the day changed and looked as if it would become very stormy. They had to cross the hills by a way known as Aichearra an Ghearráin Bháin. The sky darkened, the rain came, and with it strong wind, thunder, lightning and every kind of misery. There was neither moon nor star to be seen.

"We'll perish!" said the man to his wife.

"Isn't it a sad story!" said she. "Did my poor mother not have enough heartbreak in her time when she lost her son three weeks before I was born, without us perishing tonight!"

With that, they saw a light and made towards it. When they entered, the man and woman of the house rose and took them by both hands. They named them by name and surname and asked them to sit down since they must be starved. A fine table of food was prepared for them. They were overjoyed to get it, for they were sorely in need of it in their weariness and hunger. When they had eaten their meal, the man of the house rose and took a set of pipes and played a couple of fine tunes for them. Before he had finished playing people began to come in and welcome the wayfarers, all of them naming them by name and surname. But they, for their part, recognized none of the company.

They had a fine pleasant night with plenty of singing, drinking and dancing until morning. The woman, however, began to be uneasy. It was clear to her they were in some place they should not be, and she sat by the fire. The man of the house sat at the other side of the fire opposite her. He took off his boots and began to rub his toes and look across at her.

"Did you ever see," said he, "or did you ever hear tell of a man who had six toes?"

"I never heard tell of such a man," said she, "nor did I ever see one."

"Well," said he, "when you go home tell your mother you saw a man who had six toes and maybe she will know who he is. Now,

amháin eile níos faide anseo. Tá tú anseo cheana féin i bhfad níos faide ná a shleas tú féin, agus tá an t-am agat an baile a bhaint amach."

D'éirigh na stráinséaraí, agus d'imigh siad leofa. Bhí an lá geal ann.

Ba é an gnás a bhí ann san am nuair a dhéanfaí margadh de chineál ar bith, braon biotáilte a bheith leat abhaile. Bhí síbíní poitín go leor thall is abhus san am, agus tharraing siad ar cheann acu, agus fuair siad buidéal poitín, le deoch a thabhairt do na comharsanaí a thiocfadh isteach a dh'fhiafraí an mhargaidh.

"Nár bh fhada amuigh sibh!" arsa an mháthair, nuair a bhain siad an baile amach.

"Á, níorbh fhada," arsa siadsan, "nach inné a d'imigh sinn, agus nach minic a chualaí tú nach ionann a ghabháil chun an bhaile mhóir agus a fhágáil. Bhí sinn i dteach bhreá aréir"—ag inse daofa caidé mar bhí, go bhfuair siad a sáith le hithe agus le hól, agus go rabh ceol, ól agus damhsa go maidin ann.

"A mháthair," arsa sise, "an rabh fhios agatsa ariamh fear ar bith a rabh sé ladhra air?"

"Ó, a thaiscí!" arsa an mháthair, agus na súile ag líonadh aici, "bhí deartháir agatsa a cailleadh trí seachtaine sulmar rugadh thusa, agus d'athair ina chuideachta. Ba doiligh domhsa deichniúr de mhuirín a thógáil, agus d'athair agus an deartháir a ba sine a bhí agatsa a chailleadh."

D'aithin siad go maith ansin nár bh é an rud a cailleadh iad seo ar chor ar bith, ach go dtug bunadh na gcnoc as iad, mar ba ghnách leofa a dhéanamh i gcónaí leis na daoine a bháití.

20. AN MADADH SÍ AGUS BUACHAILL NA gCAORACH

Chuaigh buachaill óg as Lochair a Thoirce amach go Sliabh a Tuaidh in am lomadórachta, sa tsean-am. Bhí triúr dá chuid caorach thíos ins an ált i Sliabh a Tuaidh, agus chuaigh sé síos agus thug sé aníos iad. Nuair a bhí siad abhus ar bruach aige, tháinig madadh rompu, agus chuir sé síos san ált arais iad. Bhí siad dhá uair ní ba

said he, "don't delay another minute here. You have been here much longer than you think, and it is time for you to go home."

The wayfarers rose and went their way. It was bright day.

It was a custom at that time to bring a drop of whiskey home after any kind of marketing. There were plenty of poteen shebeens here and there. They went to one of them, and got a bottle of poteen to have a drink for the neighbours who would come in to ask about the market.

"Haven't you been a long time away!" said the mother when they reached home.

"O, indeed we were not," said they, "wasn't it yesterday we went, and have you not often heard that going to the big town is not the same thing as leaving it? We were in a fine house last night"—telling what had happened, how they got plenty to eat and drink, and had music, drinking and dancing until morning.

"Mother," said the woman, "did you ever know a man who had six toes?"

"O my dear," said the mother, her eyes filling with tears, "you had a brother who died three weeks before you were born, and your father with him, and hard it was for me to raise ten children with your father and your eldest brother dead!"

They knew well then that the father and brother had not died at all but had been taken away by the hill-folk, as always happened with people who were drowned.

20. THE FAIRY DOG AND THE SHEPHERD

In the old days a young lad from Lochair a Thoirce went to Sliabh a Tuaidh at shearing time to fetch his sheep. Three of them were down the cliff and he went down and brought them up. When he had them just at the edge of the cliff a dog came and chased them down again. It was twice as difficult for him to get

doiligheacha a fháil aníos ansin ná bhí siad an chéad uair. Nuair a bhí siad abhus aige an tríú huair tháinig an madadh, agus chuir sé síos iad an bealach céanna, agus chuaigh siad i bhfad ní b'fhaid síos ná bhí siad ar thús. Chuaigh sé síos ina ndiaidh, agus bhí a chroí chóir a bheith briste nuair a bhí siad ar bruach aige an tríú huair. Tháinig an madadh orthu arais, agus chuir sé isteach síos ins an talamh chéanna iad. Bhí oiread feirge air agus gur chrom sé agus thug sé leis dhá chnapán cloiche, agus lean sé an madadh. Scaoil sé ceann de na clocha ina dhiaidh, agus d'fhoscail creig, agus chuaigh an madadh isteach sa chreig. Lean sé isteach an madadh, agus chaith sé an chloch eile isteach ina dhiaidh, agus cé an áit a bhfuair sé é féin ach istigh i gcúirt mhór istigh sa chreig! Bhí an-bhaicle go deo de dhaoine istigh ansin, agus iad ag damhsa agus ag ól agus ag ceol. Ní rabh sé i bhfad uilig istigh go dtáinig fear chuige agus gloine leis a rabh braon uisce bheatha ann. Shín sé chuige é. Bheir sé ar an ghloine, agus bhí sé thuas ar a bhéal ag gabháil á ól, nuair a tháinig buachaill óg eile thart, agus bhuail sé buille ar an ghloine, agus chaith sé amach as a láimh é.

"Má itheann tú ná má ólann tú aon ghreim istigh anseo," arsa seisean, "ní bhfaighidh tú amach as go bráth arís!"

Shuidh sé ansin; agus bhí seandúine agus seanbhean ann ina suí ar dhá thaoibh na tineadh. D'aithin sé bunús a rabh de dhaoine uilig istigh sa chaisleán. Comharsanaí agus daoine thart as an dá pharóiste a báitheadh gach uile am leis na blianta roimhe sin. Sin é an cineál daoine uilig a bhí istigh sa chreig.

Ach tráthnóna, dúirt an seandúine leis an tseanbhean go rabh an t-am ann an buachaill seo a ligean abhaile.

"Anois," arsa an seandúine leis, "nuair a rachas tú amach, gheobhaidh tú iomlán do chuid caorach cruinn ar an Roisín taobh thall de Ghleann Loch, agus ní bheidh aon dath agat ach siúl anonn fána geoinne."

Leis sin d'fhoscail an chreig, agus bhí sé amuigh ar an tsliabh rua arais. Bhí iomlán a rabh i mbaile Lochair a Thoirce amuigh dá chuartú, agus nuair a d'amharc sé bhí iomlán a chuid caorach thall ar Roisín Gleann Locha mar d'inis an seandúine dó. Tháinig sé abhaile, agus ón lá sin go dteachaidh sé i dtalamh ní theachaidh sé chun an chnoic ar a aghaidhe féin.

them up the second time and the dog came and chased them down the same way again and they went much further down than they had been at first. He went down after them and his heart was almost broken when he had them up on the edge the third time. The dog chased them again down to where they had been. The lad was so angry that he stopped and lifted two lumps of stone and followed the dog. He loosed one of the stones at it whereupon the crag opened and the dog went into it. He followed the dog inside and threw the other stone at it and where did he find himself but in a large court! There was a big crowd of people in it who were dancing, drinking and singing. He was not long there before a man came and held out to him a glass in which there was a drop of whiskey. He took the glass and had raised it to his lips when another young boy came by and struck the glass out of his hand.

"If you eat or drink anything in here you will never get out!" he said.

The lad sat down. There was an old man and an old woman sitting on each side of the fire. He recognized most of the people in the court as neighbours and people from the two parishes who had drowned in the years before. That is what all the people in the crag were.

In the evening the old man said to the old woman that it was time for them to let the lad go home.

"Now," said the old man to him, "when you go out you will find all your sheep together on the Point beyond Glenlough and all you have to do is go over for them."

With that the crag opened and he was out on the bare mountain again. All the people of Lochair a Thoirce were searching for him. When he looked he saw that all his sheep were on the Point of Glenlough just as the old man said. He came home, and from that day until the day he was buried he never went to the hill alone.

21. FEOIL THUBAISTE: CINÁMHARLACH BEARAIGH

Beathach ar bith a thuiteadh le spinc ná a n-éireochadh tubaiste de chineál ar bith dó, bhí sé ina ghnás ins an tsean-am gach uile cheann ariamh acu a chur faoin talamh. Tá sé canta ariamh beathach ar bith dá bhfaighí tú stiúgha ná marbh amuigh, nach bhfuil sé ceart úsáid a dhéanamh dá chuid feola. Sé an t-ainm a bheirtear ar an chineál sin feola "feoil thubaiste", agus ní maith leis na daoine an fheoil sin a ithe dá mba í ab fhearr in Éirinn.

Bhí fear anseo i bhfad ó shin, agus bhí bearach breá aige, agus thuit sí le spinc, agus briseadh a muineál. Thug sé leis abhaile í, agus d'fheann sé í, agus shail sé an fheoil. D'ith sé féin agus a theaghlach gach uile ghreim daoithi. Seachtain ná mar sin ina dhiaidh sin chonaic sé an bearach céanna ag ingilt ar an talamh chéanna ar thuit sí ann. Rith sé féachailt go gceapadh sé í lena cur isteach chun an bhóithigh, agus rith an bearach fosta. Rith an bearach fosta agus tharraing sí ina diaidh é go dteachaidh sí fhad le bruach áilt a bhí ann. Nuair a bhí sí ag gabháil isteach sa bhinn, char mhothaigh sé ariamh go dtearnadh an scairt os a chionn ins an bhinn—agus greim rubaill aige uirthi.

"Sin í ar mbearachsa, agus lig isteach chugainn í, nó mur ligf beidh daor ort!"

"Ní hí," arsa seisean, "ach mo bhearachsa, agus is fformhaith a aithním í!"

"Bhail, más í," arsa fear na binne leis, "má théid tusa agus cnámha agus feoil ár seanduinesa, a thug tú abhaile, agus ar bhain tú féin agus do chuid páistí sochar as, tá seachtain ó shin, agus á thabhairt anseo i láthair, gheobhaidh tú do bhearach arais!"

B'éigean dó an bearach a ligean leofa, agus ar an ábhar sin, níorbh í feoil an bhearaigh a dtearn siad úsáid daoithi ar chor ar bith, ach feoil seandúine de chuid bhunadh na gcnoc, a fágadh aige i gcosúlacht a bhearaigh!

22. EALLACH CAITE

Chluininn an seanbhunadh ag rá go mbíodh eallach caite, agus d'fhágadh siad ar bhunadh na gcnoc gurbh iad a ba chiontaigh leis seo, go gcaitheadh siad saigheadannaí orthu amuigh fán chnoc.

21. CALAMITY MEAT: THE FAIRY CARCASE

Long ago it was the custom to bury every single animal that ever fell down a cliff or which died a misfortunate death of any kind. It is always said that it is not right to make any use of the flesh of an animal you find dead. This flesh is known as "calamity meat", and people will not eat it even if it were the best in Ireland.

Long ago a man here had a fine heifer which fell over the cliff and broke its neck. He took the carcase home, flayed it and salted the flesh. He and his household ate every bit of it. About a week later he saw the same heifer grazing on the very place she had fallen. He ran to try and catch her and put her into the byre, but the heifer ran away too and he followed her to a cliff near by. She was going into the hill and he had a grip of her tail when he heard shouting overhead in the hill:

"That is our heifer, and let her come into us or you will pay dearly if you do not!"

"She is not your heifer but mine," said he, "and well I know her!"

"Well, if she is yours," said one in the hill, "you can have her if you bring back here the bones and flesh of our old man you took home last week and you and your children enjoyed!"

He had to let them keep the heifer because it was not the heifer's flesh they had eaten at all but the flesh of an old man of the hill-folk that had been left in the semblance of his heifer!

22. FAIRY-STRICKEN CATTLE

I used to hear the old people say that when cattle were stricken the hill-folk were the cause of it, that they used to throw darts at them out on the hillside.

Bhí mórán dóigheannaí acu leis an ghalar seo a leigheas—ceann acu dá dtigeadh leofa saighead acu seo a fháil, agus deoch a thabhairt don bheathach a bhí caite de dhroim an tsaighid.

Bhí leigheas caite eile acu a ba ghnách leofa a dhéanamh le Coinneal Mhuire. Chuirí an choinneal thart trí huaire ar a corp ag na cosa tosaigh, trí huaire thart ar a bolg, agus trí huaire thiar ag na cosa deiridh. Bhíodh beirt fhear ag gabháil don leigheas, agus ní rabh iarraidh ar bith dá gcuirtí an choinneal thart ar an bhó nach gcaithfí Comhartha na Croise a dhéanamh uirthi leis an choinneal. Bheirtí an choinneal amach eadar na cosa deiridh agus aniar ar chnámh an droma go mbeadh siad eadar an dá adhairc, agus ghearrfadh siad Comhartha na Croise arís uirthi ansin. Chuirí an choinneal siar arís eadar an dá chois tosaigh, agus amach eadar na cosa deiridh, agus suas eadar na hadharcaí go mbíodh sin déanta trí huaire acu. Bhí an leigheas déanta ansin.

Chualáí mé an seanbhunadh ag rá dá dtigeadh an saighead ar an bhoin fríd an chroí, nach rabh sábháil le déanamh uirthi, ach dá dtigeadh sé in áit ar bith eile uirthi, agus tú an poll a fháil a dhéanfadh an saighead agus do mhéar a leagan isteach air, agus tú an poll a theiseáint do dhuine eile a leagfadh a mhéar ins an pholl, bheadh an bhó leigheasta.

Chonaic mé féin leigheas caite eile á dhéanamh do bhó, agus is iad an bunadh Gallda a bhí istigh i nGleann a chonaic mé á dhéanamh. Is cosúil go gcreideadh siadsan fosta ins na daoine beaga. Scríobadh siadsan an pota agus an crochadh, agus ansin scríobadh siad adharcaí na bó agus na highní, agus dhóigheadh siad sin uilig ar chlár pota faoina sróin.

23. DEOCH Ó DHROIM SAIGHID

Bhíodh clocha ag tuitim anuas as an aer fad ó shin, agus bhí intinn ag daoine gurbh iad an bunadh beag a chaitheadh anuas as an aer iad. Saighid a thugadh siad orthu seo, agus bhíodh siad ag rá go scaoileadh siad an t-eallach leofa.

There were many ways of curing this illness. One cure was to get one of these darts, if they could come on it, and give a drink from over the dart to the stricken beast.

Another cure they had was done with a Mary Candle. The candle was put three times round the body at the forelegs, three times round the belly, and three times at the hind legs. It took two men to perform this cure and each time the candle was put around the cow the Sign of the Cross was made on her with the candle. The candle was then taken between the two hind legs and up along the backbone to between the horns and the Sign of the Cross was made again there. Then the candle was taken between the two forelegs and out through the hind legs and up to the horns again until it was done three times. The cure was complete then.

I heard the old people say that if the dart went into the cow's heart she could not be saved, but if the dart hit any other part of her and you found the hole made by the dart and put your finger on it and showed the hole to someone else who put his finger on it the cow would be cured.

I myself saw another cure for a stricken cow, and it was the Protestants in Glencolmcille I saw perform it. It is likely that they also believed in the wee folk. They would scrape the pot and the pot-hook and then they would scrape the cow's horns and teats and they would burn all that on the pot-lid under its muzzle.

23. DRINK FROM A FAIRY DART

Long ago stones used to fall down out of the air, and it was believed that it was the wee folk who threw them down from the air. They were called darts, and it was said they were shot at the cattle.

An t-eallach a bhíodh caite nó a scaoilfí mar seo ní rabh aon leigheas orthu ach deoch ó dhroim saighid a thabhairt daofa, sé sin an saighead seo a chur isteach i soitheach uisce agus deoch den uisce sin a thabhairt le hól don ainmhí a bheadh caite.

Is beag acu a títhear anois ó chuir na sagairt fá chónaí an chuid den dream seo a bhí san spéir.

24. ÓRTHAÍ BHLÍ AGUS BREITH GAMHNA

Ins an tsean-am nuair a bhíodh bó ag gabháil a bhreith bhí mórán rudaí a ba ghnách leis an tseanbhunadh a dhéanamh, agus ar cheann acu sin bhí gnás acu comh luath is a thiocfadh an gamhain ar an tsaol go gcuireadh siad bualtrach ina bhéal. Ba léar leofa go sábháilfeadh sin a gcuid bainne ar gach uile chineál urchóide.

Bhí seanbhean ann aon uair amháin, agus chualáí sí go rabh bó fhear na comharsana le breith. Bhí gasúr fán teach ann, agus ní rabh iarraidh ar bith dá gcastaí an gasúr uirthi nach gcuireadh sí tuairisc air ar bheir an bhó.

"Bhail, a chladhaire," a deir sí leis, aon lá amháin, "comh luath is bheas an bhó tinn ar an ghamhain tabhair scéala domhsa!"

D'inis an gasúr don athair caidé a dúirt an tseanbhean seo leis.

"Bhail, a chladhaire," arsa an t-athair, "nuair a bheas sí tinn tig leat scéala a thabhairt daoithi."

Bhí go maith. Comh [luath] is bhí an bhoilg uisce ag teacht leis an bhó.

"Anois," arsa seisean, "bí ar shiúl, agus inis don tseanbhean go bhfuil an bhó ag gabháil a bhreith."

Chuir sise síos pota mór uisce ar an tine, agus bhí sí á mheascadh, agus ba é an chiall a bhí aici le seo, go dtabhairfeadh sí chuici féin iomlán bhainne na bó i ndiaidh an ghnuth bhuí. Ach comh luath géar agus a bhain fear an toighe an gamhain ón bhó, chuir sé cuid den bhualtrach isteach i mbéal an ghamhna, agus caidé d'fhiuch aníos ionns ar an tseanbhean ach pota bualtraigh in áit an ghnuth bhuí.

Bhí dóigh eile ag daoine ansin lena gcuid bainne a shábháil. Ghearradh siad an Chroich Céasta ar úth na bó; agus tuilleadh

There was only one cure for cattle who were shot at and wasting away and that was to give them a drink from a dart. It was done by putting the dart into a vessel of water and giving a drink from the water to the sick beast.

There are few of these darts to be seen now since the priests suppressed those of the host who were in the air.

24. CALVING AND MILKING CHARMS

In the old days when a cow was about to calve there were many things the old people did, and one of them was to put cowdung into the calf's mouth as soon as it was born. They were convinced that would save the milk from all kinds of evil.

There was an old woman one time who heard her neighbour's cow was about to calve. There was a child in the neighbour's house and she never met him without asking him if the cow had calved. One day she said to him:

"Well, my lad, as soon as the cow is in labour give me the news!"

The child told his father what the old woman had said.

"Well, lad," said the father, "you may tell her when the cow is calving."

Well and good. As soon as the waters had come from the cow the father said:

"Run now and tell the old woman that the cow is going to calve."

She put a big pot of water on the fire and stirred it. The reason she had for this was to get all the cow's milk for herself after the beestings. But immediately the man took the calf from the cow he put some cowdung into the calf's mouth, and what was boiling down at the old woman's but a pot of cowdung instead of the beestings!

People had other ways of protecting their milk. They would make the Sign of the Cross on the cow's udder. Others would spill

daoine a bhlíos an chéad bhraon síos ar an talamh; agus bhí sé i gcónaí crosta ar gach uile dhuine gan a chos a chuimilt ar an bhraon a dhoirtfí, ná é a shalú ar dhóigh ar bith.

D'áirmhíodh siad fosta nach rabh sé maith ag duine a bheith buartha dá mbuaileadh an bhó cic ar shoitheach an bhainne agus an bainne a dhortadh. Is é rud a ba ghnách le daoine a rá fán bhainne sin go mb'fhéidir go rabh sé a dhíobháil go cruaidh san áit a dteachaidh sé, agus nár cheart a mhaíomh orthu.

25. ÓRTHAÍ FÁ BHAINNE LÁ BEALTAINE

Oíche Bhealtaine bhí sé ina ghnás acu i dtólamh sealáin chaorthainn a chur i ruball na bó, agus an eallaigh uilig go minic, lena sábháil ar urchóid na ndaoine beaga.

Chonaic mé Coineall Mhuire á leádh fosta, agus an gheir a chumailt ina gcuid fionnaidh leis an bhainne a shábháil ar na mná pisreogacha seo eile a bhíodh ag tabhairt leofa an bhainne.

Bhí sagart in Ard an Rátha fad ó shin, agus bhí sé amuigh ar airteagal go han-luath maidin Lá Bealtaine, siar go Pointe Luachrois. Nuair a d'amharc sé chonaic sé seanbhean Ghallda, agus í ag tarraingt giota éadaigh ina diaidh sa driúchta, agus í ag scairtí amach bainne a leithéid seo uilig a theacht chuicise. Scairt seisean amach—sin agus a dhá dtrian a theacht chuigesan.

Bhí go maith. Chuaigh sé ar aghaidhe, agus rinn sé friotháladh don duine thinn, agus nuair a phill sé arais abhaile bhí an scioból lán ime agus bainne. An Domhnach ina dhiaidh sin d'fhuagair sé ón altóir duine ar bith a rabh a chuid bainne ná ime caillte aige a theacht chuigesan, agus go rabh sé uilig sa scioból aige le fáil. Tháinig, agus fuair sé iomlán a gcuid ime agus bainne arais do bhunadh Phointe Luachrois a rabh sé caillte acu.

Bhí sé na ghnás mhór ag daoine cluasa na gcaorach a pholladh, agus na n-uan fosta, agus snáithe dearg a chur isteach iontu. D'áirmhíodh siad go rabh an snáithe dearg an-mhaith á sábháil ar urchóid bhunadh na gcnoc.

the first drops on to the earth and it was always forbidden for anyone to put a foot in the spilt milk or to dirty it in any way.

They used to say too that it was not right to be cross if the cow kicked over the milk vessel and spilt the milk. What they said about that was that maybe the milk was badly needed where it had gone and that it was not right to begrudge it.

25. MAY DAY MILK CHARMS

On May Eve they always put a loop of rowan on the tails of the cows—and often on the other stock too—to protect them from harm by the wee folk.

I saw the Mary Candle melted too and the wax rubbed to the cow's hair to save the milk from those women who used to bewitch the milk to themselves.

There was a priest in Ardara long ago, and early one May Day morning he was going on a sick call out west to Luachros Point. He saw an old Protestant woman drawing a piece of cloth after her through the dew and calling out that all the milk belonging to certain people should come to her. He called out that two-thirds of it were to come to him.

Well and good. He went on and attended the sick person and when he returned home his barn was filled with butter and milk. Next Sunday he announced from the altar that anyone who had lost his butter or milk should come to him and that it was all to be got in his barn. They came, and so he got all the butter and milk back to the people of Luachros Point who had lost it.

People had a great custom of piercing the ears of sheep and lambs and putting red thread through them. They believed the red thread was a very good protection against injury by the wee folk.

26. BÓ SÍ AGUS A CUID GAMHNA

Fad ó shin, mar tá fhios ag an tsaol, ní rabh am comh maith ann is atá anois, agus bhíodh streachailt mhór ag lánúineacha ag iarraidh a bheith ag soláthar dá gcuid muiríneacha.

Bhí lánúin san áit seo, agus bhí deichniúr de mhuirín acu. Bhí siad i ndiaidh a gcur a luí san oíche, agus gan greim bídh faoi bhallaí an toighe le tabhairt daofa ar maidin. Bhí siad ag constráil eatarthu féin caidé ab fhearr daofa a dhéanamh, ná caidé mar dhéanfadh siad greim a sholáthar do na páistí. Ní rabh maith tarraingt ar na siopaí, ná, leoga, bhí na siopaí annamh ins an am, agus ba bheag bídh a choinníodh siad ins an bheagán a bhí ann. Smaoitigh siad gur chuma caidé an dícheall a dhéanfadh siad, nach mbeadh acu ach an mála.

Bhí oíche an-doineanta ann, agus fríd fheadalach na gaoithe dar leofa go gcuail siad géim bó. B'annamh an rud bó féin san am, ní rabh sí ag gach uile dhuine ná ag leath gach uile dhuine. Chuaigh siad amach mar sin féin, agus bhí an bhó ina seasamh ar an tsráid os coinne an dorais—bó bhreac. Ghléas orthu í, agus chuir isteach chun an bhóithigh í. Ar maidin lá tharna mhárach, rug an bhó gamhain baineann. Thug siad aire mhaith daoithi, agus, ar ndóiche, bhí iontas ar gach uile dhuine thart, cé ba leis an bhó, nó níor mhothaigh siad iomrá ar dhuine ar bith a chaill bó. Bhlig siad an bhó, agus bhí tréan baine aici, agus fhad is a mhair sé ní rabh tart ná ocras ar na páistí.

Luigh an bhó acu ansin, agus ní rabh duine ar bith ag teacht dá héileamh. Bhí gamhain gach uile bhliain aici, agus gach uile ghamhain baineann, agus ní rabh gamhain ar bith le fáil ná le feiceáil in áit ar bith a bhí cosúil leofa. Bhí siad le sonrú i measc an eallaigh eile.

Bhí sin go maith agus ní rabh go holc. D'fhás an mhuirín suas, agus bhí an bhó san am seo ceithre bliana déag aige. Lá amháin chuaigh an bhó thaire chlaidhe, agus chuaigh isteach i gcuibhreann coirce. Lean fear an toighe í, agus tharraing sé buille míthrócaireach sa droim uirthi le bata draighin, agus ghortaigh sé í. Rinn an bhó búirfe, agus shín sí a ruball uaithi, agus níl aon áit dá rabh ceann den chlainn nár chruinnigh sí, agus ní fhacthas aon amharc uirthi ón lá sin go dtí an lá inniu, í féin ná aon cheann den treibh.

26. THE FAIRY COW AND HER PROGENY

Long ago, as the world knows, times were not as good as they are now, and couples had a hard struggle to provide for their families.

There was a couple in this place who had ten children. One night they had put them all to bed and there was not one mouthful of food within the walls of the house for the morning. They were debating what they could do and how they could get food for the children. There was no good in going to the shops, and, indeed, there were few shops then and the few there were kept little food. They thought that no matter how hard they tried they had no resource but to go begging.

It was a very stormy night, and through the whistling of the wind it seemed to them they heard the lowing of a cow. Even cows were scarce at that time: not everyone—indeed not half the people—had one. They went out, however, and there opposite the door was a speckled cow. They guided her into the byre. Next morning the cow gave birth to a cow-calf. They took good care of her, and, of course, all the people round about wondered who owned the cow as they had not heard that anyone had lost one. They milked the cow; she gave a great yield and as long as it lasted there was no hunger or thirst for the children.

The cow stayed with them, and no one came to claim her. She had a calf every year, and everyone of them was a cow-calf, and there were no calves to be found or seen anywhere like them. They were remarkable amongst other cattle.

Well and good. The family grew up, and by this time the cow had been with them fourteen years. One day the cow got over a wall and went into a field of oats. The man of the house followed her and gave her an unmerciful blow on the back with a blackthorn stick and hurt her. The cow bellowed and stretched out her tail and there was not one of her progeny she did not gather, and from that day to this not a sight has been seen of her or her progeny.

27. GRUAGACH MHÁLANNA MÓIRE¹

Tá blianta ó shin chuir coilíneacht Albanach fúthu i mbaile fearainn Mhálanna Móire, agus is ó Bhean Uí Amaltúin duine de shíolrú na dteaghlach sin a chuala mé an scéal seo fán Ghruagach, mar bheireadh siad air.

Bhí sciar réasúnta de mhaoín ar tsaoil ag na Hamaltúin seo mar go rabh gabhaltas measartha mór acu agus cúl toithe mar bhí bóitheach agus scioból os a chionn. Ba dréimire an tsí a bhí acu le ghabháil in airde chun an scioból seo fríd pholl a bhí in urlár an lofta. Ba ins an scioból seo a thaiscíodh an Hamaltúnach a chuid arbhair ar fad. Ba nós don Hamaltúnach, a rabh conaí air in aonacht lena bhean agus lena dheirfiúr, a ghabháil gach oíche chun an scioból seo agus oiread arbhair a bhualadh agus a chothfadh a chuid eallach seisc, agus ón chochán seo gheibheadh sé dóthan gráin leis an éanlaith toighe a chothadh. Ar ócáid áirid agus An Hamaltúnach ag gabháil suas ar an dréimire bhris ceann dena roncaí agus thuit sé chun urláir, agus dá bharr sin briseadh a shlinneán. Mar sin féin, d'éirigh leis an teach a bhaint amach agus d'inis dona mná caidé mar tharla. Chuir sin fríd a chéile go mór iad, agus chuir siad a luí é agus chuir siad scéala fá choinne doctúir cnámh áitiúil. Mhol seisean dó fanacht ina luí go cionn naoi lá go gceasaíodh an slinneán i gceart.

An oíche tharna mhárach agus iad ina suí a chois na tineadh, bhí na mná ag constráil caidé mar sholatharóchadh siad forrach don eallach ar maidin nuair a chuala siad i dtoibinne fuaim mionbhúillí ag teacht ó threo an sciobóil. Las Bean Uí Amaltúin coinneal agus chuaigh sí amach leis na gnoithe a fhiosrú agus nuair a bhí sí amuigh fuair sí amach gur ó lofta an sciobóil a bhí an tormán a teacht. Chuaigh sí chun an bhóithigh agus d'fhoscail sí an doras. Dhreapaigh sí suas an dréimire agus chuir sí suas a ceann fríd an chomhla thógála agus caidé tí sí, rud a chuir a sáith iontais uirthi, ach fear beag tarnocht ag bualadh an arbhair ar theann a dhícheall. Ba é seo An Gruagach. Bhí a cheann as a bheag ar aon mhéid lena chorp, agus bhí gruag fhada rua a síleadh síos ar a dhroim. Geallaim duit nach dtearn sí mórán moille ag breathnú air, tháinig sí arais

1. Seán Ó hEochaidh a d'aistrigh go Gaeilge.

27. THE GRUAGACH IN MALINMORE¹

Years ago the village of Malinmore was peopled by Scottish planters, and it was from an offspring of one of these families—a Mrs. Hamilton—that I heard the following story about the “gruagach”, as they called it.

These Hamiltons were pretty well-to-do, having a good-sized farm, and out-offices which comprised a byre and an overhead barn. The entrance to the barn over the byre was by means of a ladder which went up through a trap-door to the barn loft. In this barn Mr. Hamilton stored all his oats. It was customary for Mr. Hamilton, who resided with his wife and sister, to go each night to this barn and thresh as much oats as would feed some “dry” cattle in the morning, and from this straw he also got enough grain to feed the chickens. On one occasion as Mr. Hamilton went up the ladder one of the rungs broke, and he fell down to the floor, with the result that he received a broken shoulder-blade. He managed to get into the house, and informed the women about what had happened. They were very much upset, put him to bed, and sent for the local bone-setter. He advised him to stay in bed for at least nine days until his shoulder would heal properly.

The next night, while sitting by the fireside, the women-folk were discussing how they would provide fodder for the cattle in the morning, when suddenly they heard a tapping sound coming from the direction of the barn. Mrs. Hamilton lit a candle and went out to investigate, and when she was outside she discovered that the noise was coming from the barn loft. She went to the byre and opened the door, climbed up the ladder, and put her head up through the trap door, and there to her great surprise she saw a little naked man threshing away for all he was worth. This was the gruagach. His head was almost as big as his body, and he had very long red hair flowing down his back. She didn't wait watching him very long, I assure you. She

1. This story was told in English and the Irish translation is by Seán Ó hEochaidh.

anuas an dréimire, agus chuaigh isteach chun na cisteanáí agus d'inis don bhunadh a bhí istigh fán mhéid a chonaic sí. Níor lig siadsan dadaí orthu.

Maidin lá tharna mhárach chuaigh Bean Uí Amaltúin amach chun an bhóithigh go bhfaghadh sí dornán forraigh don eallach agus chonaic sí beartán de chochán ar an urlár, buailte. Thug sí léithi anuas é agus thug don eallach é. Bhí dóthan gráin ansin leis an éanlaith a bheathú comh maith.

Lean an mion-bhualadh an oíche tharna mhárach, agus ar ndóiche ba léar leofa gurbh é an Gruagach a bhí le hobair arís. Lean seo ar aghaidh oíche i ndiaidh oíche gur chneasaigh slinneán An Hamaltúnaigh. Bhí na mná an-bhuíoch don Ghruagach, ar ndóiche, ar shon na cabhrach a bhí tugtha aige daofa, agus ba léar leofa, mar chomhartha ar a mhuíochas, gur chóir daofa a chomaoín orthu a chúiteamh le pronntanas beag inteacht. Chonstráil siad eatorthu féin caidé a ba cheart daofa a dhéanamh dó agus fá dheireadh shocraigh siad gurbh é an rud ab fhearr a d'fhéadfadh siad a dhéanamh culaith bheag a chnótáil dó. Bhí an aimsir fuar agus mar dúirt mé roimh ré bhí seisean tarnocht. Bhí neart de shnáth mhaith baile ins an teach acu agus bhuail orthu a chnótáil na culaith. Chnótáil bean acu an briste agus an bhean eile an ionair.

Bhí go breá, nuair a bhí An Hamaltúnach ábalta bogadaí thart bhí an chulaith críochnaithe. An tráthnóna áirid seo chuaigh Bean Uí Amaltúin amach agus d'fhág sí an chulaith ina luí ar an chochán amuigh in áit nach bhféadfadh An Gruagach gan a fheiceáil. Phill sí arís ar an teach ansin go bhfeiceadh sí caidé a tharlóhadh. I dtráthaibh an ama ar ghnách leis An Ghruagach tús a chur ar a chuid oibre baineadh bíogadh tobann astu le scread neamhsaolta. Chuaigh siad uilig amach de rúide agus caidé tí siad ach An Gruagach ina rith trasna na páirce faoin teach agus é a scréacháil in ard a chinn agus a ghotha: "Tá mo thuarastal fáite agam agus caithfidh mé a bheith ag imeacht!"

Níor chualathas trácht ná tuairisc ar An Ghruagach i Málainn Mhóir ariamh ina dhiaidh sin.

came back down the ladder, and went into the kitchen and told the folk there about what she had seen. They passed no remark.

The following morning Mrs. Hamilton went out to the byre, and she went up the ladder again to get some straw for the cattle, and there she found a quantity of straw threshed on the floor of the barn. She took it down and gave it to the cattle. There was enough grain there to feed her fowl as well.

Next night the tapping continued and, of course, they came to the conclusion that it was the wee gruagach at work again. This went on night after night until Mr. Hamilton's shoulder blade was healed. The women-folk, of course, were very grateful to the gruagach for the help he had given them, and they thought that as a gesture of their appreciation, they should return the compliment in some small measure. They discussed amongst themselves as to what they should do for him, and in the end they decided that the best thing they could do would be to knit him a little suit. The weather was cold and, as I have already said, he was naked. They had plenty of good homespun yarn in the house, and they started off to knit the suit. One of the women knitted the pants and the other the jersey.

All went well and when Mr. Hamilton was able to move about again the suit was finished. On this particular evening, Mrs. Hamilton went out and left the wee suit lying on the straw, where the gruagach could not miss seeing it. She returned then to the house to await developments. Around about the time that the gruagach usually commenced his work they were suddenly alarmed by a most unearthly scream. They all rushed out, and there they saw the gruagach running across the fields below the house, and he shouting at the top of his voice: "I have got my wages and I must go!"

The gruagach was never heard of since in Malinmore.

28. TOITHE A TRÉIGEADH MAR MHAITHE LE DAOINE BEAGA

Bhail, ar an ghabhaltas chéanna talaimh sin, rinneadh ceithre toitthe air, agus b'éigean daofa gach uile theach ariamh acu a fhágáil. Tá iaraibh na ndaoine céanna sin ins an chúigiú teach anois. An chéad teach a dteachaidh siad ann ní rabh aon deor bhainne a mblití ón eallach nach ndoirtí, agus nuair a dhoirtfeadh duine inteacht an bainne—ba chuma cé a dhoirtfeadh é—dhéanfaí gáire thuas faoi cheann na bó. An tríú teach a dteachaidh siad ann, chailleadh siad iomlán na bpáistí ann. An chéad teach eile a dteachaidh siad ann ní rabh suaimhneas oíche ná lae acu le fáil ann le tormán. Bhí sé mar bheadh daoine eile ann ina gcuideachta féin, agus ní rabh néall de chodladh na hoíche acu le fáil ann. Ní rabh an ceathrú teach mórán ní b'fhearr agus, ar ndóiche, bhí siad ag déanamh gurbh iad na daoine beaga a ba chiontaigh leis seo uilig.

29. CLOCHA DÁ mBAINT IN ÁIT UASAL

Bhí fear anseo i dTeileann fad ó shin arbh ainm dó Tomás Mór. D'fhéach sé le áit toighe a fháil i mórán áiteacha fríd Theileann ar airgead ar bith, ach ní bhfaigheadh sé é. Fá dheireadh, b'éigean dó an teach a thógáil fhíos ar an chladach i mbéal na toinne.

Ach tháinig bliain amháin, seal ina dhiaidh sin, agus rinn sé saothrú maith ar iascaireacht, agus smaointigh sé go gcuirfeadh sé giota eile ar fad as an teach, agus d'inis sé dá bhean go rabh rún aige sin a dhéanamh.

"Bhail, a rúin," arsa an bhean, "déan do chomhairle féin agus cé bith a fhóireas duit!"

Chuaigh sé anonn ar an tráigh, agus chuartaigh sé thall is abhus ar an taoibh thall de chuan go dtáinig sé ar choraí bhreá chloch. Bhain sé dornán de na clocha, agus ba é an dóigh a dtug sé trasna an chuain iad i gcliabh ar a mhuin. Tháinig tráigh rabharta meán oíche nuair a bhí sé ag gabháil do na clocha, agus dar leis, nuair a bhí an tráigh maith agus an oíche geal, nach mbeadh moill ar bith air cupla ualach a thabhairt anall.

28. HOUSES ABANDONED BECAUSE OF THE WEE FOLK

Well, on one holding of land four houses were built and the people had to leave every single one of them. The descendants of these people are now living in the fifth house. In the first house every drop of milk taken from the cows was spilt, and when anyone, no matter who it was, spilt the milk laughter was heard from under the cow's head. In the next house all the children born in it died. The following house they went into, there was no peace night or day from the noise: it was as if there were other people in their company, and not a wink of sleep was to be had at night. The fourth house was not much better and, indeed, they made out that it was the wee folk who were the cause of it all.

29. STONES FROM A GENTLE PLACE

Long ago in Teelin there was a man named Tomás Mór. He tried to get a site for a house in many places in Teelin but he could not get one for any money. Finally he had to build his house down on the shore in the mouth of the waves.

Some years later he had good success with his fishing and he thought he would put an extension to his house. He told his wife what he was thinking of doing.

"Well, dear," said his wife, "follow your own counsel and do what suits you."

He went out on the shore and searched here and there on the far side of the harbour until he came on a fine heap of stones. He gathered some and took them across the harbour in a basket on his back. A midnight spring tide came while he was moving the stones, and it seemed to him he could save time by moving a couple of loads while the strand was bare and the night bright.

D'imigh sé leis i lár na hoíche, agus chuaigh sé anonn, agus lón sé an cliabh, agus ba ghairid anall an tráigh é uilig gur lean an slua bheatha é, agus an t-iomlán dearg ag scairtí as aon bhéal amháin:

"A Thomáis Mhóir shalaigh, a Thomáis Mhóir shalaigh,
A d'fhág an deor orainn go deo!"

Ní thearn sé aon dath ach pilleadh leis an ualach a bhí ar a mhuin agus a fhágáil thall arais ins an áit ar thóg sé iad. Lá tharna mhárach rinn sé an rud céanna le iomlán a rabh abhus aige, agus chóirigh sé isteach iad san áit chéanna ar bhain [sé] iad.

30. SRUTH ANUAS AR CHÓNAÍ BHUNADH NA gCNOG

Tá muid ag éisteacht ariamh leis go bhfuil áiteacha go leor thart ins an chomharsantacht a rabh árais faoin talamh ag bunadh na gcnog—go háirid in áiteacha cothroma, agus in áiteacha a bhí ainmithe as "mín".

Bhí fear ar an Bhaile Mhór fad ó shin, agus bhí sé ag tógáil toighe. Nuair a bhí an teach ar bhealach a bheith críochnaithe, ar ndóiche, bhí scrathacha le baint, agus aon lá amháin tháinig cupla fear chuige, agus tháinig siad go Léana an Dúin i Leirg an Dachtaín, go mbaineadh siad iad. Bhí scrathacha deas righin ansin. Mharcaíl siad amach an talamh, agus thosaigh siad orthu gur bhain siad a sáith acu. Chorn siad suas iad ansin, agus bhí siad le fágáil go síleadh siad agus go stálaíodh siad rud beag. Bheadh siad ní ba éadroime le hionchar ansin, agus le cur suas ar an teach.

Bhí go breá. Chuaigh siad abhaile, agus an oíche seo i ndiaidh an dul ó sholas thosaigh an fheartainn, agus níor stad sí go maidin.

Ar maidin lá tharna mhárach, bhí fear an toighe ag gabháil chun an phortaigh, agus nuair a bhí sé ag tarraingt ar bhéal na cruaike chonaic sé an fear beag ribeach rua ag tarraingt uirthi fosta. Labhair sé leis:

"Nach deas an rud a rinn tú féin agus do chuid comharsanaí linné inné!" arsa an fear beag rua.

"Caidé a rinn sinn?" arsa fear an Bhaile Mhóir.

"Tá," a deir sé, "an scrath bheag a bhí ag déanamh dídean beag os ár gcionn a bhaint dínn, agus gach uile dheor dár chuir sé as an aer ó tháinig an oíche a ligean anuas fá mhullach an chinn orainn. Ní fearrde daoibhse sin go ró-mhór!"

Off he went in the middle of the night to the place beyond. He filled the basket and was not far on his way back across the strand when he was followed by the immortal host, the whole lot of them shouting with one voice:

"Dirty Tomás Mór, dirty Tomás Mór,
Who left us open to the rain forever!"

He made no delay to return with the load on his back and leave it in the place from which he had taken it. The next day he did the same with all the stones he had removed, and he settled them back as they had been.

30. THE DOWNPOUR ON THE FAIRIES' DWELLING

We have always heard that there are many places in the neighbourhood where the hill-folk have underground dwellings—specially in level places and places having "mín" in their names¹.

Long ago a man from Baile Mór was building a house, and when it was nearly finished, scraws for it had to be dug. Two men came to dig them and they went to Léana an Dúin in Leirg an Dachtaín where there were fine smooth scraws. They marked out the ground and cut out what they wanted. They made heaps of them then so that they would dry out and harden a little. In that way they would be lighter to carry and put up on the house.

Well and good. They went home and that night after darkness fell it began to rain and did not let up until morning.

In the morning the man of the house was going to the bog and as he approached the side of the turf-stack he saw a little red-haired man approaching it too. The little man spoke to him:

"That was a fine thing you and your neighbours did to us yesterday!"

"What did we do?" asked the man from Baile Mór.

"What you did was to take from us the bit of scraw overhead that was giving us some shelter and to let every drop of rain that fell from the sky last night in on top of us! You won't be the better for it!"

1. *Mín* is a level sward and occurs frequently in Donegal placenames.

"Bhail, más mar sin atá," arsa fear an Bhaile Mhóir, "ní chorrócaidh mise aon cheann acu go bráth den talamh a bhfuil siad!"

"Déan sin," arsa an fear beag rua, "agus má spréann tú arís iad ar an talamh ar bhain tú iad rachaidh mise i mbannaí go mbeidh rath ort in do theach úr!"

Nuair a tháinig an fear abhaile as an phortach, ní thearn sé ach a ghabháil lom díreach go Léana an Dúin, agus níor fhág sé aon scaith den iomlán nár spréigh sé amach ar an talamh, agus nár chumhdaigh sé suas go díreach mar fuair sé é. D'imigh sé ansin gur bhain sé a chuid scrathacha in áit eile, agus gur chuir sé ar a theach iad. Chuaigh sé a chónaí sa teach úr, agus níl aon lá go bhfuair sé bás nach rabh rath agus bláth air.

31. BÓITHEACH IN ÁIT UASAL

Ins an tsean-am bhíodh siad ag rá go rabh áiteacha uasal ann, agus nach rabh sé ceart teach ná cró a thógáil ins na háiteacha seo.

Bhí buachaill anseo tá seal maith de bhlianta ó shin, agus thóg sé bóitheach d'ainneoin a athara agus a mháthara in áit acu seo. Chros siad air cloch amháin a chur os cionn na cloiche eile, ach dar leisean nach rabh ann ach seanchaint agus amaidí, agus ní éistfeadh sé leofa ar chor ar bith. Thóg sé an bóitheach, agus comh luath is bhí sé déanta, thug sé leis a chuid stoic, agus cheangail sé isteach ann iad.

Bhí go maith. Maidin amháin i ndiaidh a gceangal, chuaigh sé amach, agus bhí ceann den eallach stiúgtha, agus ní rabh maidin ar bith ina dhiaidh sin dá rabh sé ag gabháil chun an bhóithigh nach rabh sé ag fáil ceann acu stiúgtha. Bhí stábla greamaithe don áit, agus nuair a bhíodh an beathach istigh san oíche, bhíodh an beathach ar sodar thart ar an teach. D'éiríodh sé amach eadar meán oíche is lá, agus bhíodh an beathach ceangailte istigh go díreach mar d'fhágadh sé é tráthnóna, agus an stábla druidte. Níl ann ach go mbíodh sé ina luí ar a leaba arais nuair a mhothaíodh sé thart fán teach arais é. Bhí ag caitheamh dartán isteach chun toighe air ansin san oíche nuair a bhíodh sé ina luí, agus scairteadh siad isteach leis go leagfadh siad an teach os a chionn mur leagadh sé an bóitheach. Ba é an deireadh a bhí air go mb'éigean dó an ceann a bhaint den bhóitheach agus a dhéanamh in áit úr nuaidhe, agus bhí gach uile sheort ceart go leor ansin.

"Well, if that is how it is, I will not move one scraw of them from the land where they are!"

"Then spread them again on the land you took them from," said the little red-haired man, "and I give you my solemn word you will have luck in your new house!"

When the man got back from the bog he went without delay to Léana an Dúin and spread every single scraw back on the land and covered it over just as he had found it. He went then and cut his scraws in another place and put them on his house. He went to live in the new house, and there was no day until he died that he did not flourish and prosper.

31. THE COWHOUSE BUILT ON A GENTLE PLACE

In the old days they used to say that some places were gentle and that it was not right to build a house for man or beast on them.

A good few years ago there was a youth here who built a cowhouse on one of these places in spite of his father and mother. They forbade him to lay one stone on top of another, but he thought that was nothing but old talk and foolishness and he would not heed them at all. He built the cowhouse and as soon as it was finished he put in his cattle and tethered them.

Well and good. One morning after doing so, he went out and one of his cattle was dead, and from that on there was no morning that he went to the cowhouse that he did not find another dead. There was a stable attached to the house, and at night when the horse was in it, it was as if the horse was galloping around the house. He would rise between midnight and dawn and find the horse tied up just as he had left it the evening before with the stable door closed. He would not be back in bed again before he heard it galloping around the house again. Darts used to be thrown into the house at night when he was in bed. They would shout in to him that they would knock his house down over him if he would not knock down the cowhouse. In the end he had to take the roof off the cowhouse and build one in another place. All went well after that.

32. CLOCHA GEALA

Deirtear nach rabh clocha geala in áit ar bith ariamh ach an áit a mbeadh áras ag bunadh na gcnoc. Clocha uasal i gceart iad, agus níl sé maith baint leofa. Tá sé crosta ariamh ar dhaoine a bheadh ag tógáil toighe ná bóithigh feidhm a bhaint as clocha geala ins an obair chloiche; an té a dhéanfas leanfaidh an mí-ádh an t-áras a mbeidh siad oibrithe ann.

Ins an tsean-am nuair a bhíthí ag cur daoine amach as a gcuid toithe, ba ghnách leis an bhunadh a chuirfí amach a ndícheall agus a ndúthracht a dhéanamh a ghabháil isteach san oíche, agus toirt tineadh de chlocha geala a fhadó ar chladach na tineadh sula dtéadh na daoine úra isteach. Ba léar leofa, dá n-éiríodh leofa sin a dhéanamh, nach mbeadh lá rath ná rathúnais go deo ar na daoine a rachadh isteach.

33. TEACH A mBÍODH NA SIÓGAÍ ANN

Bhí lánúin eile ins an áit seo, agus pósadh níos dá gcuid. Ins an am sin phóstaí na daoine tráthnóna, agus bhíodh sé anonn go maith san oíche nuair a gheibheadh siad abhaile. D'éirigh leofa an baile a bhaint amach ar dhóigh ínteach i dtrátha a hocht a chlog, agus bhí banais mhór ann. Bhí siad ag déanamh a gcodach ins an tseomra, agus nuair a cuireadh síos an tríú baicle—ní rabh fear ceoil ar bith leofa. Bhí a rabh d'fhidileoirí san áit le bainseacha eile. Ar ndóiche, ní thearn sin mórán difir ins an am, bhí na mná ina bportóirí maithe, agus ba ghnách leofa cúis bhreá a dhéanamh. Ach nuair a bhí an tríú baicle thíos ins an tseomra ag caitheamh leofa féin, d'fhoscail an doras cúil isteach—agus ní bhíodh sé foscailte acu ar chor ar bith—agus tháinig buachaill isteach—buachaill beag rua—agus péire píob leis faoina ascaill. Shuidh sé go faiteach ar cheann stóil, agus tharraing sé air na píoba, agus thúsigh sé a sheinm.

Nuair a bhí an ceathrú baicle dá gcur chun bídh, tháinigtheas chuige, agus hiarradh air a ghabháil chun tseomra leofa go bhfaghadh sé greim le hithe. Dúirt sé leofa go rabh sé an-bhuíoch daofa, ach nach rabh fonn itheacháin ar bith air, agus nach rachadh sé síos ar chor ar bith. Tháinig an bunadh a bhí ag cur thart na ndeochannaí

32. WHITE QUARTZ STONES

It is said there were never white quartz stones anywhere but a place where the hill-folk had a dwelling. They are fairy stones by right and it is not good to have anything to do with them. People have always been forbidden to use them in the stonework when building a house or byre: any building in which they were used would be unlucky.

In the old days when people were being evicted, it was a custom that the evicted family would make every effort to get back into the house at night and light a fire of quartz stones on the hearth before the new occupants came in. They were convinced if they succeeded in doing so that the new people would never have a day of prosperity or peace.

33. A HOUSE FREQUENTED BY THE FAIRIES

There was a couple in this place, one of whose daughters married. At that time people got married in the evening, and it would be well into the night when they got home. They managed to get home about eight o'clock and they had a very big wedding. The food was served in the room off the kitchen and up to the time the third batch of guests were being fed there was no musician present. Whatever fiddlers there were in the locality were at other weddings. To be sure, that made little difference for the women in those days were good lilters and accustomed to give a fine performance. Well, when the third batch were down in the room eating, the back door opened—and this door was always kept shut—and in came a little red-haired boy with a set of pipes under his arm. Bashfully he sat down on a stool, pulled his pipes to him and began to play.

When the fourth batch were sitting down to eat he was invited to go to the room with them. He answered that he was very thankful but he had no desire to eat and would not go to the room. Those who were serving the drinks came to him then and were sure

chuige ansin, agus shíl siad ar gach uile dhóigh go n-ólfadh sé rud inteacht uathu, ach ní bhlaifeadh sé deoch ach oiread. Níor ith sé ná níor ól sé, agus sheinn sé leis go maidin.

Nuair a tháinig bodhránacht an lae bhí gach uile dhuine tuirseach, agus cuid a bhí bogólta go maith, agus níor mhothaigh siad ariamh gur sciord seisean amach ar an doras cúil, agus ní fhacaí aon duine é ón lá sin go dtí an lá inniu.

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Lá tharna mhárach, ar ndóiche, nuair a tháinig daoine chucu féin, chuaigh siad a chaint agus a chomhrá fán phíobaire, agus bhí iontas ar gach uile dhuine cérbh as a dtáinig sé. Bhíodh lucht siúil ag gabháil thart san am a bhí ina bpíobairí, agus shíl cuid acu go mb'fhéidir gur fear acu a bhí ann. Chuir siad tuairisc in gach uile chearn lá tharna mhárach, ach ní rabh a leithéid fá na gaobhair in áit ar bith. Rinneadh amach ansin gur de bhunadh na gcnoc é.

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Bhail, an teach céanna seo a rabh an bhanais ann nuair a cuireadh deirfiúr na mná a pósadh an oíche sin, bhí fear coimhthíoch lena tórramh, agus dhíol sé ofráil—agus rud a bhí iontach go leor ins an am sin—dhíol sé leathchoróin. Ní rabh an cothrom a dhíol ach sé pighne, agus mórán trí pighne. Nuair a cuireadh an corp ansin thug sé leis lucht an tórraimh uilig go dtug sé deoch daofa i dtoigh na tábhairne a ba neise dó. Nuair a bhí an deoch ólta acu, d'iarr sé orthu a ghabháil abhaile anois go socair suaimhneach. D'fhiafraigh cuid inteacht acu de cé hé ná cérbh as é, agus d'iarr sé orthu gan sin buaireamh ar bith a chur orthu, gurb as Contae an Duín eisean, agus go dtiocfadh sé arais ionns ar thórramh dheirfiúra na mná a cuireadh. Rinneadh amach ansin gur fear de bhunadh na gcnoc é, ach níor chualaí mé aon iomrá air ón lá sin go dtí an lá inniu.

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Blianta ina dhiaidh sin, druideadh suas an teach bun barr, agus an oíche a druideadh an teach, ba é sin an caoineadh a ba mhó a mothafodh anseo ariamh. Bhí intinn ag na daoine go rabh cónaí ar bhunadh na gcnoc ann rith an ama le cois iad féin a bheith ina gcónaí ann.

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that he would drink something, but he would not taste a drop. He neither ate nor drank, but he played until morning.

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When daybreak came everyone was tired and many were quite drunk, so they did not notice until he had slipped out by the back door. From that day to this no one has seen him.

The next day, of course, when people had come to themselves, there was much talk about the piper and everyone wondered where he had come from. Many travelling people at that time were pipers and some thought that he was one of these. Enquiries were made in every direction but no such person had been anywhere near. It was made out then that he was one of the hill-folk.

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Well, in this same house where the wedding was held a sister of the married woman died. A strange man attended the wake and paid an offering of a half-crown, which was very unusual in those times. The average offering was sixpence, indeed often threepence. When the burial was over he brought all the people at the wake to the nearest tavern and treated them to a drink. Then he told them to go home quietly. Some of them asked him who he was and where he was from, and he told them not to let that bother them, that he was from County Down and that he would return for the wake of the sister of the woman just buried. It was made out then that he was one of the hill-folk, but I heard no more of him from that day to this.

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Years later the house was shut up entirely, and the night it was shut there was heard the greatest wailing that was ever known there. The family believed that the hill-folk had been living in it as well as themselves all the time.

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Bhí fear ag teacht anuas as Cruachlann fad ó shin, fear a bhí ag gabháil fá choinne bean glún. Bhí sé eadar an dó agus an trí a chlog ar maidin. Bhí oíche dheas ghealaí ann, agus chonaic sé bean ag teacht amach as an teach chéanna seo a bhfuil mé ag trácht air. Bhí naprún mór geal síos go talamh uirthi agus scála mór uisce léithi eadar a lámha a chaith sí uaithi giota ón doras. Ins an am chéanna bhí fear ag gabháil suas ag tarraingt ar an teach. Chuaigh an bheirt isteach i gcuideachta a chéile, agus dhruid siad an doras. Bhí fear Chruachlanna cinnte de ansin go rabh cónaí ar bhunadh na gcnoc ann.

34. AN GEARÁN FAOIN UISCE SALACH

Bhí seanbhean anseo fad ó shin, agus lá deas samhraidh amháin bhí sí ina suí amuigh agus i gcionn a snáthaide. Bhí an-deifre uirthi leis an phíosa a rabh sí ag gabháil dó. Bhí casán de leataoibh na háite a rabh sí ina suí, agus níorbh fhada uilig a bhí sí ina suí ann go bhfacáí sí fear ag tarraingt uirthi anoir. Labhair sé leithi, agus bheannaigh sí dó go caoiúil. Sheas sé aici ar feadh tamaill ag caint agus ag comhrá, ach bhí oiread deifre uirthise agus nach rabh sí ag tabhairt mórán éisteachta dó. Bhí sé ag caint go mór fá chloich mhóir a bhí de leataoibh an chasáin.

"An gcaitheann sibhse uisce salach ar an chloich sin?" arsa seisean.

"Maise, creidim go gcaitheann," arsa sise, "agus caidé an dochar a bheadh ansin?"

"Bhail, a chladhaire," arsa seisean, "ná caithigí aon deor uisce ar an chloich sin níos mó! Níl deor amháin dá gcaitheann sibh uirthi nach dtig anuas i lár an urláir sa mhullach orainne!"

D'imigh sé leis ansin, agus ní fhacaí sí aon amharc air ó shin.

Tá an chloch mhór ansin le feiceáil ag gach uile dhuine ón lá sin go dtí an lá inniu, ach má tá, níor caitheadh aon deor uisce uirthi ó shin.

35. RABHADH DO NA SIÓGAÍ FÁ UISCE TE

Deirtear nach bhfuil sé ceart préataí a thaomadh taobh amuigh den doras ins an oíche. Ní bhíodh dúil ag an tseanbhunadh á dhéanamh, agus ba é an rud a thugadh siadsan isteach pota nó soitheach fiteacht a dtaomadh siad an t-uisce ann.

Long ago there was a man from Cruachlann going down to fetch a midwife between two and three o'clock in the morning. It was a fine moonlit night. He saw a woman coming out of this same house I have been talking about. She wore a big white apron reaching to the ground and she had a big basin of water which she emptied a little distance from the door. At the same time he saw a man going up to the house. Both went in together and they shut the door. The Cruachlann man was sure then that the hill-folk were living in the house.

34. THE COMPLAINT ABOUT THE DIRTY WATER

There was an old woman here long ago, and one fine summer day she was sitting outside sewing. She was in a great hurry to finish the piece of work she had in hand. A path ran by the place she was sitting, and she was not long there before she saw a man coming towards her. He spoke to her and she greeted him politely. He stood for a while talking to her, but she was so pressed for time she was giving little heed to him. He was talking a lot about a big stone beside the path.

"Do you throw dirty water on that stone?" he asked.

"Musha, I believe we do," she said, "and what harm is there in that?"

"Well, woman," said he, "don't throw another drop of water on that stone ever again! Every drop you throw on it comes down in the middle of the floor on top of us!"

He went off then, and she never saw him again.

The big stone is there to be seen by everyone from that day to this, but, if so, not a drop of water has been thrown on it since.

35. WARNING THE FAIRIES OF HOT WATER

It is said it is not right to throw the potato-water outside the door at night. The old people would not do it, and they would bring in a pot or some vessel into which to teem the water.

Chonaic mise seanmhná in m'am féin, agus dá mbeadh siad ag gabháil a thaomadh phréataí in am ar bith i ndiaidh luí gréine tráthnóna, nuair a thógadh siad an pota den tine, ó rachadh siad síos leath an urláir bhíodh siad ag scairtí: "Húbaigí! Húbaigí! Húbaigí!"

Ba í an intinn a bhí acu le seo, ar eagla go mbeadh na daoine beaga thart fá leic an dorais, agus ba mhaith leofa fuagar a thabhairt daofa imeacht as an bhealach sula scalltaí iad leis an uisce the.

36. SILEOG IN UISCE SALACH

Nuair a chaítí amach uisce salach i ndiaidh na hoíche, bhí sé ina ghnás ag mórán daoine fad ó shin sileog a chaitheamh isteach sa tsoitheach a mbeadh sé ann sula dtéadh siad amach thar an doras eis.

37. AN TÚIRNE AGUS NA DAOINE BEAGA

Bhítheas ag sníomh in gach uile theach ins an pharóiste seo fad ó shin, agus bhí sé ina ghnás ag gach uile sheanbhean na sreangacha a bhaint den rotha san oíche nuair a bhíodh siad réidh leis an túirne. Bhí intinn acu mur ndéanadh siad sin go mbeadh na daoine beaga ag sníomh ar an túirne go maidin.

Tá sé ariamh canta fosta nach bhfuil sé ceart ag fear ná ag bean túirne a thabhairt amach i ndiaidh na hoíche. Is léar le daoine go mbainfidh seachrán sí don té a dhéanfas é, bíodh sé ina fhear ná ina bhean.

38. FEAR AR SEACHRÁN OÍCHE SHAMHNA

Bhí fear marbh anseo ar an Bhaile Mhór tá seal maith de bhlianta ó shin, agus mar atá coitianta ní rabh duine ar bith fá na bailte thart nach rabh ag gabháil chun na faire. Seach oícheannacha an domhain cé an oíche a bhí an fear seo faoi chlár ach Oíche Shamhna. Oíche dhorcha cheobháistí a bhí inti, agus an té nach mbeadh eolach go

I have seen old women in my own time, and if they were going to teem potatoes any time after sunset, when they had taken the pot off the fire, they would start shouting from the middle of the floor: "Towards ye! Towards ye! Towards ye!"

The reason they did this was for fear any of the wee folk would be about the door-step to warn them to get out of the way so that they would not be scalded by the hot water.

36. SPITTING INTO USED WATER

When dirty water was being thrown out at night many people long ago used to spit into the vessel before going out the door with it.

37. THE SPINNING-WHEEL AND THE WEE FOLK

Long ago there was spinning done in every house of this parish, and all the old women had the custom of taking the wheel-band off the wheel at night. If they did not do so, they thought the wee folk would be spinning with the wheel until morning.

It is always said that it is not right for either man or woman to take the spinning-wheel out after nightfall. People are convinced that anyone, man or woman, who does so will be led astray by the fairies.

38. THE MAN LED ASTRAY ON SAMHAIN EVE

A good many years ago a man died here in Baile Mór and as is customary everyone from the nearby townlands was going to the wake. And of all nights of the year what night would it be but Samhain Eve! ¹ It was a dark wet misty night and anyone who did not know

1. *Oíche Shamhna*, i.e. October 31st, Hallowe'en.

maith ar an chasán, ní bheadh moill air a ghabháil ar seachrán. Bhí teach na faire in áit scaite iargúlta, agus gan bealach ar bith a chóir an toighe ach amháin casán fríd na portaigh.

Bhí fear de chuid na comharsa ag an fhaire a dtugadh siad Séimín Ó hEachaidh air, agus ní rabh aige seo a dhéanamh ach a ghabháil trasna leithead chupla gabhaltas go mbeadh sé sa bhaile. Bhí sé comh heolach ar an bhealach agus a bhí sé ar chroí an urláir s' aige féin. Chaith sé a shaol ag teacht agus ag imeacht ag áirneál i dtoigh an fhir a bhí marbh.

D'fhág sé teach na faire an oíche seo i dtráthaibh an deich a chlog. Crosadh air imeacht leis féin, ach ní rabh sé ar dhóigh ar bith uaig-neach, agus ba é an rud a chuaigh sé a mhagadh ar an bhunadh a bhí ag crosadh air imeacht leis féin. Ba ghairid uilig a bhí sé ar shiúl ó theach na faire gur mhothaigh sé an gleo agus an callán ag tarraingt air. Shíl sé gur cuid dár fhág sé ina dhiaidh i dtoigh na faire a bhí ag teacht, agus sheas sé go bhfaghadh siad greim air. Bhí an gleo agus an callán a bhí ann mór le rá, agus dar leis go rabh sé ag tarraingt air, agus ina dhiaidh sin ní rabh cé bith a bhí ann ag breith air. Mheallac sé leis fá dheireadh, agus leis sin féin tháinig an gleo fá ghiota bheag de. Sheas sé arís, agus nuair a sheas, chuaigh toirt an duine thart comh comhgarach dó agus go mb'éigean dó coiscéim a thabhairt i leataoibh ar eagla go leagfadh sé é. Thug sé iarraidh tarraingt ar an bhaile ansin, ach nuair a shíl sé a bheith comhgarach don teach, thug sé fá dear go rabh sé ar an tseachrán. Ní rabh fhios aige i gceart ansin cé an taobh a dtabharfadh sé a aghaidhe, agus sheas sé le hamharc fá dtaobh de féin, féachailt an dtiocfadh leis mailloc ar bith a thabhairt don áit a rabh sé. Leis sin féin thosaigh na gáirí thart fá dtaobh de, agus an reachtáil gháirí. Bhí na gáirí seo ag tarraingt air go mbíodh siad buailte thall air, agus ansin d'imíodh siad ar shiúl uaidh giota. Ní rabh fhios aige faoin aer caidé ab fhearr dó a dhéanamh, ach bhí fhios aige go maith nach daoine saolta a bhí ag babaireacht air rith an ama. Smaoitigh sé go rabhthar ag iarraidh imeartas a dhéanamh air. Bhain sé de a bhearad, agus choisreac sé é féin. Dar leis féin ansin nach gcorróchadh sé amach as áit a bhoinn go mbeadh oiread de sholas an lae aige agus go bhfeicfeadh sé cé'n áit a rabh sé ag gabháil. Bhí claidhe ina aice, agus chaith sé é féin síos ag taoibh an chlaidhe, agus d'fhan sé ann go dtáinig ball bán ar an lá. Nuair a d'amharc sé fá dtaobh de féin ar maidin, bhí sé mórán de mhíle as baile agus an oíche caite aige ag teacht thart istigh i ngarraí cruach!

the way well could easily go astray. The wake-house was in a remote place and the only way to reach it was by a path through the bog.

One of the neighbours at the wake was Séimín Ó hEachaidh. All the distance he had to go to reach his home was across two neighbours' holdings and he knew the way as well as the floor of his own house. He had been all his life coming and going to the dead man's house to spend the evening talking.

He left the wake-house this evening about ten o'clock. He was warned not to go by himself, but he was not in the least afraid and he laughed at those who were warning him. He had gone only a short way when he heard noise and voices coming behind him. He thought that some of those he had left in the wake-house were coming and he waited so that they could catch up with him. He went on after a while, and immediately the noise came very near. He stood again and as he did so the shape of a man went by so close to him that he had to step back to avoid being knocked down. He made an effort to go home then, but when he thought he was near his house he noticed that he had gone astray. He did not know rightly which direction he should face, and he stood to look around him and see if he could get any idea of where he was. Immediately laughter burst out all round him. The laughing would come almost beside him and then it would go away a little bit. He did not know under heaven what he should do, but he knew well that those who were mocking him were not of this world. He thought they were trying to make game of him. He took off his cap and made the Sign of the Cross, and decided not to move from where he stood until there was enough daylight to see where he was going. There was a wall beside him and he threw himself down by the wall and stayed there until the white light of day. When he looked around in the morning he was a mile from his home and he had spent the night in a haggard!

Tháinig sé abhaile ar maidin, agus é uilig fliuch salach, ach, ar ndóiche, ní rabh truaighe ag duine ar bith dó. Rinn sé rud nár chóir dó, agus a crosadh air, is é sin, teach faire a fhágáil leis féin, agus go háirid Oíche Shamhna.

39. AM CONTÚIRTEACH EADAR DÁIL AGUS PÓSADH

Chualai mé fosta an seanbhunadh ag rá go minic go rabh sé ina rud an-uasal ag buachaill ná ag cailín a bheadh ag gabháil a phósadh, éirí amach i ndiaidh na hoíche ar a n-aghaidhe féin. Ar ndóiche, ins an tsean-am b'annamh a d'éiríodh siad amach gan cuideachta a bheith leofa. D'áirmhíodh siad go mbíodh na daoine beaga ag magadh ar na daoine a bhíodh eadar dáil is pósadh, agus á gcur ar an tseachrán go minic.

40. AN STRÁINSÉAR A CHUIR DALL NA MULLÓG AR AN REVENUE

Bhíodh neathannaí iontacha ag gabháil sa tsean-am. An bunadh seo a bhíodh ag déanamh an phoitín, chaitheadh siad ar shiúl an chéad bhraon a thigeadh anuas ionns ar bhunadh na gcnoc. Bhí fear ann fad ó shin, agus bhí sé ag reathaidh biotáilte thuas ins an tseomra i gcúl na tineadh. Bhí trí dabhachai lán aige. Ach tháinig fear siúil chuige an oíche seo, agus d'inis sé do fhear an tsiúil go rabh an-eagla air go dtiocfadh na gardaí air an oíche seo.

"Ná bíodh eagla ar bith ort," arsa fear an tsiúil, "fhad is atá mise anseo, ní thiochfaidh aon dath ort!"

Anonn san oíche, d'éirigh sé amach, agus chonaic sé an *revenue* ag tarraingt air.

"Anois," arsa seisean leis an fhear bhocht, "tá an *revenue* ag teacht, agus cuirfidh siad deireadh amú orm, agus beirfear orm féin, agus cuirfear chun an phríosúin mé, agus caidé a éireochas do mo bhean agus do mo chuid páistí! Má thig leatsa dadaí a dhéanamh," a deir sé leis an fhear siúil, "anois d'am, agus má thig leat éifeacht ar bith a dhéanamh, sábháil mise!"

"Bhail," arsa an fear bocht, "éirigh amach, agus tabhair isteach uchtán maith féir."

He went home all wet and dirty but, indeed, no one had pity for him: he had done wrong, and had been warned against it, in leaving a wake-house by himself and specially on Samhain Eve.

39. THE PERILOUS TIME BETWEEN BETROTHAL AND WEDDING

I often heard the old people say that it was a very dangerous thing for a boy or girl about to be married to go out alone after nightfall. In the old days, of course, it was very seldom they would go out unaccompanied. It was said that the wee folk used to mock those engaged to marry and often set them astray.

40. THE STRANGER WHO TRICKED THE REVENUE MEN

There were strange things in the old days. Poteen-makers used to spill the first drop for the hill-folk. There was a man here long ago who was making whiskey in the room behind the fireplace, and he had three vats full. A travelling man came in and the man of the house told him he feared the guards would raid him that night.

"Have no fear," said the travelling man. "As long as I am here no harm will come to you."

During the night the man of the house rose and saw that the revenue men were coming.

"Now," said he to the travelling man, "the revenue men are coming and they will spoil everything on me. They will take me and put me in prison, and what will become of my wife and children! If you can do anything to help me now is the time! Save me if you can!"

"Well," said the travelling man, "go out and bring in a good armful of hay."

He went out and brought in a good armful of hay.

"Now," said the travelling man, "put a little hay beside each of the vats."

Chuaigh sé amach, agus thug sé isteach uchtán maith féir.

"Anois," arsa seisean, "fág gráinnín den fhéar ag taoibh gach uile cheann de na trí dabhaigh."

Rinn an fear sin, agus níor luaithé a rinn ná a bhí trí ba breaca istigh ar an urlár ag ithe an fhéir.

"Gabh amach anois," a deir sé, "agus fagh dornán préataí, agus fág thuas ins an tseomra ag taoibh an *still* iad."

Chuaigh sé suas, agus d'fhág sé dornán préataí thuas ansin, agus nuair a tháinig an *revenue* isteach, bhí na trí ba ag ithe féir. Thug siad iarraidh suas chun tseomra ansin, agus ní bhfuair siad ansin ach cráin mhúice agus ál banbhán ag ithe na bpréataí. D'imigh siad arais lena dhá láimh comh fada le chéile. Ní nach ionadh, bhí iontas ar an fhear caidé an dóigh a dtáinig le fear an tsiúil seo a dhéanamh, agus d'fhiafraigh sé dó caidé mar bhí sé á dhéanamh.

"Ó, bhail," arsa an fear siúil, "má níonn tusa na rudaí a ordóchas mise duit a dhéanamh, beidh tú féin ábalta a ndéanamh i ndiaidh na hoíche anocht."

"Rud ar bith a thig liom a dhéanamh," arsa seisean, "dhéanfaidh mé é."

Lá tharna mhárach, d'imigh an bheirt fhad le bruach locha a bhí ann, agus chuir sé fídeog ina bhéal, agus shéid sé an fhídeog trí huaire, agus leis sin d'éirigh marcach amuigh i lár na locha, agus tháinig sé isteach ag marcafocht ar bheathach dhubh.

"Anois," arsa an fear bocht, "caithfidh tú trí phóg a thabhairt fríd an rideall don bheathach dhubh seo, agus nuair a dhéanfas tú sin, níl rud ar bith dá bhfaic tú mise á dhéanamh anocht nach ndéanfaidh tú féin."

"Bhail, sin rud nach ndéanaimsa!" arsa seisean.

Tháinig sé abhaile ionns ar a bhean ar an dóigh chéanna ar imigh sé. Ar ndóiche, bhí tuairim aige rith a shaoil ina dhiaidh sin nach de chuid an tsaoil seo an fear siúil ar chor ar bith, ach gur fear de dhream na gcnoc é, agus go dtáinig sé le cuidiú leis.

41. UISCE COISREACHTA A RUAIG AN AINSPIORAID

Bhíodh mórán seanchais ag an bhunadh a bhíodh ag déanamh an phoitín fad ó shin fá na daoine beaga maithe seo a tharraingíodh orthu go mion is go minic nuair a bhíodh téiteán á dhéanamh acu. Ar ndóiche, le neart eagla roimh an dlíodh, ba amuigh ins na cnoc

The man did so, and no sooner was it done than there were three speckled cows on the floor eating the hay.

"Go out now," said the travelling man, "and get a fistful of potatoes and leave them down beside the still."

He put the fistful of potatoes beside the still in the room. When the revenue men came in the three cows were eating the hay. They went into the room and all they found there was a sow and her litter of bonhams eating the potatoes. They went off empty-handed. The man of the house wondered, not surprisingly, how the travelling man was able to do this, and he put the question to him.

"Well," said the travelling man, "if you do the things I order you to do, you yourself will be able to do them after this night."

"Anything I can do, I will do it."

Next day the two went to the bank of a lake. The travelling man put a whistle to his mouth and blew three times on it. With that a rider on a black horse rose out of the middle of the lake and rode towards them.

"Now," said the travelling man, "you must kiss the black horse three times through the riddle and when you have done that you will be able to do everything you saw me do tonight."

"That is a thing I will not do!"

He returned to his wife the same as he went. To be sure, he believed ever after that the travelling man was not of this world at all, but one of the hill-folk who had come to help him.

41. THE EVIL SPIRIT ROUTED BY HOLY WATER

Those who made poteen long ago had a lot of stories about the good wee folk who often visited them when they were distilling. For fear of the law it was out on the hills and in the mountain glens

agus i ngleanntáin sléibhe a ba ghnách leofa a bheith ag gabháil dó. Bhí sé ina ghnás acu i gcónaí nuair a bhíodh an poitín ag reathaidh, trí deora den chéad chuid agus an chuid ab fhearr a chaitheamh uathu ar an talamh chucu. Aon am ar bith nach ndéanadh siad sin bhíodh intinn acu go n-imeochadh drochrath ar an téiteán, agus bheadh sé comh dóiche lena athrú go dtiocfadh an tóir orthu sula mbeadh siad réidh agus gach uile sheort i bhfolach acu.

Bhí baicle acu anseo fad ó shin ag gabháil don phoitín, agus anonn san oíche tigí fear chun dorais. Beirí sé greim ar an doras lena bhéal, agus chogain sé go maith é an chéad uair. Thúsaiigh sé a phortaíocht ansin. D'amharc fear dá rabh istigh sa chró amach, agus d'aithin sé go maith nárbh é an dea-rud a bhí ann. Bhíodh braon de uisce coisreaca leofa i gcónaí san am sin, agus ba ghnách go mbíodh dabhach ná dhó uisce fán chró acu. Ní thearn sé seo ach breith ar an uisce coisreaca, agus chaith sé isteach chun na dabhái é.

"Níor bhacam duit!" arsa an fear a bhí amuigh.

Nuair a chaith seisean an t-uisce coisreaca sa dabhach bhí a lán de uisce coisreaca aige ansin. Bhuaill sé á chraitheadh, agus níorbh fhada gur imigh an boc a bhí amuigh ina chnap tineadh, agus níor fhág sé dosán fraoich sa ghleann nár bhuirigh sé agus nár dhóigh sé.

42. TÓIR SÍ A RUAIG LUCHT AN PHOITÍN

Nuair a bhí na *Tans* ar a gcois in am na trioblóide, bhí triúr buachaill as Mí an Chearrbhaigh ag déanamh poitín thuas os cionn an bhaile. Ní nach ionadh, bhí an-eagla roimhe na *Tans* ins an am, agus bhí duine acu anois is arís ag amharc amuigh ar eagla go mbeadh solas ná tóir ar bith ag teacht. Anonn roimh an lá, d'amharc fear acu amuigh, agus chonaic sé an lorry ag teacht aniar an bealach. Dúirt fear acu leis an fhear eile gurbh iad na *Tans* a bhí ann, agus go mb'fhearr daofa teicheadh.

"Bhail," arsa fear eile acu, "fuireochaidh muid tamall beag eile, agus b'fhéidir nach smaoiteochadh siad a theacht an bealach seo. B'fhéidir gur amach an cnoc a rachadh siad."

Nuair a d'amharc siad amuigh arais, bhí an lorry stopaithe, agus na *Tans* ag déanamh díreach orthu. As go bráth leis an triúr, agus d'fhág siad an *still* agus an téiteán ansin, agus d'imigh siad soir

they made it. They always spilled three drops of the first run and of the best run on the ground. If they did not do this they believed they would have bad luck with the run and they might expect that the searchers would come on them before they were ready and had everything hidden away.

There was a group here making poteen long ago. Far into the night a being came to the door. First he caught the door in his mouth and chewed it well. Then he started to lilt. A man who was inside the hut looked out and saw clearly that it was an evil thing. They always had some Holy Water with them, and usually there was a vat or two of water in the hut. He seized the Holy Water and threw it into the vat.

"I will let you be!" said the one outside.

When the man threw the Holy Water into the vat it meant he had a lot of Holy Water. He began to sprinkle it, and before long the lad outside vanished in a flame and he did not leave a clump of heather in the glen that he did not crush and burn.

42. THE POTEEN-MAKERS PUT TO FLIGHT BY FAIRY ILLUSION

During the troubled times when the *Tans*¹ were going about, three boys from Mí an Chearrbhaigh were making poteen in the hill above the village. Of course there was great fear of the *Tans* at that time, and one of the boys would look out now and again to see if there were any lights or pursuit coming. Some time before morning one of them looked out and saw a lorry coming along the road. He said it was the *Tans* and that they had better run.

"Well," said another, "let us wait a little longer. Perhaps they do not mean to come this way, and they may go past the hill."

When they looked out again the lorry had stopped and the *Tans* were making straight for them. Off the three went leaving the still with the poteen in it, and they went east over the top of the hill.

1. Popular name for the militant police who were recruited to repress the Irish struggle for independence, 1920-21. They travelled in lorries and often at night.

mullach an chnoic. Nuair a bhí siad ag gabháil soir an cnoc, d'amharc fear acu ina dhiaidh, agus dúirt sé go rabh na madaidh anois ina ndiaidh. Níor stad siad den rása go dteachaidh siad soir go hAbhainn Teiscne, agus d'fhan siad thoir i dteach ansin go rabh an ghrian ina suí thuas ar an aer.

Ar maidin lá tharna mhárach ansin, d'fhág siad thoir, agus nuair a bhí siad ag teacht anoir comhgarach don áit a rabh siad ag obair, d'iarr fear acu ar an fhear eile a ghabháil suas agus amharc caidé a d'éirigh don *still* agus don phoitín. Bhí an *still* ag reathaidh ansin rith an ama, agus níor leagadh lámh uirthi. Bhí na buachaillí sin cinnte de nach *Tans* ar bith a bhí ann ach bunadh na gcnoc. Tá siad beo beitheach go fóill, agus mhionnóchadh siad go dtí an lá inniu gurbh iad bunadh na gcnoc a chonaic siad, agus gur amharc siad i ndiaidh an téiteáin gur phill siadsan.

43. NA MOLLIES AGUS BUNADH NA gCNOC

Bhí seandúine ag inse domh fad ó shin, go rabh sé ins na *Mollies* nuair a bhí sé ina fhear óg. Oíche amháin, bhí in aice le ceithre scór acu thoir anseo in áit a dtugann siad Droichead an Easa air—droichead atá eadar Mín an Aodhaire agus Cróibh. Bhí ceig mhór dheich ngalún poitín acu, agus iad ag gabháil á ól ag ceann an droichid thuas. Dúirt fear acu leis an fhear eile gur mhaith an cruinniú fear a chuirfeadh eagla orthu ar an bhomaite. Níor luaithe a bhí an focal amach ar a bhéal ná d'amharc siad, agus bhí a sheacht n-oiread de bhunadh na gcnoc ar an bhruach taobh thall den abhainn. I ndiaidh ceithre scór fear acu a bheith ann, scanraigh siad, agus ghlac siad oiread eagla agus gur ceithre mhíle talaimh ar shiúl ó sin a hóladh an poitín!

44. AN SLUA BHEATHA I mBÉAL CRUAICHE MÓNADH

Bhí fear anseo ar an bhaile s' againne fad ó shin, agus bhí muirín lag pháistí aige. Iascaire a bhí ann, ar ndóiche, agus chaitheadh sé gach uile lá a mbíodh cothrom ar bith air ar an fharraige ó dhubh go dubh. Ní rabh duine ar bith aige le tine mhónadh a thabhairt

One of them looked behind and said dogs were after them. They did not stop running until they reached Abhainn Teiscne. They stayed in a house there until the sun was up in the sky.

Next morning they came from the east and as they were passing the place where they had been working one of them asked the other to go up and see what had happened to the still and the poteen. The still was running all the time, and it had not been touched. The boys were certain that it was not the Tans but the hill-folk who had been there. They are still alive and well, and they would swear to this day that it was the hill-folk they saw, and that the hill-folk had tended the run until they returned.

43. THE "MOLLIES" AND THE FAIRIES

There was an old man long ago who told me that he was in the "Mollies"¹ when he was young. One night there were nearly four score of them east at Droichead an Easa, a bridge between Mín an Aodhaire and Cróibh. They had a ten-gallon keg of poteen and they were about to start drinking on the bridge. One of them boasted that it would be a good gathering of men who could strike fear into them at that moment. No sooner was the word out of his mouth than they saw seven times their own number of the hill-folk on the other bank of the river. Although there were four score of them there, they panicked so much that it was four miles away the poteen was drunk!

44. THE FAIRIES AT THE TURF-RICK

Long ago there was a man living in this townland who had a family of young children. He was a fisherman, to be sure, and had to spend any day that was at all favourable from dawn to dusk on the sea. He had no one to bring turf for the fire from the bog, and

1. A nineteenth-century rural secret society of protest.

as an phortach, agus ba chuma caidé an t-am a mbainfeadh sé féin an baile amach chaithfeadh sé a chliabh a chur air agus imeacht chun an phortaigh.

Tháinig sé abhaile go mall aon tráthnóna amháin, agus gan greim a ithe ná ól, bheir sé ar a chliabh agus tharraing ar an phortach. D'athraigh an tráthnóna, agus d'éirigh sé doineanta dorcha. B'éigean dó a ghabháil mar sin féin, agus nuair a bhí sé ag tarraingt ar bhéal na cruaike bhí an slua bheatha ansin, agus bhí an gleo agus an callán a bhí acu ag imirt mór le rá. Bhí éideadh dearg ar gach uile dhuine acu agus girseachaí beaga uilig a bhí iontu. Chaith an duine bocht cupla fód isteach ins an chliabh, agus bhí oiread de eagla air agus nach dtug sé níos mó leis. Bhí siad thart fána chosa ina gcéadta i mbéal na cruaike, agus iad uilig ag gáirí agus ag caint, agus gan fios aige caidé a bhí siad ag rá, agus scanraigh sé oiread agus gur bhain sé na bonnaí as comh tiubh géar is a tháinig leis.

Ní theachaidh an fear sin chun an chnoic ná chun an phortaigh go mall tráthnóna ina dhiaidh sin an dá lá shaol a bhí aige.

45. AN SLUA SÍ AG ILIMIRT

Bhail, tá sé ariamh canta go gcluineadh siad ceoltaí sí agus seanchas agus callán amuigh san oíche. Bhí mé féin agus buachaill eile ar shiúl ag cuartaíocht, oíche amháin fá Shamhain. Bhí sé anonn i ndiaidh an mheán oíche nuair a bhí mé ag teacht aniar ag an áit a dtugann siad an Croisbhealach air. Leis sin féin d'éirigh an callán thíos faoin bhealach mhór, agus bhí an-iontas orm cé na gasraí a bheadh amuigh comh mall sin, ná caidé a bheadh siad a dhéanamh thíos fá bhruach na habhna fán am sin d'oíche. Is é an meas a thug mé go rabh i gcás ar bith céad go leith gasúr ann, agus ní rabh dul agam focal amháin a thuigbheáil uathu ach an gíob geab agus iad ag ilimirt leofa, agus ag gáirí, agus tamall ag caoineadh. Sheas mé tamall ag éisteacht leofa, agus an chéad rud eile d'éirigh an ghruag ar mo cheann, agus d'éirigh an bearad suas ar bharr na gruaige. Thúsaigh an t-allas a shileadh liom, agus thug mé iarraidh soir fhad le teach a bhí ag an chroisbhealach, agus chonaic mé go rabh siad ina lúf, agus smaointigh mé gur bhocht an rud domh a gcur ina suí. Bhí siadsan ag an bhealach mór san am sin, agus dar liom go bhfaca mé an toirt ag gabháil trasna an bhealaigh mhóir fá ghiota

no matter what time he got home he had to take his basket and go to the bog.

One evening he came home very late, and without waiting to eat or drink he lifted his basket and went to the bog. The evening changed and became very dark and stormy, but he had to go in spite of the weather. When he reached the edge of the turf-rick the immortal host was playing there and making uproar. Every one of them was dressed in red and they were all little girls. The poor man threw a couple of sods into his basket, but he was so full of fear he could take no more. There were hundreds of them about his feet, all laughing and talking. He did not know what they were saying and was so terrified that he took to his heels as quickly as he could.

As long as he lived that man never again went to the hill or the bog at night.

45. THE CHATTERING PROCESSION

Well, it is always said that fairy music and talk and chattering were heard outside at night. One night at Samhain time another boy and I were out visiting. It was well after midnight on my way home when I reached the place called the Croisbhealach and heard a hubbub rising down below the road. I wondered what children would be out at that time of night and what they were doing by the bank of the river. I reckoned there must be about a hundred and fifty children there, and I was not able to understand a single word with their hubbub and chattering and laughing and sometimes crying. I stood for a while listening to them. Then my hair stood up on my head and my cap rose on top of my hair. The sweat began to pour from me. I made for a house at the cross-road, but they had all gone to bed and I thought it would be a poor thing to rouse them. Those others had reached the main road by this, and it seemed to me I could see a crowd crossing the road very near me.

bheag domh. Bhí smúidghealach ann i gcás ar bith, agus nuair a bhí siad ag gabháil trasna an bhealaigh mhóir, an gleo agus an callán a bhí ann, bhí creathnú go bráth air. D'oibir siad leofa suas taobh an chnoic, agus bhí ormsa a ghabháil soir an bealach céanna. Nuair a bhí mise leath bealaigh soir in aice an toighe s' agam féin casadh beirt eile buachaillí orm ag teacht anoir i ndiaidh a bheith soir ag cuartaíocht. Sheas mé i bhfad ag caint leofa, agus bhí mé ag éisteacht leis an challán rith an ama ag gabháil suas taobh an chnoic, agus níor chualaí siadsan focal amháin rith an ama. Bhí lúcháir ormsa gur casadh orm iad, agus choinnigh mé ag seanchas iad gur imigh an callán trasna an chnoic. Bhain mé an baile amach ansin, agus ní rabh oiread lúcháire ormsa ariamh, roimhe sin ná ó shin, nuair a chuir sé mo chosa taobh istigh d'ursain an dorais. Ní chuirfeadh rud ar bith amach as mo cheann ó shin nárbh iad bunadh na gcnoc a bhí ann, agus slua maith mór acu, agus siúd is go rabh siad comhgarach go leor domh, buíochas do Dhia, níor bhain siad domh !

46. AN PÍOBAIRE SÍ A CHUALATHAS SAN OÍCHE

An bunadh seo a bhíodh ar shiúl ag scibireacht ar an abhainn, is minic a chluineadh siad rudaí iontacha eadar meán oíche is lá. Chualaí mé fear acu ag rá go rabh sé thíos ag an abhainn go hanluath ar maidin, agus chualaí sé an píobaire a ba deise a chualaí sé ariamh. Sheas sé ag éisteacht leis, agus chonaictheas dó nach gcualaí sé ceol ar bith ariamh ina shaol a ba bhinne ná an rud a bhí sé a sheinm. D'imigh an píobaire leis siar a chois na habhna, agus bhí sé ag éisteacht leis go dteachaidh sé trí ná ceathair de mhílte ar shiúl. Scanraigh sé ansin, agus phill sé ar an bhaile, agus ón lá sin go dtí an lá a chuaigh sé i dtalamh, ní theachaidh sé a chóir na habhna go luath ná go mall.

47. PÍOBAIRE SÍ CHNOC ÁINE

Bhail, fad ó shin, bhíodh iascairí Theilinn ar shiúl ins an tsamhradh ag iarraidh bradán. Bhíodh cuid acu an-aonracánach, agus chun deiridh go mór lena gcuid oibre, agus ba mhinic a thigeadh orthu a ghabháil chun an phortaigh i ndiaidh na hoíche fá dhéin cliabh mónadh.

It was a cloudy moonlit night, and the noise and hubbub as they passed was terrific. They went up the hill, and I had to go that same way. When I got half-way to my house I met two other boys who had been visiting. I stood for a while talking to them and all the time I was listening to the noise going up the hill and they did not hear one word of it. I was overjoyed to have met them and I kept them talking until the noise went over the hill. I went on home then, and I have never been so glad before or since as I was when I got my feet across the threshold of the door. Nothing could convince me that they were not the hill-folk, and a big crowd of them too, and though they were close enough to me they did not interfere with me, thank God !

46. THE FAIRY PIPER HEARD AT NIGHT

Those who used to be out poaching the river often heard strange things between midnight and day. One of them told me he was down at the river very early one morning and heard the finest piper he had ever heard. He stood to listen and it seemed to him he had never heard any music in his life that was sweeter than it. The piper went west along the river and he followed him listening for three or four miles. He took fright then and returned home, and from that day until the day he went into the ground he did not go near the river late or early.

47. THE FAIRY PIPER OF CNOC ÁINE

Long ago the fishermen of Teelin used to go out fishing for salmon in the summer. Some of them were single-handed at home and much behind in their work, and often they had to go to the bog at night to bring in a basket of turf.

Bhí fear as Cruachlann mall ag teacht ó bhád tráthnóna amháin, agus nuair a tháinig sé abhaile ní rabh tine mhónadh sa teach. B'éigean dó breith ar a chliabh agus imeacht chun an phortaigh sular bhlaiss sé bia ná deoch. Bhí an mhóin thiar i gcúl Chnoc Áine, agus nuair a bhí sé ag gabháil siar ag sáil an chnoic, dar leis gur mhothaigh sé an ceol a ba deise a chualáí sé ariamh. Chuaigh sé ar aghaidhe giota eile, agus ba ghairid a chuaigh sé go dtáinig sé ar phíobaire ina shuí ar leic agus é ag seinm leis. Chaith sé de a chliabh agus rinn sé a sháith damhsa le ceol an phíobaire. Bhí sé ag damhsa gur thuirisigh sé é féin amach. Chuir sé air a chliabh ansin, agus d'imigh leis chun a phortaigh, agus ar a theacht arais dó chonaic sé an píobaire ag siúl isteach i dtaoibh an chnoic.

Tharraing sé ar an bhall chéanna talaimh sin minic go leor ina dhiaidh sin, ach sháraigh air úig ná gaiseadh ná foscladh de chineál ar bith a fháil i dtaoibh an chnoic.

48. SIÓG AN CHASÚIR

Bhí mórán neathannaí iontacha le cluinstitín ins na creagacha seo a bhfuil mé ag caint orthu. Bhí rud amháin ann a bhí le cluinstitín go mion minic—fear ag briseadh chloch le casúr—agus bhí sé le mothachtáil gach uile am ó ghabháil ó sholas dó go meán oíche, ach ó sin amach ní chluinfí níos mó é. Is minic a leanadh é ag déanamh gur duine saolta a bhí ann, agus nuair a bheifí san áit a sílfí a rabh sé, bhíodh sé ar shiúl in áit ínteacht eile. Is minic a leanadh é rith oíche, agus ní bhfuarthas suas leis ariamh, agus ní bhfuarthas amach cé é féin. Bhí na daoine i gcónaí ag leagan amach gur de bhunadh na gcnoc é, agus ba é an t-ainm a bheireadh siad air—"Fear an Chasúir".

49. AN tSEANCHAILLEACH SÍ Ó SHLIABH LIAG

D'fhág beirt dhearthár Cloich an Hatáin thiar ansin—baile atá ar an taobh thall den abhainn os coinne An Chlochair. Seán agus Padaí ab ainm daoifa, agus bhí siad ag gabháil go haonach Dhún Cheannfhaola, agus d'fhág siad an baile go han-luath. Bhí bróga ar fhear acu, agus bhí an fear eile costarnocht.

A Cruachlann man was late coming ashore one evening, and when he reached home there was no fire in the house. He had to grab his basket and go to the bog before he could taste food or drink. The bog was to the west behind Cnoc Áine, and as he went round by the heel of the hill he thought he could hear the sweetest music he had ever heard. He went forward a little and he had not gone far before he came on a piper sitting by himself on a flagstone and playing. The man threw down his basket and danced away to the piper's music until he was exhausted. He took up his basket then and went on to the bog. On his way back he saw the piper walking into the side of the hill.

He often went back to the same place afterwards but was never able to find a cave or gash or opening of any kind into the hill.

48. THE FAIRY HAMMERER

There were many strange things to be heard in the crags I am talking about. One thing often heard was a man breaking stones with a hammer: he was to be heard at any time from dusk to midnight, and after that he was not heard. In the belief that he was a man of this world, he was often followed but when the place he was thought to be was reached he would be somewhere else. He was often followed through the night but he was never caught up with and it was never discovered who he was. The people always made out that he was one of the hill-folk, and the name they gave him was "the Hammer-man".

49. THE FAIRY WOMAN FROM SLIEVE LEAGUE

Two brothers named Seán and Paddy lived at Cloich an Hatáin to the west, on the other side of the river opposite Clochar. They left their home very early one morning to go to the fair at Dunkineely. One of them wore boots and the other was barefoot.

Shiúil siad leofa, agus a sáith deifre orthu, go dtí go rabh siad taobh amuigh de na Cealla. Bheir seanbhean bheag orthu ansin a rabh a gúna amach ar a ceann mar a ba gnách le seanmhna a dhéanamh go minic fad ó shin.

I gcionn tamaill tharraing sí aniar léab aráin mine cruaidhghil as a brollach, agus thairg sí giota do Sheán—is é b'óige. Chraith Padaí a cheann, agus chrois sé ar an deartháir roinn ar bith a bheith aige leis an arán. Shiúil siad leofa, agus ba mhaith leofa a scaith-eamh, ach dá mhéad a shiúlfeadh siadsan bhí sise ag coinneáil coise leofa.

"Nach mór an deifre atá oraibh!" arsa sise fá dheireadh.

"Tá," arsa siadsan, "tá sinn ag gabháil chun aonaigh."

"Ó, bhail, glacaigí bhur n-am," a deir sí, "tá mise ag gabháil chun aonaigh fosta a cheannacht bó, agus beidh mé libh."

Shiúil siad leofa ansin, agus bhí sí leofa rith an ama go dteachaidh siad isteach chun aonaigh. Chaill siad ansin í, agus ní fhacaí siad aon amharc uirthi ní ba mhó.

Nuair a fuair siadsan a ngnoithe déanta ar an aonach, thug siad a n-aghaidhe ar an bhaile arais, agus ba ghairid amach as baile Dhún Cheannfhaola a bhí siad nuair a bheir an tseanbhean bheag seo orthu arais agus bó bhreá léithi a bhí i ndiaidh breith, agus an gamhain, agus go fóill ní rabh an bhó glan. Dá mhéad a shiúlfeadh siadsan bhí sise agus an bhó agus an gamhain ábalta cois a choinneáil leofa. D'iarr sí orthu cupla uair siúl ar a socair, go mbeadh siad ina sáith ama.

"Ó, bhail," arsa Padaí, arsa seisean, "tá turas fada romhainne, agus tá eagla orm go dtiocfaidh an oíche orainn."

"Bhail, glacaigí bhur n-am!" arsa sise. "Tá mise ag gabháil an bhealach ceannann céanna a bhfuil sibh féin ag gabháil. Tá agam le ghabháil go bun Shliabh Liag," arsa sise.

Shiúil siad leofa géar go maith, agus nuair a bhí siad ag teacht aníos an Leagain Mhóir ba mhaith leofa fáil réitithe léithi, agus d'aith-in siad gur sin rud nach mb'fhéidir a dhéanamh de thairbhe siúil, chuaigh siad isteach i dteach a bhí ar thaoibh an bhealaigh mhóir. D'fhan siad istigh ansin tamall maith, agus nuair a d'éirigh siad amach arais ní rabh an tseanbhean ná an bhó ná an gamhain le feiceáil, agus tharraing siad ar an bhaile.

Ar ndóiche, bhí siad iomlán cinnte gur bean de chuid na gcnoc a bhí inti, nó ní fhacaí siad féin ná duine ar bith i roimhe sin ná ó shin, agus d'inis sí féin daofa go rabh sí ina cónaí ag bun Shliabh Liag.

They made great haste until they were outside Killybegs, and there a small old woman overtook them. She was wearing her gown over her head in a way that was very usual with old women long ago.

After a while she pulled a piece of oatmeal bread from her bosom and offered a bit to Seán, who was the youngest. Paddy shook his head in warning to his brother to have nothing to do with the bread. They kept on walking in the hope of leaving her behind, but however fast they walked she kept up with them.

"Isn't it a great hurry you are in!" she said at last.

"Yes," said they, "we are going to the fair."

"O, well, take your time," said she. "I am going to the fair too to buy a cow, and I'll be with you."

They kept on their way and she was with them until they went into the fair. They lost her then and saw no further sight of her.

When they had finished their business at the fair they started for home again. They were only a short distance outside the town of Dunkineely when the same little old woman overtook them again. She had a fine cow just after calving and the calf, and the cow had not yet dropped the after-birth. However fast they walked, the old woman and the cow and the calf were able to keep up with them.

Twice she asked them to walk at their ease, that they had plenty of time.

"O well," said Paddy, "we have a long way in front of us and I am afraid night will fall on us."

"Well, take your time," said she. "I am going the very same way yourselves are going, and I have to go to the foot of Slieve League."

They kept on walking at a keen pace, and as they were going down Leargán Mór and wanted to get rid of her and knew that was something they couldn't do by walking they went into a house beside the main road. They stayed inside for a good while, and when they went out again neither the old woman nor the cow nor the calf were to be seen, and they went home.

They knew very well she was one of the hill-folk, for neither they nor anyone else saw her before that or since, and she had told them herself that she lived at the foot of Slieve League.

50. SIÓG NA CREIGE

Ins an áit a bhfuil mise i mo chónaí anseo, tá mórán ardán agus dúnta agus creagáin ann ar an taoibh thuas domh. Chualáí mé an seanbhunadh ag inse an-mhórán scéalta fad ó shin fá na neathannaí iontacha a tharlaigh fá na háiteacha seo.

Bhí uncal domh ag teacht aníos an bealach mór fad ó shin—creidim go bhfuil sin deich mbliana agus ceithre fichid ó shin anois. Bhí iomáin ina chluiche an-choitianta ag mór agus ag beag san am sin. Bhí seisean a chamán ar dhóigh inteacht, agus nuair a bhí sé ag teacht aníos os coinne creige atá anseo nach bhfuil i bhfad uainn, an áit a rabh call ag fás, tharraing sé ar an chreig go mbaineadh sé camán. Ní rabh scian ar bith aige, ár ndóiche, agus nuair a chonaic sé an bata a d'fhóir dó bhuail an casadh aige air ag iarraidh a scaitheadh. Bhí scolpaí ins an chreig de leataoibh na háite a rabh an camán, agus nuair a thug sé a shúil thart bhí fear ón dá ghualainn suas aníos as croí na creige ins an scolpaí. Scanraigh an t-anam amach as nuair a chonaic sé fear na creige. agus thug sé iarraidh ar an bhaile comh tiubh géar is a bhí sé in innimh agus a chiall caillte aige.

"Caidé a tháinig ort?" arsa an mháthair leis, nuair a fuair sé a anáil leis.

"Fear a chonaic mé," a deir sé, "istigh ins an chreig sin thoir!"

"Arú!" arsa sise, "ná bíodh eagla ná uafás ort fá sin! Sin comharsa duit atá thart anseo, agus ná cuireadh sé trioblóid ar bith ort!"

51. MAR A FUAIR FEAR DE MHUINTIR IGHNE CUMAS LEIGHIS

Fad ó shin ní rabh fear toighe ar bith ins an cheantar seo (Teileann) gan cliobóg fá dhéin lódaíocht droma, agus nuair a thigeadh an geimhreadh chuireadh siad amach ar an tsliabh iad. Bhí fear de Mhuintir Ighne ina chónaí ar an Atharach, agus bhí cliobóg acu seo aige amuigh ar an tsliabh, agus smaointigh sé aon lá amháin go rachadh sé chun an chnoic go bhfeicfeadh sé caidé mar bhí sí.

50. THE FAIRY MAN IN THE CLEFT

Where I am living there are many heights and forts and crags above me. I heard the old people long ago telling many stories about the wonderful things that happened in those places.

An uncle of mine was coming along the road long ago—I believe it would be ninety years ago. At that time hurling was a very usual game for big and small. He had broken his hurling stick in some way and when he was coming down towards the crag near here where hazel was growing he went on to the crag to find a new hurling stick. He had no knife, of course, and when he saw a stick which suited him he started to twist it in order to pull it out. There was a cleft in the crag near by and when he looked around there was a man from his shoulders up out of the heart of the rock in the cleft. The life was scared out of him when he saw the man in the cleft and he dashed home as quickly as he was able as if he had lost his mind.

"What happened to you?" asked his mother as soon as he got his breath back.

"A man I saw in the crag over there to the east!"

"Aroo!" said she, "don't have the least fear or fright because of that. That is a neighbour of yours who is round about here, and don't be the least bit troubled by him."

51. HOW O'HENEY GOT THE GIFT OF CURING

In the old days there was no householder in the district of Teelin who had not a nag to carry back-loads. When winter came they put them out on the hillside. One of the O'Heneys who lived at Atharach had his horse out and one day he thought he would go to the hill to see how she was.

D'imigh sé leis go leor de luas ar maidin, agus shiúil sé díreach ionns air an áit ar cheart daoithi a bheith. Chuartaigh sé thall is abhus thíos agus thuas, ach ní rabh fios a tuairisce le fáil aige. Bhí sé ag cuartú is ag cuartú gur bhris Dia a chroí. Tháinig an oíche air fá dheireadh, agus bhí an duine bocht comh tuirseach maslaithe sin gur shuidh sé síos a chois bruaich, agus níorbh fhada gur thuit sé thart ina chnap codlata. Anonn in am ínteacht i lár na hoíche, chualaí sé an gleo agus an callán fá dtaobh de, agus nuair a mhúscaíl sé i gceart agus a d'amharc sé fá dtaobh de, bhí an slua bheatha cruinn cuachta thart air.

"Caidé a dhéanfas muid leis an fhear seo?" arsa fear acu leis an fhear eile.

"Muirbhfidh muid é," arsa fear acu.

Dúirt fear eile nach muirbhfeadh. Ach leis an scéal fhada a dhéanamh gairid, bhí gach uile fhear acu ag gabháil a thabhairt a bhoc féin dó. Dúirt aon fhear amháin fá dheireadh nach leagfadh fear ar bith acu barr méire air, go rabh barraíocht aithne aigesan ar a bhunadh, agus go rabh siad go han-mhaith dósan, agus ar an ábhar sin nach ligfeadh sé buille ina chraiceann.

"Caidé an mhaith a ba cheart dúinn a dhéanamh air?" arsa fear le chéile nuair a chualaí siad seo.

"Tá," arsa fear eile, "bhéarfaidh sinn órtha an teann dó, agus ní bheidh aon doctúir sa tír ionchurtha leis ag leigheas daoine."

D'fhoghlaim siad órtha an teann dó, agus ón lá sin go lá a bháis, bhí sé ag leigheas daoine a bhí ag sárú ar na doctúirí.

52. CUMHACHTAÍ DRAÍOCHTA Ó BHUACHAILL RUA

Tá sé ariamh canta dá bhfaghtá airgead caillte agus gan ligean ort le duine ar bith fá dtaobh de, go bhfaighteá go leor.

Chualaí mé iomrá ar fhear a fuair leathchoróin caillte amuigh ar an chnoc. Fuair sé ceann eile lá tharna mhárach, agus níl aon lá dá dtéadh sé amach nach bhfaghadh sé ceann. Fá dheireadh, bhí a dheartháir ag déanamh iontais cá rabh sé ag fáil an airgid, ná, leoga, an t-am a bhí ann, ní rabh sé ró-fhairsing.

Bhí an deartháir ag gabháil chun aonaigh maidin amháin, agus d'iarr sé airgead airsan. Dúirt sé nach rabh aon phighin aige. "Ach gabh ina leithéid seo d'áit sa chnoc," arsa seisean, "gheobhaidh tú leathchoróin ann."

He set off early in the morning and walked right to the place where she should be. He searched here and there, up and down, but could see no sign of her. He was searching and searching until he was heart-broken. Night fell at last and the poor man was so tired and wretched that he sat down by a bank and before long he fell fast asleep. Some time in the middle of the night he heard noise and voices and when he wakened fully he saw the immortal host were gathered around him.

"What will we do with this man?" said one.

"We will kill him," said another.

But yet another said they would not kill him. To make a long story short every one of them was about to hit him but for one alone who declared not a finger should be laid on him, that he knew his family well and that they had been very good to him, and for that reason he would not allow a blow to touch his skin.

"What good should we do to him," asked one when they had heard this.

"We will give him the Curing Charm and no doctor in the land will be his equal in curing people."

They taught him the Charm and from that day until the day he died he cured people when the doctors failed to do so.

52. MAGIC POWERS FROM A RED-HAIRED BOY

It has always been said that if you come on money by chance and say nothing about it you will get plenty more.

I heard of a man who found a half-crown on the hillside. Next day he found another one, and from that on he found one every day he went out. At last his brother began to wonder where he was getting the money, and indeed at that time it was not very plentiful.

One morning the brother was going to the fair and asked him for money. He said he had not a penny but "go to a certain spot on the hillside and you will get a half-crown."

Chuaigh sé chun an chnoic, agus fuair sé an leathchoróin, ach ina dhiaidh sin ní bhfuair an chéad deartháir aon phighin ní ba mhó.

Bhí sé lá eile seal ina dhiaidh sin sa chnoc, agus tháinig buachaill rua chuige.

"Stad tú a fháil an airgid!" arsa an buachaill rua.

"Stad," arsa seisean.

"Bhail, nár fhóirí ort!" arsa an buachaill rua. "Is tú féin a ba chiontaigh," arsa seisean. "An mhaidin a d'inis tú do do dheartháir nach rabh aige ach a ghabháil go dtí a leithéid seo d'áit agus go bhfaigheadh sé leathchoróin, chuir sin deireadh le do chuid leathchorónacha, ach ní bheidh tú dadaí níos measa leis, agus cuirfidh mise dóigh ort a dtig leat neart airgid a fháil, agus rud ar bith a dhéanamh ar mian leat!"

Bhí go breá. Bhí madadh acu, agus ní rabh díolta ar shon an mhadaidh ar chor ar bith, agus lá amháin tháinig na *police* a chuartú ceadúnaisí na madadh. Bhí an buachaill seo ina luí, agus dúirt an t-athair go rabh na *police* ag teacht anois, agus go mbéarfadh siad ar an mhadadh.

"Á, fágaigí ansin é!" arsa seisean.

Nuair a tháinig siad isteach, chuartaigh siad an teach, agus ní rabh madadh ar bith le fáil, agus nuair a bhí siad ag imeacht arais d'imigh an madadh ina ndiaidh ag tafann. Nuair a phill siad isteach arais chuartaigh siad an teach agus ní rabh madadh ar bith istigh. Bhí siad ag teacht agus ag imeacht mar sin go dtí go rabh an tráth-nóna beag ann, agus nuair a thuirsiigh siad amach iad féin, d'imigh siad leofa, agus ní tháinig siad a chóir an toighe ní ba mhó.

Ach bhí dílisín beag muice aige nach rabh ag déanamh aon mhaith ar chor ar bith, agus smaoitigh sé go dtabharfadh sé leis amach go haonach Bhaile an Droichid í, agus nuair a bhí sé amuigh ar an aonach ní rabh aon mhuc ann a bhí comh mór ná comh breá léithi. Cheannaigh ceannachóir as Paróiste Inbhir í, agus dhíol sé luach mór uirthi. Nuair a bhí sé ag gabháil soir ag baile atá os cionn Bhaile an Droichid, a dtabharann siad Leitir air, bhí sileán beag uisce ag gabháil trasna an bhealaigh ansin, agus comh luath géar is chuaigh sí trasna ar an uisce thuit sí, agus ní rabh aon dath inti ach ranglamán de mhuc bheag ocrach. Nuair a chonaic an ceannachóir caidé a bhí déanta aige, pillí sé arais, agus chuartaigh sé an t-aonach, agus hinsíodh dó go rabh an fear a dhíol an mhuc ar an bhealach abhaile. Nuair a bhí sé ag teacht aníos ag Caiseal Charn bheir sé

The brother went to the hill and found the half-crown. But after that the first brother found no more.

Some time afterwards he was out on the hillside and a red-haired boy come to him.

"You stopped getting the money," said the red-haired boy.

"I did," said he.

"Well, you deserved it!" said the red-haired boy. "You yourself were to blame. When you told your brother all he had to do was go to a certain place and find a half-crown that put an end to your half-crowns. However, you will be none the worse for it, and I will put you in a way of getting plenty of money and doing anything at all you want!"

Well and good. He had a dog and had not paid the licence for it. One day the police were out looking for dog licences. The boy was in bed and his father told him the police were coming and would take the dog.

"O leave him there!" said he.

The police came in and searched the house but there was no dog to be seen. When they left the dog ran after them barking. They turned back and searched the house again and there was no dog in it. They were going and coming that way until the late afternoon. When they were exhausted they went off and did not come near the house again.

He had a miserable little pig that was not thriving at all, and he decided to take it to the fair at Kilcar. At the fair no pig looked bigger or better than this one. A buyer from the parish of Inver bought it and paid a good price for it. When he was on his way home he had to cross a rivulet of water at a place called Leitir. As soon as the pig crossed the water it fell and what was it but a miserable little starving creature. When the buyer saw this he turned back and searched the fair and was told that the man who had sold him the pig had gone home. He caught up with him going up Caiseal Charn, and asked for his money back. The man who had

ar fhear na muice, agus chuaigh sé a dh'iarraidh cuid de luach na muice arais air. Ní thug fear na muice sásamh ar bith dó, agus rug sé greim gualanna air, agus diabhal a dtearn sé ach an sciathán a ligean leis ar fad.

Scanraigh an t-anam amach as ansin, agus d'migh sé leis ag reathaidh.

Bhí fear na muice seo oíche eile i dteach faire, agus hiarradh air cleas a dhéanamh. D'iarr sé ar bhuachaill a bhí ann a ghabháil amach agus cliabh a thabhairt isteach chuige, agus suí ar bhéal an chléibh. Shuidh an buachaill, agus ansin d'iarr sé air éirí den chliabh anois. Bhí an cliabh lom lán uibheacha nuair a déirigh sé del

D'iarr siad ansin air cleas eile a dhéanamh, agus thug sé an fharraige isteach i lár an urláir. Thúsaigh siad uilig ag léimní suas ar na ballaí, agus ar na suíocháin, agus tuilleadh ag reathaidh amach ag búirfi agus ag screadaí. Nuair a bhí siad uilig marbh chuir sé an fharraige amach arais.

Tháinig leis rud ar bith a dhéanamh a ba mhian leis ar an dóigh sin, agus bhí siad dá chur air gurbh é an fear rua a casadh air fán chnoc a d'fhoghlaim an chleasaíocht seo uilig dó.

Bhí sé lá amháin thiar i Srath Laoighil ins an am a rabh siad ag iomchar an mhianaigh ann. Bhí fhios acu fá dtaobh de, agus chuaigh siad a gháirí air.

"Ó leoga," arsa seisean, "nuair a bheas mise thuas ar mhullach an chnoic, b'fhéidir gur mhó an t-ábhar magaidh sibh féin ná mise."

Nuair a bhí sé thuas ar mhullach an chnoic, shuidh sé ar ardán ansin, agus ba ghairid uilig go rabh an t-athair agus an mac ag troid, agus bhí na deartháracha ag troid. Bhuaill siad agus mharbh siad a chéile, agus eisean thuas ar mhullach an chnoic ag amharc anuas orthu. Bhí an fear a bhí os cionn an mhianaigh thiar i dTeileann an lá seo, an áit a rabhtar ag cur an mhianagh ar an bhád. Nuair a tháinig sé aniar, hinsíodh dó fán rud a rinn an fear seo leis na fir. Lá tharna mhárach bhí sé thuas ins an chnoc, agus casadh an fear air, agus thúsaigh sé ag scamhláil air, gur mhór an náire dó an bhail a thug sé ar na fir inné. Ba é an chéad rud eile a tharlaigh go rabh sé féin istigh i scaith loinge, agus nuair a bhéarfadh sé iarraidh a theacht amach bhí sé istigh i gceann eile. Bhí sé istigh sa scaith ná go dtí go rabh sé dhá uair d'oíche. Ní raibh aon duine i mbaile Shrath Laoighil nach rabh thuas á chuartú san am sin, agus bhí obair acu á tharraingt amach as an scaith.

sold the pig gave him no satisfaction, so he caught him by the shoulder and devil a bit did the other do but let the whole arm go with him.

The pig buyer was scared out of his wits and ran away.

Another night he was at a wake and was asked to play a trick. He told a boy to go out and bring in a basket and sit on it. The boy did so, and then he told him to rise off the basket. The basket was full of eggs when the boy rose!

They asked him to play another trick, and he brought the sea in on the floor of the house. They started to jump up the walls and on the seats, and others ran out shouting and screaming. When they were all scared to death he put the sea out again.

He could do anything at all he wanted, and it was said about him that it was the red-haired boy he had met on the hillside who taught him all this trickery.

One day he was west at Srath Laoighil when they were working the mine there. The workers knew about him and started to laugh at him.

"O indeed," said he, "maybe when I am on top of the hill yourselves will be a bigger laughing stock than I am!"

When he got to the top of the hill he sat down on a height there, and in a very short time the father and son and the brothers were fighting each other. They beat and battered each other while he was looking down on them. The manager of the mine was west in Teelin that day where they were shipping the ore. When he came east he was told what this man had done to his men. Next day he met the man on the hillside and reproached him for the shameful way he had treated the workers. The very next moment he was in a quagmire and when he tried to get out of it he found himself in another one. He was struggling in the quagmire until it was well into the night. Everyone from Srath Laoighil was out searching for him and they were hard put to it to pull him out of the quagmire.

Bhí sé lá eile ag gabháil thart an áit a rabh comhthionól fear ag meitheal mhónadh. Bhí an lá an-chiúin te. D'iarr cuid acu air gáladh a thógáil go rabh siad ró-the. D'fhiafraigh sé de fhear acu an rabh haincirsean póca aige. Dúirt sé go rabh. Tugadh an haincirsean póca dó. Chuir sé trí shníom ar an haincirsean, agus shín sé ionns ar an fhear arais é.

"Anois," arsa seisean, "bain sníom amháin acu sin de, agus mur bhfuil bhur sáith gálaidh agaibh ansin, tig libh an darna ceann a bhaint de, ach bígí cinnte de agus na bainigí ar tríú sníom de!"

D'imigh seisean leis, agus bhain siad sníom amháin de, agus d'éirigh gáladh deas, agus i gcionn tamaill ina dhiaidh sin smaointigh siad go mbainfeadh siad ceann eile de go bhfeiceadh siad caidé a tharlóchadh. D'éirigh leathghaoth mhór nuair a scaoileadh an darna sníom. Anonn i dtráthaibh am dinnéara, dúirt duine acu leis an duine eile gur cheart an tríú sníom a scaoileadh anois go bhfeiceadh siad caidé a tharlóchadh. Bhí cuid acu a bhí sásta sin a dhéanamh agus tuilleadh nach rabh. Thiar ar dheireadh na bogadaí baineadh an tríú sníom de, agus d'éirigh an ghaoth mhór, agus siabadh amach ins na bachtaí iad, agus ba ar a lámha is ar a gcosa a bhain siad an baile amach, agus nuair a tháinig siad fá na toithe, bhí an lá comh ciúin socair agus a bhí sé nuair a d'fhág siad an baile ar maidin.

53. DRAÍOCHT A FUARTHAS Ó NA SIÓGAÍ

Bhí na daoine beaga seo fá na caoráin, comh maith is bhí siad fá na cnoc agus ins an fharraige. Bhí fear thuas anseo i Mí na bhFiann, agus oibrí a bhí ann comh maith agus a bhí sa pharóiste. Bhaineadh sé an-mhórán mónadh, agus ina chuideachta sin bhíodh an-churaíocht déanta aige, agus choinníodh sé eallach féaraigh.

Bhí sé ar an phortach aon tráthnóna amháin, agus é ag cruachadh mhónadh. Bhí an clapholas ann, ach ba mhaith leis an chruach a chríochnú sula gcuinníodh sé an t-eallach. Chruinníodh sé iad gach uile thráthnóna, agus d'fhágadh sé ar thalamh shábháilte iad. Nuair a chríochnaigh sé an chruach, rug sé ar a bhata agus d'imigh. Ba ghairid uilig a bhí siúlta aige go dtáinig an oíche air. Tháinig sé ar pholl mór dubh i lár an chaoráin agus an t-abar in uachtar ann. Sheas sé ag amharc air, agus rinn sé iontas mór caidé a ba chiontaigh

Another day he was passing a place where a group of men were saving turf. It was a hot airless day. Some of them asked him to raise a wind to cool them. He asked one of them if he had a handkerchief. He said he had, and gave it to him. He put three knots in it and handed it back to the man.

"Now," said he, "untie one of those knots, and if you have not enough breeze, you may untie the second knot, but be sure not to untie the third knot!"

He went off then. They untied one knot and a nice breeze arose. In a little while they thought they would untie the second knot to see what would happen. A fine strong wind blew. By dinner-time one said to the other that they should untie the third knot to see what would happen. Some were willing to do it and some were not, but the end of it was that the third knot was untied. A big gale arose and they were blown into the turf-banks, and it was on their hands and knees they made their way home. When they reached the houses the day was as quiet and peaceful as it had been when they left home.

53. MAGIC GOT FROM THE FAIRIES

These wee folk used to be in the moors as well as on the hills and in the sea. There was a man living up here in Mí na bhFiann who was as good a worker as there was in the parish. He used to save a lot of turf, and as well as that he did a lot of tilling and kept grazing cattle.

One afternoon he was on the bog stacking turf. It was twilight but he wanted to finish the stack before he gathered his cattle. He used to gather them every evening and leave them in a sheltered place. When he finished the stack he seized his stick and left. He had not gone far before night fell. In the middle of the moor he came on a big black hole with mud lying on the surface. He stood looking

leis. Ach nuair a bhí sé tamall ag amharc tí sé cineál de fhoscladh mhór síos ins an talamh. Ní thearn sé aon dath ach an bata a bhualadh ann.

"Anois," arsa seisean, "tífidh mé an bata sin nuair a bheas mé ag tarraingt ar an bhaile."

D'imigh sé, agus fuair sé an t-eallach, agus shocraigh sé iad. Phill sé ar an pholl ansin, agus tharraing sé an bata, agus chuir sé faoina ascaill é, agus ní thearn sé aon dath ach a léim a ghearradh isteach síos ins an pholl. D'imigh sé síos leis ansin go dtí gur bhuaill sé an talamh cruaidh ar íochtar, agus bhuaill sé ar an tsiúl. Shiúil sé leis go dtáinig sé ionns ar chaisleán a rabh mórán daoine ann. Bhí ceol agus pléisiúr an domhain ansin, agus ithe agus ól. Shuidh sé isteach ina measc, ach má shuidh, níor ith sé aon ghreim. Bhí siad ag caint agus ag comhrá, agus ag gabháil do gach uile chineál seanchais, ach ar ball dar leisean go rabh an t-am aige a bheith ag tarraingt ar an bhaile.

"Sílim," arsa seisean, "go bhfuil sé ag éirí comhgarach do am codlata, agus tá an t-am agamsa a bheith ag tarraingt ar an bhaile."

"M'anam!" arsa fear dá rabh ina shuí ann, "go bhfuil sé in am codlata mhaith feasta!"

"Caidé an tuairim ama, do bharúil, atá sé?" arsa seisean.

"Beidh solas an lae agat," arsa seisean, "in uair eile."

"Tí Dia sinn!" arsa an diúlach, "beidh siad amuigh mo chuartú!"

"Má bhíonn féin," arsa fear inteacht eile, "ar ndóiche, tá tú sábháilte go leor."

D'éirigh fear acu nuair a bhí sé ag gabháil amach, agus shiúil sé leis gur chuir sé amach aníos ar an talamh shábháilte é.

"Anois," arsa seisean, "nuair a thiofais an lá amárach gabh anonn chun an chnoic sin thall os do choinne, agus gheobhaidh tú dhá chnap óir ann. Tá siad déanta suas go díreach mar bheadh iarann smúdála. Tá siad ag tosú leathan ar íochtar, agus tá siad ag cúnglú suas go gcuirf gini mullach orthu."

Ní thearn an diúlach mórán moille go dteachaidh sé anonn, agus nuair a bhí sé ag tarraingt ar an chnoc, tí sé an dá chnap óir. Ach nuair a chuaigh sé ní ba chomhgarai daofa bhí dhá shaighdiúir ina seasamh ag na cnapannaí—fear ar gach aon taoibh—agus ní tháinig leis méar a leagan ar cheachtar den dá chnap. Chuaigh sé ar ais abhaile, agus é briste brónach.

at it and wondering what caused it. After some time he noticed a kind of big opening down into the ground. He stuck his stick into it.

"Now," said he to himself, "I'll see the stick on my way home."

He went off and found his cattle and settled them. Then he returned to the hole and pulled out his stick and put it under his arm, and what did he do but take a jump into the hole. He went down until he hit hard ground at the bottom and began to walk until he reached a castle where there were many people, singing and great entertainment and eating and drinking. He sat in amongst them but he did not eat anything. They were talking and conversing and telling all kinds of stories until at last he thought it must be time for him to go home.

"I think," he said, "it is getting near bed-time and it is time for me to be going home."

"By my soul!" said a man who was sitting there, "it is well past bed-time!"

"What time would you think it is?"

"We will have the light of day in another hour."

"God behold us! They will be out searching for me!"

"Even if they are," said another man, "sure you are quite safe."

When he was going out one of the men rose and walked with him until he had put him out above on the solid earth.

"Now," said he, "when tomorrow comes go over to that hill opposite and you will get two lumps of gold. They are shaped exactly like smoothing irons, broad at the bottom and narrowing in, so that a guinea would cover them."

The fellow did not delay long before going over and as he approached the hill he saw the two lumps of gold, but as he got nearer them there were two soldiers standing by the lumps, one on each side, and so he was not able to lay a finger on either of the lumps. He returned home downcast.

Ach i ndiaidh an ama seo théadh sé a dhéanamh cleasannaí. Chualaí mé féin fear ag rá go bhfacai sé é ag tabhairt an tsaoiste isteach ar an doras agus suas go dtí gur chuir sé as an tine, agus gan aon deor fharraige ní ba chomhgarai ná dhá shichead míle dó.

Bhí sé lá aonaigh amháin, agus ní rabh aon fhear fá na bailte nach rabh muc acu le cur chun aonaigh ach é féin. Dheamhan dath a rinn sé ach a ghabháil amach chun an chuibrinn, agus slámán de bhuafalláin bhuí a tharraingt. Rinn sé muc daofa, agus d'imigh sé. Chuaigh sé chun aonaigh, agus ba í a mhuc an chéad mhuc ar an aonach a dfoladh. Bhí go maith. Nuair a bhí an ceannachóir ag tabhairt na muice leis, bhí sé dá tabhairt trasna ar áit a rabh uisce ag reathaidh trasna an bhealaigh mhóir. Comh luath géar is a chuaigh an mhuc trasna ar an uisce, thui' sí ina cnap buafalláin bhuí. Phill an ceannachóir, agus thug sé iarraidh ar an dítlach, agus fuair sé greim gualanna air. Ní thearn sé ach a theacht thart ar an tsráid, agus an sciathán a ligean leis. Scanraigh an t-anam amach as an fhear sin, ní nach ionadh, agus bhain sé na bonnaí as chomh tiubh is a bhí sé in innimh, ach sular imigh sé d'íoc sé an t-airgead leis. Nuair a bhí an ceannachóir ag tarraingt ar na Cealla chuir sé a lámh ina phóca go bhfeicfeadh sé an dtug sé an briseadh ceart dó, agus nuair a chuir sé síos a lámh, ní rabh le fáil aige ach aoileach gearráin!

54. BONN AIRGID SA LÁ GO DTÍ GUR

SCEITHEADH AN RÚN

Is minic a chualaí mé iomrá ar dhaoine a gheibheadh airgead sí sa tsean-am, agus in amannaí nuair a gheibheadh siad an t-airgead seo, leanadh sé ag teacht chucu ar feadh a saoil, dá mbeadh siad gan trácht air le duine ar bith.

Bhí gabha ina chónaí amuigh anseo i gCill Chartha fad ó shin, agus bhí mac amháin aige. Bhí an mac ina ghaibhneoirí go díreach comh maith leis an athair, ná b'fhéidir lán ní b'fhearr. Maidin Domhnaigh amháin, bhí an mac ina shuí go luath, agus níor mhothaigh sé ariamh go dtáinig an marcach seo aníos chun dorais chuige. Rinn sé iontas caidé an ghairm a bheadh ar dhuine ar bith fán am sin ar maidin, agus chuaigh sé amach, agus chuaigh chun cainte leis an mharcach.

But after this time he used to perform tricks.

I myself heard a man say he had seen him bring the waves in the door and over to where they put out the fire, and there was no sea nearer than forty miles away.

One fair day he was the only man of the neighbouring townlands who had not a pig to sell. Devil a thing did he do but go into a field and pull a bunch of yellow ragweed and make a pig of it. He went to the fair and his pig was the first sold that day. Well and good. When the buyer was taking the pig home he took it across a place where water was running across the road. Immediately the pig crossed the water it changed into a heap of yellow ragweed. The buyer turned back and made for the fellow and caught him by the shoulders, but the other merely swung around in the street and let the arm go with him. The buyer was frightened out of his life and ran off as quickly as he could, but before he went the fellow paid him his money. When the buyer was approaching Killybegs he put his hand in his pocket to see if he had got the right change, and there was nothing there but horse-dung!

54. A COIN DAILY UNTIL SECRET TOLD

I have often heard tell of people who got fairy money in the old days, and sometimes if those who got it did not speak of it to anyone it would keep on coming to them as long as they lived.

There was a smith living out here in Kilcar long ago who had an only son, and the son was as good a smith as the father or perhaps even better. One Sunday morning the son rose early and the first thing he knew there was a horseman at the door. He wondered why anyone would call so early in the morning and he went out and spoke to the horseman.

"An gcuirfeá crú ar mo bheathach?" arsa seisean le mac an ghabha.

"Seo am greannmhar a bheith ag teacht chun ceárta!" arsa mac an ghabha. "Chuirfinn crú, cinnte, ar do bheathach," arsa seisean, "ach má tá ceann de chineál ar bith air daingneochaidh mé, agus caithfidh tú a theacht leis sin inniu."

"Maith go leor!" arsa an marcach.

Dhaingnigh sé an crú, agus bhí an marcach breá sásta.

"Caidé do pháighe anois?" arsa seisean le mac an ghabha.

"Ní ghlacfaidh mé pighin rua," arsa seisean, "ar shon cineál ar bith oibre dá ndéanfaidh mé Dé Domhnaigh!"

"Maith go leor!" arsa seisean, agus d'imigh sé leis.

Ar maidin lá tharna mhárach chuaigh an fear óg amach chun an cheárta, agus fuair sé bonn dhá scilling ina luf ar an inneoir, lá tharna n-órthaoir, mar an gcéanna, agus gach aon lá ar feadh bliana.

Lá amháin, tháinig an t-athair isteach, agus d'fhiafraigh sé den mháthair an rabh briseadh ar bith aici. Ins an am údaí ní bhíodh airgead ag duine ar bith ach amháin ag ceannurradh an toighe. Ba í bean an toighe a ba ghnách an t-airgead a choinneáil don ghabha.

"Bhail, níl," arsa sise, "níl briseadh ar bith agam," arsa sise, "ach tá briseadh go leor i bpóca an fhir óig."

"Briseadh," arsa an gabha, "i bpóca an fhir óig!"—agus chuaigh an fear sin amach as a chéill. "Cá bhfaigheadh seisean briseadh?" arsa seisean.

Scairt sí isteach ar an fhear óg, agus cuireadh ionann is goiste air istigh sa teach fá chuntas a thabhairt ins an airgead a bhí ina chuid pócaí. D'inis an mac an fhrinne fán airgead, agus fán mharcach a tháinig go doras an cheárta bliain roimhe sin ar dhaingnigh sé an crú dó. Ach ón lá sin amach ní bhfuair sé aon phighin rua ar an inneoir. Ar an bhomaite ar thrácht sé ar an airgead agus ar inis sé fán dóigh a rabh sé ag teacht bhí sé réidh leis go deo.

55. AN SCILLING SÍ

Bhí fear ina chónaí istigh anseo i nGleann Mhálanna fad ó shin a dtugadh siad Padaí Ó Gadhra air. Bhí sé oíche amháin ina shaol thoir ar An Chaiseal i nGleann Cholm Cille. Nuair a bhí a ghnoithe déanta ansin aige thug sé a aghaidhe ar an bhaile. Bhí oíche dheas

"Will you put a shoe on my horse?" said he to the smith's son.

"This is a strange time to come to a forge!" said the smith's son. "I could, surely, put a shoe on your horse, but if there is any kind of shoe at all on it I will tighten it, and you will have to do with that today."

He tightened the shoe and the fine horseman was satisfied.

"What do I pay now?" he asked the smith's son, who replied:

"I will not take a penny for any kind of work I do on Sunday!"

"Very well," said the other, and he rode off.

Next morning the young man went out to the forge and found a two shilling piece lying on the anvil, and so it was next day and every day for a year.

One day the father came in and asked the mother if she had any change. At that time only the head of the house had any money, and it was his wife who kept the money for the smith.

"Well, no," she said, "I have no change at all, but there is plenty of change in the young man's pocket."

"Change in the young man's pocket!" said the smith angrily. "Where would he get change?"

She called the young man in, and he was put through an interrogation to explain the money in his pocket. The son told the truth about the money and the horseman who had come to the forge a year before and his tightening the shoe for him. But from that day forward he found not as much as a penny on the anvil. The moment he told about the money and how he came by it there was an end to it for him for ever.

55. THE FAIRY SHILLING

There was a man named Paddy Ó Gadhra living beyond in Malin Glen long ago. One evening he had gone west to Caiseal in Glencolmcille and when his business was finished he faced towards home. It

réabghealaí ann, agus nuair a bhí sé ag gabháil siar Dún Ált, ins an áit a bhfuil an Screig Mhór, bhí bean ina seasamh ansin ar thaoibh an bhealaigh mhóir, agus bascóid ar an bhealach mhór dá leataoibh. Bheannaigh sé daoithi, agus bheannaigh an bhean dó. Chrom sí agus thóg sí an bhascóid, agus shiúil sí leis cos ar chois siar an bealach. Ach rinn sé amach ón dóigh a rabh sí ag athrú na bascóide ó láimh go láimh, go gcaithfeadh an bhascóid a bheith an-trom.

"Taigheamsa an bhascóid sín, le do thoil," arsa seisean, "agus iomparóchaidh mé giota duit í!"

Thug sí buíochas dó, agus shín sí an bhascóid chuige, agus nuair a rug sé uirthi rinn sé an t-an-iontas daoithi. Ní rabh aon mheáchan sa bhascóid ar chor ar bith. Smaoitigh sé go gcaithfeadh sé gur folamh a bhí sí.

Shiúil siad leofa, agus níor inis duine acu don duine eile cé é féin, ná níor fhiafraigh ceachtar acu cá hainm an duine eile. Nuair a bhí siad thiar ag croisbhealach Mhálanna Móire, dúirt Padaí go rabh seisean ag gabháil bealach Ghleann Mhálanna, agus go mb'fhéidir narbh é sin an bealach céanna a bhí síse ag gabháil.

"Ó, is é!" arsa síse, "tá mise ag gabháil soir anseo toigh Jimí Jeck, agus beidh mé ag fuireacht ann go maidin."

Shiúil sí soir cos ar chois le Padaí, agus ba é an teach a rabh sí ag tarraingt air an teach a ba neise do theach Phadaí ar an taoibh thoir de. Chuaigh sé léithi an fad sin, agus d'fhág sé slán aici ansin. Nuair a shín sé an bhascóid chuici, d'fhiafraigh sí de an rabh sé ag ól.

"Bhail," arsa seisean, "nuair a bhím ag aonach ná ag margadh ólaim gloine, cinnte."

Chuir sí a lámh ina póca, agus shín sí scilling chuige.

"Anois," a deir sí, "an chéad teach tábhairne a mbeidh tú ann, ól mo shláinte!"

D'fhág sí slán agus beannacht aige ansin, agus d'imigh Padaí suas chun a thoighe féin, agus thug síse a haghaidhe suas ar theach Jimí Jeck, agus ní fhacaí sé ní ba mhó í.

Ar maidin lá tharna mhárach nuair a d'éirigh Padaí, smaoitigh sé nuair a d'éirigh sé go rachadh sé suas go bhfeicfeadh sé cé an bhean choimhthíoch a tháinig toigh Jimí Jeck. D'fhiafraigh sé daofa cé an bhean choimhthíoch í sin a tháinig aréir chucu.

"Spleoid ort!" arsa Jimí, arsa seisean, "ní fhacaí mise bean ar bith!"

was a fine moonlit night, and as he was going west by Dún Ált at Screig Mhór there was a woman standing at the side of the road with a basket beside her. He greeted her and she greeted him. She bent down and lifted the basket and walked in step with him along the road. He made out from the way she was changing the basket from hand to hand that it must be very heavy.

"Give me that basket, please," he said, "and I will carry it a bit for you."

She thanked him and handed the basket to him. When he took it he was very much surprised because it had no weight at all and he thought it must be empty. They walked on, but neither of them said who he or she was nor asked the other's name. When they reached the cross-roads at Malinmore Paddy said he was going to Malin Glen and maybe that was not the way she was going.

"O, it is!" said she, "I am going east to Jimí Jeck's house and I will be staying there till morning."

She walked step by step with Paddy. The house she was making for was the next house to Paddy's own on the east. He went as far as it with her and bade her farewell then. When he handed the basket to her, she asked him if he drank.

"Well," said he, "when I am at a fair or market to be sure I will drink a glass."

She put her hand in her pocket and handed a shilling to him.

"Now," she said, "the next time you are in a tavern, drink my health!"

Then she bade him farewell. Paddy went to his own house and she went towards Jimí Jeck's house and he saw her no more.

Next morning when Paddy rose he thought he would find out who the unknown woman was, and so he went up to Jimí Jeck's and asked them who was this woman who had come to them last night.

"Blast you!" said Jimí, "I saw no woman at all!"

"Bhail, tá sin iontach go leor," arsa Padaí, ag inse dó mar d'inis mise duitse fán bhean seo a bhí leis rith an bhealaigh as Gleann, agus gur inis sí dó go rabh sí ag gabháil a stopadh anseo go maidin.

Bhí go maith agus ní rabh go holc. Bhí unsa tobaca a dhíth ar Phadaí eadar sin agus an oíche, agus chuaigh sé siar ionns ar fhear siopa a bhí i Málainn Mhóir, agus d'iarr sé unsa tobaca air. Thug fear an tsiopa sin dó, agus chaith sé anonn an scilling, agus fuair sé a bhriseadh arais as an scilling. Ag teacht aniar an bealach mór dó chuir sé a lámh ina phóca, agus nuair a dhearc sé ar an airgead a bhí ina phóca, bhí an briseadh agus an scilling arais aige.

Bhí sé ag gabháil mar sin ar feadh fada go leor. Ba chuma cé an teach siopa ná teach tábhairne a rachadh sé isteach ann, rud ar bith dá gceannafódh sé, gheobhadh sé a bhriseadh, agus nuair a chuirfeadh sé a lámh ina phóca bhí an scilling arais ann. Choinnigh sé mar sin í ar feadh chupla bliain, ach fá dheireadh ghlac sé eagla roimpi. Bhí eagla air go mb'fhéidir go dtiocfadh sé de thaisme air in am íteacht go n-ólfadh sé barraíocht, agus nach rabh fhios caidé a d'éireochadh dó—go mb'fhéidir gurbh é sin an t-ábhar ar cuireadh ina chasán í.

Chuaigh sé ionns ar an tsagart a bhí i nGleann, agus d'inis sé don tsagart caidé mar bhí. Chuir an sagart an ribín ar a mhúineál, agus ghearr sé an Chroich Chéasta ar an scilling, agus d'imigh sí ina braon uisce. Chuir sin deireadh le scilling sí Phadaí Ó Gadhra.

56. AIRGEAD SÍ A FUAIR BUACHAILL MISNIÚIL

Bhí sé ina ghnás mhór anseo fad ó shin ó thiocfadh na crúba ar bharr an raithnigh ag fir na háite a ghabháil a dh'iascaireacht ballán fá na creagacha. Bhí beirt bhuachaillí ar an bhaile seo, agus bhí rún acu a ghabháil a dh'iarraidh ballán lá tharna mhárach. Bhain siad slugaí, agus chuaigh siad a luí go luath ar scór a bheith ar a gcois le bodhránacht an lae. Ní rabh am ná clog ar bith ag gabháil ins an am, agus ní rabh ag na daoine ach cibé tuairim a bhaineadh siad as grian agus gealach. Bhí gealach dheireadh oíche ann san am, agus d'éirigh fear acu go luath, agus shíl sé gurbh é solas an lae a bhí ann. Rinn sé réidh toirseann¹ íteacht dó féin le hithe, agus ansin tharraing sé ar an fhear eile gur chuir sé ina shuí é.

1. Alpán bídh.

"Well, that is very strange," said Paddy, telling him what I have told you about the woman who had been all the way from Glencolmcille with him and who had told him she was going to stop there overnight.

Well and good. Between then and nightfall Paddy needed an ounce of tobacco and went west to a shop in Malinmore and asked for the tobacco. The man of the shop gave it to him and he threw over the shilling and got the change out of it. Going the road home from the west he put his hand in his pocket and looked at his money and saw that he had the change and the shilling as well.

He went on like that for a long time. No matter what shop or tavern he would go into he would get change for anything he would buy and when he put his hand in his pocket the shilling would be back in it. He kept it in that way for a couple of years, but at last he began to fear it. He feared that it might lead him some time to drink too much and to some unknown calamity—that that was maybe why it had been put in his way.

He went to the priest in Glencolmcille and told what had happened. The priest put his stole around his neck and made the Sign of the Cross on the shilling and it vanished as a drop of water. That was the end of Paddy Ó Gadhra's fairy shilling.

56. FAIRY MONEY FOR A DARING BOY

As soon as the tops of the bracken began to curl it was a great custom here long ago for the men to go fishing for rockfish from the rocks. Two boys from this townland decided they would go fishing next day. They gathered lugworms and went to bed early so as to be on their feet by the break of day. There were no clocks to tell the time in those days and the people had to depend on their own observation of sun and moon. It was a moon of the end of night and one of the boys rose thinking it was daylight. He prepared food for himself and then went to the other boy and roused him.

Bhí go maith agus ní rabh go holc. Thug an bheirt leofa na slatacha agus na baoití—na slugaí—agus d'imigh siad an aichearra ag tarraingt ar Thor Conaill. Bhí áit an-uaigneach ar an bhealach a dtugann daoine Léana an Chró air, agus nuair a bhí siad ag gabháil siar mhothaigh siad an támhach-táisc agus an tormán a bhí mór go leor. Tá léana cothrom ins an áit a mbíodh gasraí an cheantair ag iomáin ann fad ó shin, agus nuair a chuaigh siad ar amharc an léana bhí an slua bheatha ansin thart ina bhfáinne i lár an léana, agus seandúine beag críon caite ina shuí síos istigh i gcroí an fháinne. Nuair a bhí na buachaillí ag tarraingt orthu bhris siad an fáinne, agus d'fhág siad áit ag an bheirt a ghabháil isteach ann. Bhí fear acu sásta a ghabháil isteach, ach dúirt an fear eile—bhí sé ní ba sheanchríonna—go mb'fhéidir go mb'fhearr daofa reathaigh sleamhain leofa agus gan baint ar bith a bheith acu leofa ar chor ar bith. Ní rabh maith a bheith leis an fhear óg, thaitin an greann a bhí acu leis, agus d'fhan sé acu ansin go dtáinig ball bán ar an lá. Bhí an fear eile ina shuí ar chreig rith an ama agus eagla a anma air nuair a d'imeodh siad go dtabharfadh siad a chomrádaí leofa. Ach nuair a chonaic an fear a bhí san fháinne an lá ag teacht, smaoitigh sé go mb'fhéidir go mbeadh a chomrádaí ag éirí inmíoch, agus dar leis go rabh an t-am aige a bheith ag baint giota de.

"Bhail, anois, a bhunadh seo," ar seisean, "tá an t-am agamsa a bheith ag tarraingt ar mo chomrádaí, agus caithfidh mé a bheith bhur bhfágáil. Thaitin an chuideachta go mór liom, agus tá mé buíoch daoibh."

"Bhail," arsa an seandúine beag lena chuideachta féin, "caidé atá sibh ag gabháil a thabhairt do na buachaillí breátha seo a d'fhan againn agus a choinnigh cuideachta linn ó tháinig an oíche?"

Dúirt an bhaicle uilig as béal a chéile nach dtabharfadh siad luach na leithphighne don fhear nach rachadh isteach ins an fháinne.

"Bhail, anois," arsa an seandúine leis an fhear a chuaigh san fháinne, "tá lorg seanchruaiche thíos ansin, agus líon do chuid pócaí lán den ghrámar a gheobhas tú ansin, agus b'fhéidir go rachadh sé chun sochair duit lá is faide anonn ná an lá inniu."

Tharraing sé síos ar lorg na cruaike, agus lean an fear eile é, agus líon an bheirt na pócaí lán gramhair, agus nuair a phill siad arais bhí an bhaicle bheag ar siúl, agus ní fhacaí siad aon amharc orthu ní ba mhó. Bhí a sáith den lá acu ansin le ghabháil go Tor Conaill. Chuaigh, agus chuaigh siad a dh'iascaireacht. Bhí aiste

Well and good. The pair took their rods and bait and went by the short cut to Tor Conaill. There was a very lonely place on the way called Léana an Chró and as they were going through it they heard great noise and hubbub. There is a level sward there where the boys of the district used to play hurling long ago. When they looked at the sward the immortal host were standing in a circle in the middle of it and there was a little withered old man sitting in the centre of the circle. When the boys went near, the circle opened to let them join in. One of the boys wanted to enter but the other, who was older, said it would be better perhaps to slip away and not have anything to do with them. It was no good talking to the younger boy, who liked the sport they were having, and he stayed with them until the white light of day. The other boy sat on a rock all the time in terror of his soul that they would take his comrade away. However when the boy in the circle saw the daybreak he remembered that his comrade might be anxious about him and that it was time to reassure him.

"Well now, you folk," he said, "it is time for me to join my comrade and I must leave you. I liked the company very much and I am grateful to you."

"Well," said the little old man to his companions, "what will you give these fine boys who stayed with us and kept us company since nightfall?"

The whole crowd said with one voice that they would not give a halfpenny's worth to the boy who would not enter the circle.

"Well, now," said the old man to the boy who had come into the circle, "there is the remains of an old turf-stack down there: fill your pockets with the turf-dust and maybe it will benefit you in the days to come."

He went down to where the turf-stack had been, and the other boy followed him. Both of them filled their pockets with the turf-dust. When they returned the little people had gone, and they never saw them again. There was plenty of the day left to go to Tor Conaill, and they went on to fish. The rockfish were biting well,

bhrea ar na balláin, ach ba ghairid a bhí fear an ghramhair ag iascaireacht go dteachaidh a fhabhair i bhfastó agus chaill sé í. Sháith sé a lámh ina phóca go bhfaghadh sé fabhair úr, agus caidé a fuair sé ina phóca in áit an ghramhair ach ginfócha óir! Scairt sé leis an fhear eile a bhí ag iascaireacht ar an taoibh eile den tor, agus caidé a fuair seisean ina phóca ach aoileach gearráin!

Nuair a chaith siad an taoile ag iascaireacht ar an tor tharraing an bheirt ar an bhaile, agus gallach maith ballán leofa, agus ní rabh aon lá ón lá sin go dtí an lá a chuaigh an fear a chuaigh san fháinne i dtalamh nach rabh saibhreas ag éirí sa mhullach air. D'fhág siad an créatúr eile fuar folamh, ach bhí an eagla airsean rompu.

57. AIRGEAD A GOIDEADH Ó BHEAN CHINEÁLTA AGUS A TUGADH ARAIS DÍ

Bhí lánúin amuigh ansin i gCró an Cheo, agus an oíche roimhe aonach an Droichid, rinn siad comhairle go dtiocfadh siad chun aonaigh, agus go gceannóchadh siad bó. Chruinnigh siad suas cibé airgead a bhí fán teach, agus thug an bhean don fhear ar maidin é, agus d'iarr sí air imeacht.

"Nuair a gheobhas mé féin obair an toighe críochnaithe," a deir sí, "rachaidh mé siar fosta. Gabh síos chun aonaigh agus, ar ndóiche bó ar bith a shásóchas thú féin, ná bí ag fuireacht liomsa, ach ceannaigh í!"

D'imigh an fear leis, agus luach na bó leis ina phóca, agus nuair a chuir síse deireadh le hobair an toighe, rinn sí réidh, agus theann sí uirthi agus tharraing sí ar an aonach fosta. Nuair a bhí sí ag teacht anuas leitir ag Droichead Dhroim na Fionagla, bhí bean bhocht ina suí ar thaoibh an bhealaigh mhóir agus páiste aici.

"Bhail," a deir sí le bean Chró an Cheo, "is trua Dia nach suíonn tú anseo agus an páiste seo a choinneáil uaim. Chuaigh m'fhear síos chun an bhaile mhóir, agus is fada liom atá sé amuigh, agus ba mhaith liom feiceáil caidé atá dá choinneáil."

Bhí sí seo ina bean neambuartha i gcás ar bith, agus bhí truaighe aici do bhean an tsiúil agus rug sí ar an pháiste, agus shuidh sí síos ar thaoibh an bhealaigh mhóir agus an páiste ar a glún. D'imigh an bhean siúil síos chun an bhaile mhóir. Ach siocair an páiste a bheith

but the younger boy had not been fishing long before his leaden sink got stuck and he lost it. He put his hand in his pocket for another sink, and what did he find in his pocket but golden guineas instead of turf-dust! He called to his comrade who was fishing on the other side of the rock, but what did the comrade find in his pocket but horse-dung!

When they had spent the tide fishing by the rock they both went home with a good catch of rockfish. There was never a day from then until the day he was buried that the boy who went into the circle was not getting richer. They left the other creature cold and empty-handed, but he had been afraid of them.

57. STOLEN MONEY RESTORED TO A KIND WOMAN

There was a couple out there at Cró an Cheo, and the night before the fair of Kilcar they decided that they would come to the fair and buy a cow. They gathered together all the money they had in the house, and in the morning the wife gave it to the husband and told him to go ahead.

"When I get the work of the house done," she said, "I will follow you. Go into the fair and, sure, if there is any cow that satisfies yourself buy it and don't be waiting on me."

The husband went off with the price of the cow in his pocket. When his wife had finished the housework she got ready and hurried on her way to the fair. When she was going down the slope to Dromnafinagle Bridge there was a poor travelling woman with a child sitting by the side of the road.

"Well," said the poor woman to her, "for God's pity, would you not sit and keep this child for me! My husband went into the town, he is a long time away and I would like to go and see what is keeping him."

She was always good-humoured and she had pity for the travelling woman so she took the child and sat down by the side of the road with the child on her knee. The travelling woman went down into the town. Because of having the child she pulled her shawl over her

aici tharraing sí an seál amach ar a ceann sa dóigh nach n-aithneochadh duine ar bith í a bheadh ag gabháil an bealach, agus ní rabh le feiceáil ach barr a sróine. Nuair a bhí sí tamall maith ina suí mar sin tháinig scodaí de fhear scaoilte aníos an bealach mór, agus nuair a bhí sé ina sheasamh díreach os a coinne, chaith sé haincirsean a rabh sníom air isteach ina hucht, agus as go bráth arais leis síos an bealach mór arais. Scaoil sí an haincirsean go bhfeiceadh sí caidé an cineál ceangaltán a bhí ann, agus caidé a bhí ann ach an t-airgead a thug sí dá fear ar maidin ag fágáil an bhaile dó leis an bhó a cheannacht.

Bhí go maith. Bfódh fhios agatsa go rabh sí ag súil go cruaidh le bean an pháiste pilleadh arais. Faoi chionn tamaill ina dhiaidh sin tháinig an bhean bhocht arais, agus chuaigh síos an bealach ina haircis. Shín sí an páiste chuici, agus d'imigh sí síos chun aonaigh. Ní rabh sí í bhfad ar an aonach go bhfacáí a fear í, agus tháinig sé chuici agus é ag caoineadh.

"Caidé atá ort, a liobracháin bhoicht?" arsa síse.

"Ó, níl iontas ar bith domh a bheith ag caoineadh!" ar seisean. "Chaill mé luach na bó!" arsa seisean.

"Ó, bhail," arsa síse, "siúil leat isteach go teach na tábhairne anseo go n-ólaimid gloine! B'fhéidir," arsa síse, "gurab é an rud é is fearr a d'éirigh ariamh duit."

"Ó, maise, ní hé," arsa seisean, "nó níl luach an ghloine agam!" arsa seisean.

"Is cuma duit," arsa síse, "tá scilling agamsa anseo, agus rachaimid isteach, agus ólfaimid an scilling."

Chuaigh an lánúin isteach, agus fuair síse dhá ghloine biotáilte, agus d'foc sí ar a son, agus nuair a bhí sin déanta aici, chuir sí a lámh ina póca, agus shín luach na bó chuige arais.

"Anois," arsa síse, "gabh amach agus ceannaigh do bhó!"

Chuaigh sé amach, agus cheannaigh sé a bhó, agus níor cheannaigh sé aon bhó ariamh ina dhiaidh sin ná roimpi a bhí comh sona léithi. Ar ndóiche, bhí intinn acu ariamh ina dhiaidh sin gur lánúin de chuid na gcnoc an bhean a rabh an páiste aici ar thaoibh an bhealaigh mhóir, agus an fear a bhain an t-airgead de. Bhí a bhean míshásta leis nuair a chonaic sí comh cineálta carthannach agus a bhí a bhean, agus thug sí air luach na bó a fhágáil arais.

head so that no one going the way would recognize her: all that could be seen was the tip of her nose. After she had been sitting that way for a good while a swift-moving fellow came up the road, stood directly opposite her, threw a knotted handkerchief into her bosom, and off with him quickly down the road again. She untied the handkerchief to see what was inside, and what was it but the money she had given her husband that morning when he was leaving home to buy a cow!

Well and good. You may know that she was waiting eagerly for the return of the woman who had left the child with her. A while later the poor woman returned and she went down the road to meet her. She handed her the child and went down into the fair. She was not long there before her husband saw her and came towards her weeping.

"What ails you, my poor down-in-the-mouth?" she asked.

"O, it is no wonder I am weeping," said he. "I lost the money for the cow!"

"O well," said she, "let us go into the tavern here and have a drink. Maybe it is the best thing that ever happened to you."

"O musha, it is not," said he, "and I haven't the price of a drink."

"Don't worry," she said, "I have a shilling and we will go in and drink the shilling's worth."

The couple went in and she got two glasses of whiskey and paid for them, and when that was done she put her hand in her pocket and handed him back the price of the cow.

"Now," said she, "go out and buy your cow!"

He went out and bought his cow, and he never bought a cow before or after that was as lucky. Indeed, they were ever of the mind afterwards that the woman with the child at the side of the road and the man who had taken his money from the husband were a couple of the hill-folk. The fairy woman was displeased with the fairy man when she saw how kind and charitable the wife was and she made him give back the price of the cow.

58. GRÁINNÍN MULLAIGH CHRUACHÁIN

Bhí iomrá mór ar na daoine beaga fad ó shin, ach tá mórán daoine óga anois nach gcreideann go rabh a leithéidí ariamh ann. Ach ins an am a rabh siad ann, bhí am ní b'fhearr ann ná atá anois ann! Bhí na daoine ag teacht i dtír iontu féin, agus iad beo go mór ar mhín choirce. Chuireadh siad uilig oiread coirce agus go mblodh a sáith mine acu dá bharr, agus ní bhíodh teach ar bith sa tír gan mealldar mine a bheith ina shuí sa chlúid ann roimh an Nollaig.

Bhí teach ar a leithéid seo de bhaile (nach bhfuil i bhfad uainn) agus lá amháin i dtús Mhí na Bealtaine ní rabh duine ar bith faoi chreata an toighe ach bean an toighe í féin. Bhí cuid acu sa phortach cuid fán chnoc, agus bhí cuid scabtha thall is abhus gach uile áit.

Anonn tamall beag roimh an mheán lae de lá, shiúil an bhean bheag rua seo isteach ar an doras ionns ar bhean an toighe. Bheannaigh sí don bhean a bhí istigh roimpi, agus thuit an bheirt chun seanchais le chéile. Fá dheireadh d'fhiafraigh an tseanbhean bheag rua de bhean an toighe an dtiocfadh léithi iasacht gogáin mine a thabhairt daoithi, agus go dtabharfadh sí arais é nuair a gheobhadh sí a cuid féin as an mhuileann.

Bhí na daoine an-fhial flaithiúil ins an am sin, agus dúirt bean an toighe, ar ndóiche, go dtabharfadh sí daoithi oiread mine agus a bhí a dhíobháil uirthi agus céad fáilte. Bhí mála leis an tseanbhean rua, agus chuir bean an toighe lán an ghogáin mine sa mhála daoithi. Thug sí buíochas daoithi, agus d'imigh sí léithi amach ar an doras. Níor smaoitigh bean an toighe siar uirthi féin ná ar a cuid mine ní ba mhó.

Chuaigh an t-am thart, agus tháinig tús an fhómhair a bhí ag teacht. Lá amháin i dtús Mhí Mheán an Fhómhair, bhí an bhean toighe chéanna istigh léithi féin, agus cé a sciordas isteach ar an doras ach an bhean chéanna a dtug sí iasacht na mine daoithi fá Bhealtaine roimhe sin. Bheannaigh bean an toighe daoithi, agus d'iarr uirthi tarraingt aníos chun na tineadh.

"Bhail," arsa an bhean bheag rua, "tá náire mo chraicinn orm a theacht do do chóir ar chor ar bith, tá an t-iasacht seo a fhad amuigh."

"Ó, maise, ná bíodh náire ar bith ort," arsa an bhean eile, "nó ón lá sin go dtí an lá inniu níor smaoitigh mise siar ar an iasacht sin,

58. THE FINE GRAIN OF MULLACH CHRUACHÁIN

There was much talk about the wee folk long ago, but nowadays there are many young people who do not believe they ever existed. But when they existed, times were better than they are now! The people were self-supporting and lived mainly on oatmeal. Everyone planted enough oats to yield plenty of meal, and there was no house in the country that had not its own supply of oatmeal in the corner before Christmas.

There was a house in a townland not far from here, and one day in the beginning of the month of May there was no one under its rafters but the woman of the house herself. Some of the household were at the bog, some on the hill, and others scattered here and there.

A little before mid-day a little red-haired woman walked into the house. She greeted the woman of the house, and they fell to talking together. At last the little old red-haired woman asked the woman of the house if she could give her the loan of a noggin of meal and that she would give as much back when her own meal came from the mill.

People were very generous and free-handed in those days. The woman of the house said certainly she would give her as much meal as she needed and a hundred welcomes. The little old red-haired woman had a bag, and the woman of the house poured a nogginful of meal into the bag. She thanked her and went out the door. The woman of the house gave no further thought to her nor the meal.

Time passed and harvest-time came round. One day in the beginning of September the woman of the house was alone, and who should slip in through the door but the same woman to whom she had given the meal in May. The woman of the house greeted her and invited her to sit by the fire.

"Well," said the little red-haired woman, "I am ashamed of my life to come near you at all, my loan is so long outstanding."

"Musha, don't be the least bit ashamed," said the woman of the house. "From that day to this I have never given a thought

agus ní hé a chreachfadh mé dá mbeinn gan an gogán mine sin a fháil le mo shaol! Tá níos mó ná sin amuigh agamsa nach bhfaghaim go bráth!"

"Is cuma domhsa caidé tá amuigh agat, ní bhfuair mise iasacht ar bith ariamh nár mhaith liom aisíoc a dhéanamh ann. Seo í do chuid mine anois, agus má tá dadaí ann is fearr í ná an rud a thug tú domh—seo í an mhin a dtugann sinne Gráinnín Mullaigh Chruacháin uirthi!"

Comh luath géar is a chualaí bean an toighe seo, d'aithin sí go maith nár de chuid an tsaol seo an bhean a dtug sí iasacht na mine daoithi.

Bhí go maith agus ní rabh go holc. Ní rabh de sin ach sin go cionn fada go leor. Lá amháin tuairim ar bhliain ina dhiaidh rith an tseanbhean bheag chéanna isteach chun toighe, agus a hanál i mbárr a goib—

"Cá bhfuil na fir seo inniu?" a deir sí le bean an toighe.

"Tá siad amuigh sa chuibhreann," arsa sise.

"Bhail, rith amach," a deir sí, "agus abair leofa tarraingt ar a gcuid eallaigh go gasta. Tá ceann acu chóir a bheith marbh ag an chuid eile."

Rith bean an toighe amach, agus scairt sí leis na fir caidé mar bhí. Tharraing siad sin ar an eallach, agus nuair a shroichí siad iad bhí ceann acu thíos i ndíg agus an chuid eile ag gabháil daoithi comh tiubh géar is a tháinig leofa é, agus ní rabh ann ach é gur éirigh leofa a sábháil orthu.

Nuair a tháinig bean an toighe arais i ndiaidh scairtí leis na fir caidé mar bhí, bhí an bhean bheag rua imithe, agus ní fhacaí sí aon amharc uirthi ón lá sin go dtí an lá inniu. Shábháil sí an bhó an lá sin mar bhuíochas ar iasacht na mine, agus sin an t-ábhar gur ghnách leis na seandaoine uilig a rá go mb'fhearr do gach uile dhuine a bheith go maith daofa, a gcuideachta a dhiúltú agus a n-ainmneacha a mholadh!

59. ARÁN SÍ

Ins an tsean-am bhí saol cruaidh go maith ag iascairí bochtá thart anseo a chois cloiche. Ba mhinic iad ag gabháil chun na farraige ar maidin, agus gan greim acu le cur isteach ina mbéal. Bhí neathannaí uafásacha ag gabháil ins an am fosta—neathannaí nach gcreidfeadh daoine anois go rabh a leithéidí ariamh amhlaidh.

to the loan. It would not ruin me if I were never to get that noggin of meal! There is much more than that owing to me that I shall never see!"

"It does not matter to me how much else is owing to you, but I never got a loan that I did not wish to pay back. Here is your meal for you, and, if anything, it is better than what you gave me—this is the meal that *we* call 'the Grain of Mullaigh Chruacháin'!"

As soon as the woman of the house heard this she knew well that the woman to whom she had given the meal was not of this world.

Well and good. That was all there was to that for a good while. One day about a year later the same little old woman ran into the house almost breathless.

"Where are the men today?" she asked.

"They are out in the fields," said the woman of the house.

"Well, run out and tell them to hurry to your cattle! One of them is almost killed by the others."

The woman of the house ran out and shouted to the men. They made for the stock and when they reached them one cow was down in a dyke and the others were attacking her with all their might. They barely succeeded in saving her from them.

When the woman of the house came in after shouting to the men the little red-haired woman was gone, and she was never seen again. She saved the cow that day in gratitude for the loan of meal. That is why all the old people used to say that everyone should be good to them, avoid their company and praise their names!

59. THE FAIRY LOAF

In the old days the poor fishermen here by the shore had a very hard life. Often they went out to sea in the mornings without having had a bite to eat. There were terrible things going at that time too—things that people nowadays would never believe existed.

Chualaí mise trácht ar fhear bhocht a bhí ina chónaí anseo san chomharsantacht againne féin. Bhí muirín mhór lag pháistí ag an duine bhocht, agus ní rabh talamh ná tráigh aige, ná beathach cheathair gcós, ná rud ar bith eile ach an soláthar beag a bhaineadh sé den fharraige. Nuair a d'fhealladh an fharraige—agus ba mhinic sin—bhíodh an t-anás aige féin agus ag go leor comh maith leis.

In am inteacht i ndiaidh Bhliain an Drochshaoil a tharlaigh seo. Bhí an fear a bhfuil mé ag trácht air ag imeacht ar bád go luath ar maidin, agus ní rabh aon ghreim faoi bhallaí an toighe ach cupla spanóig bhracháin. Dá n-itheadh sé féin an brachán d'fhaigfeadh sé a chuid páistí gan ghreim le cur ina mbéal. B'fhearr leis féin imeacht ina thoscadh ná sin a dhéanamh. Bhí maidin chruaidh shiocáin ann nuair a d'imigh sé leis ag tarraingt ar an chladach. Ní rabh fhios cé an uair a bhlaís sé greim bídh. Shiúil sé leis, agus nuair a bhí sé ag gabháil an aichearra trasna na Páirce Báine, agus a chuir sé a chos isteach thaire chlaide a bhí ar thaoibh na páirce, bhí an bhonnóg aráin a ba bhreáichte a chonaic sé ariamh ina luí de leataobh an chasáin. Sheas sé agus d'amharc sé uirthi cupla uair ná thrí, ach ní rabh misneach aige baint daoithi. Bhí eagla air gurab é an rud a cuireadh ina bhealach í sa dóigh a dtiocfadh imeartas a dhéanamh air. Bhí ainm uasal ag an áit ar casadh an bhonnóg air, agus smaointigh sé air sin in áit na mbonn. Chuaigh daoine eile an aichearra chéanna roimhis, agus ní thug siad fá dear a leithéid ann ar chor ar bith. Shiúil sé leis giota thar an bhonnóg, agus sheas sé arís, agus smaointigh sé—dar leis féin: "Ní le holcas ar bith a cuireadh in mo bhealach an bhonnóg seo, agus nach bocht an rud domh ocras a bheith orm féin agus ar mo chuid páistí, agus á fágáil caite ansin ar an talamh i mo dhiaidh." Phill sé thart, agus thóg sé an bhonnóg, agus thug sé abhaile í. D'ith sé féin a sháith daoithi, agus rann sé ar na páistí an chuid eile daoithi, agus bhí a saíthsan uilig inti fosta.

D'imigh sé ar bád ansin, agus ní tháinig aon dath aníos nó anuas air ariamh mar mhaithe lena tógáil. Ní rabh fhios cé a d'fhág ann í, ná caidé an dóigh ar fágadh ann í, ach bhí tuairim aige féin gurbh iad na daoine beaga a chuir ina bhealach í.

I have heard tell of a poor man who lived in our neighbourhood. He had a large family of little children, and he had no land nor shore nor a four-footed beast nor anything to live on but what he could take from the sea. When the sea failed him—and that was often—he was destitute, himself and many others as well.

It was some time after the Year of the Great Famine that this happened. The man I am speaking of was to go to his boat early one morning, and there was no food within the walls of the house but a couple of spoonfuls of porridge. If he ate the porridge he would leave his children without a bite to put in their mouths. He preferred to go out fasting than to do that. It was a hard frosty morning when he went off towards the shore. There is no knowing when he had tasted a bit of food. He went on, and as he reached the short-cut across Páirc Bhán and put his leg over the wall of the field the finest loaf of bread he had ever seen was lying beside the path. He stood and looked at it two or three times but hadn't the courage to touch it. He was afraid that it had been put in his way to make game of him. The place where he had come on the loaf had the name of being gentle and he thought of that immediately. Others had taken the shortcut before him and they had not noticed it at all. He walked on a bit past the loaf, and then he stood again and thought to himself: "It was not with any malice that the loaf was put in my way, and would it not be a poor thing for me when my children and myself are hungry to leave it lying on the ground behind me!" He turned back and lifted the loaf and took it home. He ate as much as he needed himself and divided the rest among the children, and they all got as much as they needed too.

He went out in his boat then, and no harm from above or below came to him because of taking it. There was no knowing who put it there nor how it had been put there, but he himself thought that it was the wee folk who had put it in his way.

60. BEAN SÍ A THUG RABHADH DO DHAOINE FÁ STOIRM

Bhí seanbhean anseo i dTeileann fad ó shin a dtugadh siad Máire Néill Mhóir mar ainm uirthi. Ins an am sin bhí an báinnín dá dhéanamh go han-leitheadach san áit. D'imigh sí léithi, í féin agus girseach eile, maidin amháin, go hArd an Rátha le gráinnín olla a cheannacht. Nuair a bhí siad ag tarraingt isteach ar cheann an bhaile, casadh buachaill beag rua daofa. Bheannaigh siad an t-am de lá dó mar dhuine eile, agus sheas sé ag seanchas leofa.

"Tá barúil agam," arsa seisean, "gur beirt bhan sibhse a bhfuil olann a dhíth oraibh."

"Maise, tá," arsa Máire Néill Mhóir, "gráinnín olla a dhíth orainn, cinnte."

"Bhail, anois," arsa seisean, "ná bíodh barraíocht deifre oraibh ag ceannacht aon dath. Ligigí an chuid is fearr den lá thart, agus tráthnóna gabhaigí suas fá bharr na sráide. Casfar fear ansin oraibh a dhíolfas gráinnín olla libh."

"Maith go leor!" arsa siadsan.

Chuaigh siad a shiúl thart ar fud an bhaile, ag amharc ar an uile sheort dá rabh le feiceáil, ach eadar sin agus an ceathair ná an cúig a chlog, shiúl siad leofa suas go barr na sráide. Bhí buachaill ansin a rabh mála breá olla aige. Chuaigh siad chun margaidh leis, agus dúirt sé leofa go dtiocfadh an olann a cheannacht ach go gcaithfeadh seisean an mála a bheith abhaile leis agus punta den olann. Dúirt siadsan nár dhochar ar bith sin, agus go dtáinig leis sin a dhéanamh.

Cheannaigh siad an olann, agus thug an bheirt iarraidh ar an bhaile. Bhí sé ag éirí mall fán taca seo, agus go díreach nuair a tháinig siad amach go maith os cionn an bhaile, mheas siad go dtiocfadh an otche orthu, agus go mb'fhearr daofa baint fúthu i dteach inteacht go maidin. Tharraing an bheirt ar theach bheag a bhí scaite giota beag os cionn an bhealaigh mhóir, agus d'fhiafraigh siad de bhean an toighe an dtiocfadh léithi dídean an toighe a thabhairt daofa go maidin—ag inse daoithi caidé mar tharlaigh.

"Ó leoga, coinneochaidh," arsa sise, "agus fáilte!"

D'fhan an bheirt go maidin, agus nuair a fuair siad a mbricfeasta ite d'imigh siad leofa chun an bhealaigh ag iarraidh an baile a bhaint amach. Nuair a bhí siad ag tarraingt aníos ar Ghleann Gheis, tí siad bean ina suí ar an chlaoidhe, agus tuairim ar thoirt céad mheáchain léithi ar a muin. Nuair a bhí siad ag tarraingt uirthi

60. THE FAIRY WOMAN WARNS WAYFARERS OF STORM TO COME

In the old days there was a woman in Teelin named Máire Néill Mhóir. At that time bawneen flannel was being made plentifully. One morning she and another girl went to Ardara to buy some wool. As they came near the town they met a small red-haired boy, and they greeted him with a blessing on the time of day as they would greet anyone else. He stopped to speak to them.

"I think," said he, "that you two women are in need of some wool."

"Musha," said Máire Néill Mhóir, "we surely are."

"Well now," said he, "do not be in any haste to buy. Let the best part of the day pass and in the afternoon go up to the top of the town. There you will meet a man who will sell you some wool."

"Very well," said they.

They walked about through the town looking at everything that was to be seen, and about four or five o'clock they went up to the top of the street. There was a boy there who had a fine sack of wool. They bargained with him, and he said they could have it but that he must keep the sack and a pound of the wool. They said there was no harm in that and that he might do so.

They bought the wool and the pair of them set out for home. It was getting late by this time and when they were well out from the town they thought as night was about to fall it would be better for them to stay in some house until morning. They went to a little house that was a short distance from the highway and they asked the woman of the house if she would give them shelter until morning and they told her what had delayed them.

"O indeed, I will keep you and welcome!" said she.

The pair stayed until morning and after eating breakfast they set out on their way home. As they were going down through Glengesh they saw a woman sitting on the wall and she had a load of about a hundredweight on her back. As they drew near she fell.

thuit sí. Chuaigh Máire anonn go dtógadh sí í, agus nuair a rug sí greim gualanna uirthi, tháinig sí féin agus an t-ualach léithi ón talamh, mar bheadh punta meáchain.

"Bhí sibh in Ard an Rátha?" arsa an tseanbhean.

"Bhí," arsa Máire.

"Caidé," arsa sise, "an bhfuil briosaí ná dadaí libh a d'íosfadh sinn?"

"Tá," arsa Máire, ag cur a láimhe ina mála a bhí léithi, "tá cúpla briosa anseo agamsa. Nach bocht an teach a rabh tú ann ó oíche," arsa sise, "nuair nach dtiocfadh leofa dadaí a thabhairt le hithe duit. Chan dá mhaíomh an bhriosa ort!"

"Ó!" arsa sise, "bhí mé i dteach bhreá gheal thuas ansin."

Nuair a d'amharc Máire suas ní rabh aon dath san áit ar dhúirt sí a rabh an teach geal seo ach clochán mór cloch.

"Anois," arsa sise, "tá agaibh le ghabháil go Teileann?"

"Tá, cinnte," arsa Máire.

"Bhail, a chladhairí," arsa sise, "ná fásadh féar ar bith faoi bhur gcosa go mbainí sibh an baile amach! Dhéanfaidh sé tráthnóna an-doineanta eadar gaoth mhór agus fearthainn."

Shiúil an bheirt leofa comh géar is tháinig leofa, agus go díreach d'éirigh leofa Cróibh a bhaint amach nuair a thosaigh an fhearthainn. B'éigean daofa baint fúthu an oíche sin i gCróibh go maidin. Ba í sin an darna hoíche.

Bhí Máire ag déanamh amach nár den tsaol seo an bhean ar chor ar bith, ach gur de bhunadh na gcnoc í. Bhí gach uile chineál eolais aici fá dtaobh daofa. Bhí fhios aici cé an áit ar cheannaigh siad an olann agus caidé an cineál duine a dhíol leofa í, agus gach uile orlach den bhealach go Teileann. Ba ghnách le Máire a rá i gcónaí, agus ba mhinic a chualaí mé féin í á rá, nach rabh amhras ar bith aici ná gur duine de bhunadh na gcnoc a bhí sa bhean a bhí faoin ualach.

61. COR MUINEÁIL MAR MHAITHE LE DEOCH BAINNE A DHIÚLTÚ

Tháinig bean siúil isteach ionns ar bhean as an áit seo aon lá amháin, agus d'iarr sí braon bainne uirthi le tabhairt dá páiste. Bhí an bainne amuigh sa scioból ag an bhean seo, agus smaointigh sí dá dtéadh sí amach chun an sciobóil go gcaithfeadh sí an bhean

Máire went over to raise her up and when she caught her by the shoulders the woman and her load came with her as if they weighed no more than a pound.

"You were in Ardara?" said the old woman.

"We were," said Máire.

"Why then," said she, "you may have biscuits or something to eat?"

Máire put her hand in a bag she had. "I have a couple of biscuits. Wasn't it a poor house you were in last night that they couldn't give you something to eat! Not that I grudge you the biscuit."

"O," said the old woman, "I was in a fine white house up there."

When Máire looked up at the place where the fine white house should be there was nothing to be seen but a big heap of stones.

"Now," said the old woman, "you have to go to Teelin?"

"We have indeed," said Máire.

"Well, girls," she said, "do not let any grass grow under your feet until you reach home! It will be a very stormy afternoon with great winds and rain."

The pair walked on as quickly as they could, and just as they reached Cróibh the rain began. They had to stay overnight at Cróibh. That was their second night from home.

Máire always made out that the woman was not of this world at all but one of the hill-folk: she knew everything about them, where they had bought the wool, and who had sold it to them, and every inch of their way to Teelin. I often heard Máire say that she had no doubt at all that the woman with the load was one of the hill-folk.

61. WRYNECK FOR REFUSING A DRINK OF MILK

A travelling woman came in one day to a woman of this place and asked for a drop of milk for her child. The milk was out in the barn, and the woman of the house thought that if she went out to the barn she would have to leave the travelling woman indoors

siúil a fhágáil istigh ina dhiaidh. Ní rabh aon duine istigh ach í féin, agus níor mhaith léithi sin a dhéanamh. Smaoitigh sí nach rabh aon dath ní b'fhearr aici le hinse daoithi ach nach rabh bainne ar bith aici.

"Tá mé buartha," arsa sise, "nach bhfuil aon deor bhainne agam."

D'imigh an bhean bhocht amach ar an doras, agus an páiste ag gol agus ag caoineadh aici.

Bhí go breá. Tamall ina dhiaidh sin, bhí an bhean seo ag teacht aniar ón Charraig lá amháin, agus fuair scodaf de bhean rua suas léithi, agus bhuail sí cúl a láimhe isteach sa leiceann uirthi, agus chuir sí cor ina muineál a bhí ann go dtí an lá a chuaigh sí i dtalamh.

"Bíodh sin anois agat!" arsa sise, "in éiric an lae nach dtabharfá braon bainne domhsa le tabhairt do mo pháiste! Ní ghoillfeadh sé comh mór orm," arsa sise, "achab é gur le do dheartháir féin a báitheadh a leithéid seo de bhliain an páiste!"

Mar dúirt mé, ní rabh lá go dteachaidh sí i dtalamh nach rabh an cor ina ceann, le linn an buille a bhuail an bhean sí uirthi.

62. AN DÁ CHRUITÍNEACH

Bhí cruitíneach beag ag siúl amuigh, oíche Shamhna amháin, agus tharlaigh go rabh sé ag gabháil thart ag taoibh dúin a bhí ann, agus chualaf sé an t-amhrán a ba deise a chualaf sé ariamh ag gabháil istigh sa dúin:

"Dé Luain, Dé Máirt,
Dé Luain, Dé Máirt!"

Dar leis féin dá gcuireadh sé lá eile leis an amhrán go mbeadh sé i bhfad ní ba dheise. Thoisigh sé féin amuigh ansin!

"Dé Luain, Dé Máirt,
Dé Luain, Dé Máirt,
Dé Luain, Dé Máirt
Is Dé Céadaoine!"

"Cé hé siúd," arsa an bunadh a bhí istigh, "a chuir an cheathrú dheas le ár n-amhrán? Gabhaigí amach, agus tabhairigí isteach é go bhfeicimid é!"

Tugadh isteach an cruitíneach, agus bhí an-lúcháir roimhe, agus ní rabh fhios acu caidé an cineál ab fhearr a dhéanamh air.

"Ní thig linn dadaí níos fearr a dhéanamh dó," arsa duine acu leis an duine eile, "ná an chruit a bhaint de!"

alone. She was by herself in the house and did not like to do that. She thought the best thing she could do was say she had no milk.

"I am sorry," she said, "that I have not a drop of milk."

The poor woman went out, and her child crying.

A long time afterwards this woman was coming east from Carrick one day when a bold red-haired woman caught up with her and slapped her cheek with the back of her hand and put a twist in her neck that lasted until the day she went into the ground.

"Take that now," she said, "in payment for the day you would not give a drop of milk to me for my child! It would not have annoyed me so much but that the child is your own brother's, who was drowned in such and such a year!"

As I said, there was no day until she went into the ground that she hadn't the twist in her neck from the fairy woman's blow.

62. THE TWO HUNCHBACKS

One Samhain Eve a little hunchback was out walking, and it happened that he went past a fort, and the nicest song he had ever heard was being sung inside the fort:

"Monday, Tuesday,
Monday, Tuesday!"

He thought to himself it would be much nicer if he added another day to the song. He began to sing outside:

"Monday, Tuesday,
Monday, Tuesday,
Monday, Tuesday,
And Wednesday!"

"Who is that?" said those within, "who added the nice line to our song? Go out and bring him in so that we may see him!"

The hunchback was brought in and given a great welcome, and they wondered what would be the best thing they could do for him.

"We could do nothing better for him than to remove his hump!" said one.

Steall siad an chruit de, agus chroch siad ar phionna a bhí i dtaobh an toighe í. Lig siad amach ansin é ina bhuachaill chruaidh achmair.

Ar ndóiche, chuaigh scéal an chruitínigh seo thart ar an pharóiste mar bheadh drochnóta, agus bhí cruitíneach beag eile san áit a chuala fán dóigh ar leigheasadh é seo, agus dar leis go mb'fhéidir go n-éireochadh an cleas céanna dó féin dá dtéadh sé an bealach.

Bhí go maith agus ní rabh go holc. D'imigh sé féin, Oíche Shamhna ina dhiaidh sin, agus níor stad sé go dteachaidh sé chun an dúin. Chualaf seisean iad ag gabháil don amhrán chéanna istigh:

“ Dé Luain, Dé Máirt,
Dé Luain, Dé Máirt,
Dé Luain, Dé Máirt,
Is Dé Céadaoine ! ”

Thúsaigh seisean a dh'aithris orthu amuigh:

“ Dé Luain, Dé Máirt,
Dé Luain, Dé Máirt,
Dé Céadaoine
Agus Diardaoin ! ”

Bhí siadsan ag éisteacht leis istigh, agus nuair a chualaf siad é, chuaigh siad ar buile nuair a chuir sé an lá leis an amhrán.

“ Gabhaigí amach,” arsa fear acu, “ agus tabhairigí isteach an fear sin atá amuigh a mhill ár n-amhrán galánta ! ”

Tugadh isteach é, agus ní rabh fhios acu i gceart caidé an t-olc ab fhearr a thiocfadh a dhéanamh air. Dúirt fear acu leis an fhear eile nach rabh aon dath ab fhearr a thiocfadh leofa a dhéanamh ná an chruit a bhain siad den fhear eile bliain is an oíche a bhí ann a chur air i mullach a chruite féin. Beireadh thíos agus thuas air in áit na mbonn, agus tháinig a ndoctor i láthair. Rug sé ar chruit an fhir eile a bhí crochta ar bhacán ar thaoibh an bhalla, agus ghread sé air í ar mhullach an chinn a bhí air. Bhuail siad cic air ansin, agus d'iarr siad air imeacht agus an baile a bhaint amach !

D'fhág an duine bocht iad, agus de réir is mar chualaf mise, measaim gur ar a lámha is ar a chosa a bhain sé an baile amach lena ualach, agus ón lá sin go dtí an lá a chuaigh sé i dtalamh, ní fhacaí aon duine taobh amuigh den doras é.

They pulled the hump off him and hung it on a peg at the side of the house. They let him out then a hardy agile lad.

To be sure, this story went through the parish as swiftly as a bad note would. There was another little hunchback in the neighbourhood who heard about the cure and thought the same trick might succeed for him if he went there.

Well and good. Next Samhain Eve off he went and made no delay until he reached the fort. He heard them singing the same song inside:

“ Monday, Tuesday,
Monday, Tuesday,
Monday, Tuesday,
And Wednesday ! ”

He began to join in outside:

“ Monday, Tuesday,
Monday, Tuesday,
Wednesday
and Thursday ! ”

They were listening to him inside, and they went into a rage when he added a day to their song.

“ Go out,” said one of them, “ and bring in that man outside who spoiled our beautiful song ! ”

He was brought in, and they were undecided what punishment he should get. One of them said they could do nothing better than add the hump they had taken off the other man a year ago to his own hump. He was seized head and foot that moment and their doctor came in. He caught the other man's hump from where it was hanging on the wall and clapped it on top of the hunchback's own hump. Then they gave him a kick and told him to get out and go home.

The poor man left them and, as I have heard it told, it was on his hands and knees weighed down by his burden he had to crawl home. From that day until the day he was buried no one saw him outside his door.

63. LEANBH SÍ CHOIS CASÁIN

Bhí fear anseo fad ó shin a dtugadh siad John Aindreas air, agus bhí sé ina fhaisean dhéanta aige ghabháil chun an chnoic go luath ar maidin Dé Domhnaigh. D'imigh sé maidin amháin, agus nuair a bhí sé ag gabháil siar i gcúl Shliabh Liag ins an áit a dtugtar An Casán Dubh air—casán caol contúirteach—an áit ar cheart dó a chos a leagan, bhí leanbh maol tarnocht mar tháinig sé ar an tsaol ina lúf ar an chasán roimhis. Scanraigh sé, ní nach ionadh, agus phill sé thart go dtáinig sé ar áit a dtiocfadh leis suí síos. Bhuail oiread eagla é ansin féin agus gur imigh sé uilig ar crith. Nuair a tháinig sé chuige féin, d'ardaigh sé aníos as an ált, agus ón lá sin go dteachaidh sé i dtalamh, ní fhacthas in aon chnoc é Dé Domhnaigh.

64. ROTHÁ MUILINN SÍ

Bhí fear eile anseo againn arbh ainm dó Mícheál Ó Cianaigh, agus bhí seisean tugtha go maith don chnoc Dé Domhnaigh fosta. Bhí sé maidin amháin ag gabháil siar an Casán Dubh san áit cheannann chéanna, agus leis sin féin chualaf sé an tormán agus an támhachtáisc dá leataoibh, agus nuair a dhearc sé bhí an rotha muilinn a ba mhó a chonaic sé ariamh ag gabháil thart in éadan na binne. Scanraigh seisean oiread agus gur beag nach dtáinig glas áilt air, agus b'éigean dó suí síos. Nuair a tháinig sé chuige féin bhain sé an baile amach, agus ariamh ina dhiaidh sin ní theachaidh sé chun an chnoic lá ar bith, ná luath ná mall, gan duine ínteacht eile a bheith leis.

65. CLOG SÍ

Bhí fear ag baint tuigheadh buarach thuas i nGleann Bholcáin lá amháin, agus nuair a bhí sé crom mhothaigh sé an clog ag bualadh an mheán lae. Thóg sé a cheann, agus nuair a d'amharc sé, bhí an clog a ba deise a chonaic sé ariamh thuas os a chionn.

63. THE INFANT BY THE PATH

Long ago there was a man here known as John Aindreas who had a firm habit of going up on the hills early every Sunday morning. One morning he set out as usual, and as he was going west at the back of Slieve League by the Casán Dubh, a narrow dangerous path, there was a child as naked as when it was born lying on the path just where he was about to put his foot. He took fright, not surprisingly, and went back to a place where he could sit down. He was so terrified that he began to shake all over. When he recovered he climbed down the cliff, and from that day until the day he was buried he was never seen again on the hills on Sunday.

64. THE FAIRY MILL-WHEEL

There was another man here named Mícheál Ó Cianaigh who was much given to going to the hills on Sunday. One morning he was going west on the Casán Dubh and in the very same place he heard a rushing noise beside him and when he looked the biggest mill-wheel he had ever seen was going down the face of the hill. He took such fright that he was almost seized with the "cliff-lock"¹ and he had to sit down. When he came to himself he made for home, and never again would he go to the hill early or late without someone else with him.

65. THE FAIRY CLOCK

A man was gathering straw for a spancel one day in Gleann Bholcáin. When he bent down he heard a clock striking mid-day. He raised his head and saw the prettiest clock he had ever seen up above him.

1. A condition in which one is unable to move.

66. IARANN AGUS SALAINN Á SEACHAINT AG NA SIÓGAÍ

Bhí sé ina ghnás ag mná toighe ins an áit seo fad ó shin, nuair a bhíodh siad ag imeacht amach in áit ar bith, dá mbeadh leanbh acu ins an chliabhán, go gcuireadh siad an maide briste trasna ar bhéal an chliabháin ar eagla go dtabharfadh na daoine beaga as é. Ní tháinig leofa baint le rud ar bith a rabh an t-iarann coisreachtha fá dtaobh de.

Is cuimhneach liom féin an t-am a gcuirfí tairne ar thóin stópa nuair a bheifí ag gabháil a bhlí an eallaigh. Bhí daoine eile a chuireadh bonn airgid ar thóin soithigh a mbíodh bainne dá chur ann; agus daoine eile a chuireadh beagán salainn ar bhainne sula ligeadh siad amach as an teach é—dá mbeadh siad ag tabhairt braon do chomharsa ná do lucht siúil ná a leithéidí.

Ar ndóiche, tá sé ariamh crosta ar mhná iascairí a ghabháil amach le hiasc úr gan gráinnín salainn a chur air. Deirtear má ní siad sin go bhfuil contúirt mhór ann go dtiocfaidh seachrán sí.

67. IASC GOIRT

Chualaí gach uile dhuine againn nach dtiocfadh leis na daoine beaga baint ar dhóigh ar bith le aon ní a rachadh salann air. Níor mhaith leis an tseanbhunadh rud ar bith a ligean amach as an teach gan gráinnín salainn a chur air. Ní ligfeadh siad im, bainne ná iasc, go speisialta, amach gan salann a chur orthu. An té a bhéarfadh iasc úr amach as an teach i ndiaidh na hoíche, thiocfadh imeartas a dhéanamh air.

Bhí bean ar an Bhaile Mhór fad ó shin, agus d'imigh sí, oíche amháin, isteach chun na Crín Mhíne, an áit a rabh níl daoithi pósta. Tháinig a fear abhaile tráthnóna agus iasc úr leis, agus dar léithise go dtabharfadh sí nuaíocht den iasc léithi. Bhí fhios aici an bealach go maith, agus shíl sí nárbh eagal daoithi a ghabháil ar seachrán.

D'imigh sí léithi, agus ní rabh sí i bhfad ó bhaile go dtáinig an oíche uirthi. Shiúil sí léithi, ach má shiúil féin, dar léithi nach rabh sí ag déanamh mórán talaimh. Fá dheireadh, thug sí fá dear go rabh sí ar an tseachrán. Bhí sí mar sin anonn agus anall go dtáinig ball bán ar an lá, agus nuair a tháinig bhí sí thuas ag bun Sliabh Liag,

66. IRON AND SALT AVOIDED BY FAIRIES

The women here had a custom long ago if there was a child in the cradle of putting the tongs across the cradle whenever they left the house for fear the wee folk would take the child away. They could not interfere with anything the blessed iron was beside.

I myself remember when a nail would be put in the bottom of the wooden pail when they were going to milk the cows. Some people used to put a coin in the bottom of any vessel milk was being poured into; and there were others who always put a little salt in milk before they would let it leave the house, for instance, if they were giving a drink to a neighbour or to travelling people or suchlike.

Certainly it has always been forbidden for fishermen's wives to go out with fresh fish without putting a little salt on it. Unless they did so it is said they would be in great danger of being led astray by the fairies.

67. THE UNSALTED FISH

Every one of us heard that the wee folk could not touch anything that had salt on it. The old people would never let anything out of the house without a sprinkle of salt on it, milk or butter or most especially fish. Anyone who took unsalted fish out of the house at night could be led astray.

One night long ago a woman of Baile Mór went to Crín Mhíne to see her married daughter. Her husband had come home that afternoon with fresh fish and she thought she would take a present of the fish with her. She knew the way well and had no fear of going astray.

Off she went, and she had not gone far when night fell. She kept on walking, but it seemed to her that she was not making much headway. At last, she noticed that she had gone astray. She was going back and forth until the white light of day came and she found she was up at the foot of Slieve League. She was half-dead after

agus í leathchailte i ndiaidh an oíche a chaitheamh anonn agus anall fríd na portaigh. Tharraing sí arais ar an bhaile ansin, agus ón lá sin go dtí an lá a chuaigh sí i dtalamh ní theachaidh sí amach ar an doras i ndiaidh na hoíche.

Bhí intinn ag a bunadh rith a saoil gur imeartas a rinneadh uirthi le linn f an t-iasc gan salann a thabhairt amach i ndiaidh na hoíche.

68. BRACHÁN GOIRT AGUS AN tSIÓG

Tá dún thuas anseo, agus níl aon lá ariamh nach bhfuil sé lán de bhunadh na gcnoc. Tá teach in aice an dúin seo; agus tháinig fear isteach ann aon oíche amháin, anonn leath-am codlata, ná mar sin. Bhí péire buataisí air agus bearad píc, agus bhí sé ina rud an-annamh ins an am sin bearad píc fheiceáil ar fhear ar bith. Ní bhfaightheá ar fhear ar bith sa cheantar seo é, amach ó mur mbeadh Albanach ann ná péas. Ach tháinig sé isteach, agus bhí madadh sa teach, agus níor lig sé aon duine ariamh fá ghaobhar an toighe nach mbeadh a chiall caillte aige le tafann. Tháinig an fear seo isteach, agus níor lig sé air go dtáinig duine ar bith. Chuaigh sé suas, agus chuir sé a dhroim le háit na tineadh, agus thug sé tréan seanchais do bhean an toighe, agus do ghirsí bhig de chuid na comharsana a bhí istigh aici. D'fhiafraigh sé gach uile sheort fá iomlán na gcomharsanaí, agus caidé mar bhí sé siúd agus é seo, agus bhí cumadh air go rabh aithne aige ar gach uile dhuine. Fá dheireadh, dúirt sé go gcaithfeadh sé a bheith ag baint an bhaile amach.

"Arú, fan," arsa bean an toighe, "go dtí sé féin isteach. Ní thearn sé ach a ghabháil síos ansin fán Cheapaigh. Tá braon bracháin déanta agamsa anseo, agus b'fhéidir go mb'fhearr duit spanóg de a ól sula n-imí tú."

"Ar chuir tú salann air?" arsa seisean.

"Chuir, cinnte," arsa bean an toighe.

"Ó, bhail, má chuir tú salann air," arsa seisean, "ní thig liomsa baint dó. Beidh mé ag tarraingt suas ansin anois ar theach mo lóistín."

Rinn siad amach, ar ndóiche, gur fear de chuid bhunadh na gcnoc an diúlach seo, nó ní rabh rud ar bith dá rabh ag gabháil san chomharsanacht nach rabh fhios aige, agus caidé mar bhí sé siúd agus é seo.

spending the night going here and there through the bogs. She went back home then, and from that day until the day she went underground she never went out of doors after night fall.

Her family held that she had been led astray because she had taken unsalted fish out at night.

68. SALTED STIRABOUT AND THE FAIRY MAN

There is a fort above here, and there is never a day that it is not full of the hill-folk. There is a house near this fort. One night near bedtime a man came into this house. He was wearing boots and a peaked cap. At that time it was very seldom a man of this district would wear a peaked cap unless he was a Protestant or a policeman. There was a dog in the house that never let anyone near it without barking his head off, but this man came in and the dog gave no sign of noticing him. He walked in and stood with his back to the fire and had plenty of talk for the woman of the house and a little girl of the neighbours who was staying with her. He asked about all the neighbours and how was this one and that, and he seemed to know everyone. At last, he said that he must be going home.

"Aroo, wait," said the woman of the house, "until himself comes. He just went down there to Ceapach. I have a little stirabout made and it might be better for you to have a spoonful of it before you go."

"Did you put salt in it?" he asked.

"I did, certainly," said she.

"O well, if you put salt in I cannot touch it. I will be going up beyond to my lodging house."

They made out, to be sure, that this man was one of the hill-folk, because there was nothing he did not know about the neighbours and their business.

69. COMHAIRLE SHAGAIRT D'FHEAR ARBH EAGAL DÓ
NA SIÓGAÍ

Bhí fear ina chónaí thuas i Mí na bhFiann fad ó shin, fear a dtugadh siad Muirisín air. Bhí an chliú air go rabh sé an-uaigheach, agus eagla mhór air roimhe bhunadh na gcnoc.

Ach aon oíche amháin tháinig a ghabháil fá dhéin an tsagairt idir meán oíche agus lá. Tháinig an sagart leis, agus nuair a bhí freastal déanta aige ar an té a bhí tinn dúirt sé le Muirisín go gcaithfeadh sé a ghabháil leis arais abhaile, agus bhí fhios ag an tsagart go maith go rabh Muirisín uaigheach.

D'fhág siad an teach, agus shiúil siad leofa go dtáinig siad fhad le háit a dtugtar Bun an tSrutháin air.

"Maise," arsa Muirisín leis an tsagart, "seo áit a bhfuil ainm an-uaigheach aige, agus tá sé canta nach dteachaidh aon duine ariamh an bealach antráthach san oíche nach bhfeicfeadh bunadh na gcnoc. An measann sibhse go bhfuil a leithéidí ann?"

"Tá cinnte," arsa an sagart. "Níl aon dosán fraoich ó seo go Mí na bhFáchrán nach bhfuil duine acu ar fhoscadh, ach ná bíodh eagla ar bith ortsa rompu. Geallaimse duit nach bhfeiceann tú aon duine acu le do shaol!"

Tharraing Muirisín ar an bhaile, agus ón lá sin go dtí an lá a chuaigh sé i dtalamh ní rabh uaigheas ar bith ar Mhuirisín.

70. TÓGÁIL DHROICHEAD DHÚN NA nGALL

Nuair a bhí Ó Dónaill ina chónaí i nDún na nGall fad ó shin, ba lena linn a tógadh an droichead. Chaith sé na blianta ag iarraidh a bheith dá dhéanamh, agus ní rabh dul aige lámh ar bith a dhéanamh de ar chor ar bith. Go minic an méid a thógtaí sa lá leagtaí san oíche é, ach fá dheireadh d'éirigh leis a fháil tógtha go dtí an t-uachtar, agus ní rabh dul aige an t-uachtar a fháil déanta ar chor ar bith.

Bhí sé lá amháin ina sheasamh, agus é ag smaoitiú go brónach nach bhfaigheadh sé an droichead críochnaithe go bráth, nuair a shiúil buachaill rua chuige. Sheas an buachaill rua, agus d'amharc sé soir agus d'amharc sé siar:

69. A PRIEST REASSURES A MAN WHO
FEARED FAIRIES

There was a man known as Muirisín living up in Mí na bhFiann long ago. He had the name of being easily frightened and he was in great dread of the hill-folk.

It happened that once he had to go for the priest between midnight and daybreak. The priest came back with him and after he had attended to the sick person he said to Muirisín that he must accompany him back home for the priest knew well that Muirisín was afraid.

They left the house and walked along until they came to a place called Bun an tSrutháin.

"Musha," said Muirisín to the priest, "this place has the name of being very eerie, and it is said that no one would go this way at an untimely hour of night without seeing the hill-folk. Do you believe that such exist?"

"They do, indeed," said the priest. "There is not a clump of heather from here to Mí na bhFáchrán that has not one of them sheltering under it. But do not have any fear of them: I promise you that you will never see one of them as long as you live!"

Muirisín went home, and from that day until the day he was buried he feared them no more.

70. THE BUILDING OF DONEGAL BRIDGE

It is when O'Donnell was living in Donegal long ago the bridge was built. He spent years trying to build it and he was making no hand of it at all. Often what was built in the day was knocked at night. At long last, however, he succeeded in getting it raised to the upper part but he could not get the upper part made at all.

He was standing there one day thinking sadly that he would never get the bridge finished when a red-haired boy walked up to him. The boy stood and looked east and looked west, and said:

"Tá an fharraige dhearg ag teacht aniar," arsa seisean.
 "Agus an tuile liag ag teacht anoir,
 Droichead dá dhéanamh gan chliath,
 Ní fhacaí mise ariamh go dtí inniu!"

Thuig Ó Dónaill ar an bhomaite caidé a bhí i gceann an bhuachalla, agus d'imigh sé in áit na mbonn, agus chuir sé cliath faoin droichead, agus ní rabh moill ar bith air ansin an droichead a chríochnú. Tá an droichead sin le feiceáil ag gach uile dhuine i mbaile Dhún na nGall ón lá sin go dtí an lá inniu.

71. BREITH LINBH AG UAIR NA CINNIÚNA

Bhí fear ins an áit seo fad ó shin, agus bhí sé i gcónaí fán chnoc. Bhí an-mhórán caorach aige, agus ní rabh aon lá nach dtugadh sé ruaig amach a dh'amharc orthu. Ach bhí sé amuigh ar an chnoc an lá seo, agus caidé a tháinig air ach ceo. Bhí sé ag siúl leis frid an cheo ag dréim leis an bhaile a bhaint amach ar dhóigh ínteacht. Bhí sé ar an tseachrán anonn agus anall gur bheir dorchadas na hoíche air ar an tsiabh. Ní rabh thall ná abhus ansin aige, agus b'éigean dó suí síos ar thúrtoig. Ní rabh sé i bhfad ina shuí nuair a tí sé fear ag tarraingt air fá shiúl mhór. Tháinig an fear chuige, agus d'fhiafraigh sé de caidé a bhí á fhágáil ina shuí ansin fán am seo d'óiche.

"Bhail," arsa an fear, "bhí mé fán chnoc anseo, agus tháinig an-cheo orm. Bhí mé ag déanamh bomaite ar bhomaite go nglanfadh sé ar shiúl agus go rachadh agam an baile a bhaint amach, ach ina áit sin bheir an dorchadas orm, agus creidim nach n-éiríonn liom an baile a bhaint amach."

"Á, maise!" arsa seisean, "níl tú an-fhada ón bhaile, ach tá sé ró-dhorcha anois agat, ach má théid tú liomsa," arsa seisean, "ní bheidh tart ná ocras ort go maidin."

Bhí lúcháir ar an fhear bhocht a leithéid a chastáil air, agus dúirt sé go rachadh sé leis agus céad fáilte. Shiúil an bheirt leofa, agus nuair a bhí siad tamall maith ag siúl, tháinig siad fhad le creig mhór. Níorbh fhada gur fhoscail doras, agus chuaigh an bheirt isteach.

"The red sea is coming from the west,
 And the torrent is coming from the east,
 But a bridge being made without a pile¹
 I never saw until this day!"

O'Donnell knew at once what was in the boy's mind. He put a pile under the bridge, and there was no delay then in completing it. From that day to this the bridge is there for everyone to see in the town of Donegal.

71. THE FATEFUL BIRTH HOURS

Long ago there was a man in this place who spent all his time on the hill. He had many sheep and there was no day that he did not go out to see them. Well, one day he was on the hill, and what came down but the mist. He kept walking through the mist in the attempt to reach home somehow, but he went astray back and forth until the darkness of the night fell on him on the hill. He had no idea where he was, and sat down on a hummock. He was not long sitting there when he saw a man coming towards him at great speed. The man came up to him and asked him why he was sitting there at that hour of the night.

"Well," he replied, "I was on the hill here when the mist fell. I thought it would clear from moment to moment and that I could reach home. Instead of that I was caught in the dark, and I think I cannot get home."

"O masha," said the other, "you are not far from home, but it is too dark now, and if you come with me until morning you will not be thirsty or hungry."

The poor man was overjoyed by this meeting and said he would gladly go with him. Both set off then and walked a good distance until they came to a high crag. A door opened immediately and both went in. When they were inside the door the stranger said to him:

1. Seán Ó hEochaidh informs me that *cliath* is used to mean a rough untrimmed log found in a bog. My translation is conjectural.

"Anois," arsa an fear coimhthíoch leis, nuair a bhí siad taobh istigh den doras, "tá mise ag gabháil a thabhairt comhairle duit: Ná déan iontas ná uafás de aon dath dá bhfeicfidh tú go maidin, agus ar do bhás ná labhair aon fhocal amach ar do bhéal!"

"Ná bíodh eagla ar bith ort!" arsa an fear seo.

Shiúil an bheirt leofa go dtáinig siad ionns ar sheomra mhór fhairsing a bhí ag cur thairis le daoine, agus ní rabh aon bheirt acu ag labhairt focail leis an duine eile. Nuair a bhí sé ag gabháil suas i lár an urláir, thug sé fá dear rópa mór crochta anuas ó chleith an toighe. Cinnte, ní tháinig leis iontas a dhéanamh de dhadaí dá bhfeicfeadh sé. Bhí rud mar bheadh áiche aoil de thine acu, agus thall i dtaobh an toighe bhí dabhach mór uisce. Thug an fear a bhí leis greim le hithe dó, agus shuidh sé i dtaobh an toighe. Bhí an t-ordú aige mar dúirt mé nach dtáinig leis iontas ná uafás a dhéanamh de dhadaí dá bhfeicfeadh sé, agus ar a bhás gan focal ar bith a labhairt.

Bhí go maith agus ní rabh go holc. Ar ball beag tháinig fear isteach, agus shiúil suas i lár an urláir go dteachaidh sé isteach sa tine. Níor labhair aon duine istigh sa teach gur bruitheadh agus gur dóigheadh é. Ar ball, siúláí fear eile isteach, agus chuir sé lúb den rópa thart ar a mhuinéal, agus chroch sé é féin i lár an toighe. Níor lig aon duine air fá dtaobh de. Tamall ina dhiaidh sin siúláí an tríú fear isteach, agus gearraí sé túslog isteach ins an dabhach, agus bhí sé istigh ansin gur báitheadh é. Ní thearn aon duine aon dath iontais de, agus go speisialta fear na gcaorach—níor lig sé aon dath air.

"Anois," arsa an fear a thug isteach é le fear na gcaorach, nuair a chonaic sé ball bán ar an lá, "tá an t-am agatsa," arsa seisean, "a bheith ag tarraingt ar an bhaile."

"Maise, má tá féin," arsa seisean, "bíodh fhios agat nach bhfuil aithreachas ar bith orm a bheith ag fágáil na háite seo!"

Shiúil an bheirt leofa, agus nuair a bhain siad an baile amuigh amach, chuaigh fear na gcaorach chun seanchais leis an fhear eile:

"Caidé ba chiall don ealaín a bhí ag gabháil ar aghaidhe sa teach sin aréir?" arsa seisean.

"Tá, maise, inseochaidh mé sin duit," arsa an fear eile.

"An bhfuil cuimhne agatsa ar an fhear sin aréir a chonaic tú ag siúl isteach chun na tineadh?"

"Now I am going to give you advice. Do not be surprised nor terrified by anything you see from now until morning, and, for your life, do not utter a word!"

"You need have no fear of that!" said the man.

The two walked on until they came to a big wide room full of people, not one of whom was speaking to another. As he crossed the middle of the floor he noticed a stout rope hanging from a rafter of the house. Of course, he could not show surprise at anything he saw. They had a thing like a lime-kiln for a fire, and in the corner of the house there was a big vat of water. His companion gave him some food and he sat down by the side of the house. He had been given the command, as I said, not to show surprise or terror at anything he would see and for his life not to utter a word.

Well and good. After a short while a man came in, and walked across the floor and into the fire. No one in the house spoke while he was roasted and burnt. Later another man came in, made a noose of the rope around his neck and hanged himself in the centre of the house. No one took any notice. Later again a third man came in and leaped into the vat and stayed in it until he drowned. No one showed any surprise, and that was specially true of the shepherd.

When his guide saw the white light of day he said to the shepherd: "Now it is time for you to be going home."

"Musha, indeed," said the shepherd, "I can tell you I am not sorry at all to be leaving this place!"

The two went out and as soon as they were outside the shepherd asked the other man:

"What was the meaning of the business that was going on last night in that house?"

"Well, indeed, I can explain that to you," said the other. "Do you remember the man who went into the fire last night?"

"Tá," arsa seisean, "cuimhne mhaith."

"Bhail, páiste ar bith a thioctas chun tsaoil san am sin," arsa seisean, "sin é an bás gheobhas sé. Agus páiste ar bith a thioctas chun tsaoil san am a bhfaca tú an fear sin eile dá chrochadh féin, sin é an bás a gheobhas seisean. Agus an fear sin a chonaic tú ag léimni isteach sa dabhach uisce, duine ar bith a thioctas chun tsaoil fán am sin d'óiche, sin é an bás a bheas i ndán dósan."

Tháinig an caoradóir abhaile, agus ní rabh iomrá ar aon dath, ach go díreach go rabh sé i bhfad amuigh, agus d'inis sé gur ag cuartafocht ag duine inteacht de na comharsanaí a bhí sé a choinnigh go maidin é.

Ach oíche amháin tuairim ar bhliain ina dhiaidh sin scairteadh amach ar bhean ghlún, agus bhí páiste i dteach na comharsan. Bhí an uile dhuine ag caint ar an pháiste agus ar an ainm a tugadh air, agus gach uile sheort fá dtaobh de, mar is gnách leofa a bheith.

"Á!" arsa an caoradóir, "sin bean, agus is beag a mholfas sí an páiste sin!"

"Faoi Dhia!" arsa bean inteacht, "caidé an fáth a n-abraíonn tú sin?"

"Tá, maise," arsa seisean, "nuair a bheas sé sin ina fhear agus é ina neart báifeas é."

Rinn an uile dhuine an-iontas, agus ní rabh duine ar bith ag labhairt ná ag cur tuairisce cá bhfuair sé an t-eolas, ná níor lig sé féin air aon dath ach oiread.

Seal gearr ina dhiaidh sin, rugadh páiste i dteach inteacht eile, agus caidé a bhí ann ach cothrom an ama céanna ar chroch a fear é féin sa teach ar chaith sé an oíche ann. Bhítheas ag caint mar bhí i gcónaí fá pháistí:

"Á, maise!" arsa seisean, "sin páiste, agus nuair a thioctas ann dó beidh drochdheireadh air."

Cé bith iontas a bhí ar na daoine an chéad iarraidh, bhí a seacht n-oiread orthu an iarraidh seo, agus ní rabh dul acu tuigbheáil caidé mar bhí sé ag fáil a chuid eolais ar chor ar bith.

Ach rugadh páiste do bhean eile, agus ba é an t-am céanna é ar dóigheadh an fear istigh sa tine, agus dúirt an caoradóir go n-éir-eochadh an rud céanna dó seo.

Bhí go maith agus ní rabh go hól. D'fhás na páistí seo suas, agus d'éirigh daofa go díreach mar rinn an fear seo a tharngaireacht: báitheadh duine acu, chroch fear eile é féin, agus dóigheadh an tríú

"I remember it well."

"Well, any child who comes into the world at that hour will die that way. And any child who comes into the world at the hour you saw the man hanging himself will be hanged. And the man you saw jumping into the vat of water, anyone who comes into the world at that hour of night will be fated to die in that way."

The shepherd came home, and all that was said was that he had been out a long time. He said that it was visiting one of the neighbours that had kept him out until morning.

About a year later the midwife got a call and there was a child in a neighbour's house. Everyone was talking about the child and the name it was given and everything else about it, just as is usual.

"Ah!" said the shepherd, "that woman will have little to rejoice over in that child!"

"God above us!" said a woman, "why do you say that?"

"Musha," said he, "because when he is a man and in his strength he will be drowned."

Everyone was amazed. No one asked him how he got the knowledge, and he himself said nothing.

A short time after that a child was born in another house, at the very same hour at which the man had hanged himself in the place where he had spent that night. They were talking as they always do about a child.

"Ah, musha," said he, "that is a child who will come to a bad end!"

However amazed people were the first time, they were seven times more amazed this time, and they could not understand at all how he was getting his knowledge.

A child was born to another woman, and it was at the same hour that the man had burned himself in the fire, and the shepherd said that the same thing would happen to the child.

Well and good. These children grew up, and things fell out for them just as the shepherd had prophesied: one was drowned, one hanged himself, and the third was burned in a lime-kiln. All the

duine acu istigh in áiche aoil. Chruinnigh na comharsanaí uilig thart air san am seo, agus chuir siad an uile chineál tuairisceacha air fán oifige a bhí aige nuair a tháinig leis inse caidé an dóigh a bhfaigh-eadh duine bás, chomh luath is a thiocfadh sé chun tsaoil.

"Bhail, a chuideachta, agus a chomharsanaí," arsa seisean, "sin rún nach dtig liomsa a ligean libh, ach sibhse atá ag éisteacht liom, bhéarfaidh mé comhairle mhaith daoibh, agus is í an chomhairle í gan dorchadas na hoíche breith oraibh a choíche fán chnoc!"

72. CAILÍN SÍ AGUS AN STÓCACH BEADAÍ

Bhí beirt fhear ag baint luachra thall i mbarr Ghleann an Bhaile Dhuibh fad ó shin. Andy Mac Fhionnlaoich ab ainm d'fhear acu agus John Sheoirse a thugadh siad ar an fhear eile. Chualai Mac Fhionnlaoich John Sheoirse ag caint, agus thóg sé a cheann, agus ní rabh duine ar bith le feiceáil aige. Bhí sé ag éisteacht leis an tseanchas, agus ní rabh dul aige feiceáil cé leis a rabh sé ag caint. Ach fá dheireadh, cé leis a rabh sé ag caint ach le cailín rua.

Bhí seanchas mór eadar John agus an cailín, agus ba é an deireadh a bhí ar an tseanchas gur iarr John póg ar an cailín. Dúirt sí leis go mb'fhearr léithi coileach rua dá ithe Dé hAoine ná buachaill óg gan fhéasóg a phógadh!

Seal ina dhiaidh sin, bhí sé ag gabháil amach chun aonaigh go Baile an Droichid, agus ag gabháil amach barr an Bhogaigh dó, nuair a d'amharc sé, bhí aghaidhe a chuid bróg tiontaithe ar an bhaile. Mar sin féin, chuaigh sé ar aghaidhe chun aonaigh, ach bhí sé cinnte gur síóg an cailín rua, agus gurbh í a ba bhun is a ba lorg leis na bróga a thiontó air.

73. MARCAS MÓR AGUS AN BHEAN SÍ A PHÓS SÉ

Bhí fear ina chónaí istigh i Málainn Mhóir fad ó shin, fear a dtugadh siad Marcas Mór air. Bhí sé féin agus a mháthair ina gcónaí i dteach bhreá ceannuigheadh thiar a chois na farraige. Bhí siad ina gcónaí go te, agus níor smaoitigh Marcas ariamh go dtiocfadh an lá a mbeadh sé leis féin, agus nach mbeadh duine ar bith aige le cuidiú leis. Ach tháinig an lá sin air, agus nuair a tháinig

neighbours gathered around him then and made all kinds of enquiries about the knowledge he had when he was able to foretell how a person would die as soon as he had come into the world.

"Well, my companions and neighbours," said he, "that is a secret I cannot give you, but I have good advice to give you who are listening to me, and that advice is never to let the darkness of the night catch you on the hill!"

72. THE FAIRY GIRL AND THE BOLD YOUNG MAN

Two men were gathering rushes up above Gleann an Bhaile Dhuibh long ago. Andy MacGinley was the name of one of them, and the other was known as John Sheoirse. Andy heard John Sheoirse talking to someone and raised his head but there was no one to be seen. He went on listening to the talk but could not see who it was with. At last, however, who was John talking with but a red-haired girl!

John and the girl had a long talk, and the end of it was that John asked the girl for a kiss. She replied that she would rather eat a red cock on Friday than kiss a beardless boy!

A while after that John was going to the fair of Kilcar and as he was crossing the top of Bogach Hill he looked down and saw that his boots were turned backwards. Even so he went on to the fair, but he was sure the red-haired girl was a fairy and it was she had turned his shoes backward.

73. BIG MARCAS AND HIS FAIRY WIFE

Long ago there was a man living in Malinmore who was known as Big Marcas. He and his mother lived in a fine thatched house beside the sea. They were very comfortable and Big Marcas never thought the day would come when he would be alone without anyone to help him. But that day came and when it did he was in

bhí drochdhóigh air. Bhí sé ag streachailt leis comh maith is a tháinig leis ag iarraidh a bheith ag déanamh greim bídh réidh dó féin, ag ní a léineadh agus ag amharc i ndiaidh a chuid stoic, agus ag oibriú a ghiota talaimh. Ba ghnách leis dornán maith caorach a choinneáil fosta, agus bhíodh sé thall is abhus ar aontaí á ndíol.

Lá amháin aonaigh—Lá Lúnasa—bhí sé thíos ar aonach Ard an Rátha le dornán uan. Dhíol sé iad go luath sa lá, agus ansin chuaigh sé ag spaisteoireacht thart. Thiar thall tráthnóna casadh cailín breá rua dó, agus thuit siad chun seanchais le chéile. D'inis sé daoithi go rabh sé ina chónaí leis féin, agus go rabh áit mheasarthu mhaith aige, ach go rabh dóigh anasta air de dhíobháil mná, agus gur mhaith leis dá bpósadh sí é.

"Bhail," arsa sise, "caithfidh tú am a thabhairt domh a ghabháil abhaile, agus cead a fháil ó mo bhunadh."

"Bhéarfaidh, cinnte," arsa Marcas, "nuair a d'fhan mé an fad seo, fanóchaidh mé tamall eile!"

"Bhail, má thig tusa anseo go hArd an Rátha tráthnóna Dé Domhnaigh seo chugainn, casfar ar a chéile sinn ina leithéid seo d'áit agus tig linn na gnoithe uilig a shocrú. Cinnte, mur rabh an bunadh s' agamsa sásta ní thig liomsa dadaí a dhéanamh."

"Bhail, tiocfaidh mise cá bith," arsa Marcas, "agus má bhíonn gach uile dhuine sásta ní phillfidh mise abhaile go rabh tú liom."

Bhí go maith agus ní rabh go holc. Tháinig Marcas arais abhaile agus dornán uan leis a cheannaigh sé tráthnóna, agus bhí sé breá sásta leis féin fán mhargadh a bhí déanta aige leis an bhean rua.

D'oibir sé leis rith na seachtaine, agus nuair a tháinig an Domh-nach ghléas sé air, agus d'fhág sé an baile ardtráthnóna mór ag tarraingt ar Ard an Rátha. Smaoitigh sé ar an bhealach gur bhocht dó, dá mba rud é go bpósfadh sí é, a rá go rachadh sé chun toighe chuici agus a dhá láimh comh fada le chéile. Bhí neart poitín a dhéanamh san am fá na sléibhte, agus d'imigh sé agus cheannaigh sé cupla buidéal a chuir sé ina phóca. Shiúl sé leis ansin go cruaidh gasta síos Gleann Gheis, agus ní rabh sé i bhfad uilig ag gabháil go hArd an Rátha. Chuaigh sé isteach ansin agus d'ól sé cupla deoch, agus nuair a bhí an dul ó sholas ann shiúl sé amach giota go dtí an áit a dúirt sise, agus ceart go leor, bhí sí ansin ag fanacht leis. Chuir sí fáilte mhór roimhis, agus d'iarr air a bheith ag teacht léithi chun toighe, go mbeadh fearadh na fáilte roimhis.

"Bhail, is maith liom sin," arsa Marcas.

a bad way. He was striving as well as he could to prepare his food, wash his shirt, look after his stock, and work his bit of land. He used to keep a fair number of sheep too and go far and near to fairs to sell them.

One Lúnasa Day¹ he had gone to a fair at Ardara with a few lambs. He sold them early in the day, and after that he went strolling around. Late in the afternoon he met a fine red-haired girl and they got talking together. He told her that he was living alone and had a fairly good place but that he was in a bad way for want of a wife and that he would be glad if she would marry him.

"Well," said she, "you must give me time to go home and get permission from my people."

"I will do that surely," said Marcas, "when I have waited this long I can wait another while."

"Well, if you come here to Ardara next Sunday afternoon we will meet at such a place and settle the whole affair. Of course, if my people are not satisfied I can do nothing."

"Well, I will come anyhow," said Marcas, "and if everyone is satisfied I will not go home without you."

Well and good. Marcas came home with a few lambs he bought in the afternoon, and he was well pleased with the bargain he had made with the red-haired woman.

He worked away during the week, and when Sunday came he got himself ready and early in the afternoon he left home for Ardara. On the way he thought that if she would marry him it would be a poor thing to say he went to her house empty-handed. There was plenty of poteen being made in the hills in those days so he went and bought a couple of bottles which he put in his pocket. He walked on then at a hard quick pace through Glengesh and he was not long going to Ardara. He went in and had a couple of drinks, and when the light was going he walked out a short distance to the place she had named, and, sure enough, she was waiting for him. She gave him a great welcome and asked him to go with her to her house where there would be great welcome for him too.

"That pleases me," said Marcas.

1. 1st August.

Shiúil an bheirt leofa, agus bhí sé leathdhorcha go maith san am, agus bhí seisean aineolach ar an bhealach, agus ní rabh fhios aige i gceart cé an áit a rabh sé ag gabháil. Fá dheireadh, bhain siad teach breá amach, agus chuaigh siad isteach. Bhí an t-athair agus an mháthair aicise, agus scaifte mór daoine istigh. Bhí siad an-fhearadhfháilteach agus lúcháir mhór orthu roimhe Mharcas. Bhí bia agus deoch ansin agus ceol agus gach uile chineál acu ansin, agus le scéal fada a dhéanamh gairid níor phill Marcas ar an bhaile go rabh sé pósta ceangailte. Ar eagla bréag a dhéanamh níor chuala mise ariamh cé an áit ar pósadh iad ná cé a phós iad.

Bhí go maith agus ní rabh go holc. Chaith sé cupla lá ag spais-teoireacht thart fán áit, agus ansin dar leis go rabh an t-am aige tarraingt ar an bhaile. Ba ghnách san am sin gur tráthnóna a thigeadh na lánúineacha abhaile. Níor mhaith leis na mná a theacht leis na fir de sholas lae, agus d'fhág Marcas agus a bhean Ard an Rátha tráthnóna sa chruth go sroicheochadh siad an baile i dtrátha an ama a mbeadh mórán de bhunadh na háite fá chónaí. Shiúil siad leofa aníos Gleann Gheis agus isteach go Málainn Mhóir, agus bhain siad an baile amach go gearr i ndiaidh an mheán oíche. Ní rabh beo ná ceo le móchtáil fán áit san am sin, agus ní ligfeadh sise dó solas ar bith a lasadh sa teach go maidin. Chuaigh siad fá shuaimhneas ansin, agus bhí sise ina suí go leor de luas ar maidin lá tharna mhárach. Nuair a d'ith siad greim ínteach d'amharc sise fá dtaobh daoithi, agus chonaic sí caidé a bhí le déanamh, agus ó shin amach chuaigh sí i gcionn a gnoithe. Bhí sí ar bhean toighe comh maith agus a sheas ar urlár ariamh, agus níor shonraigh sé aon dath corr fá dtaobh daoithi ach amháin nach gcuireadh sí salann ar ghreim ar bith dá n-itheadh sí, agus in am ar bith nach mbíodh iasc úr acu le préataí ní bhlaiseadh sí an t-iasc goirt ar chor ar bith.

Chaith siad bliain go han-neambuartha, agus rugadh páiste girsí daofa. Bhí an páiste seo comh cúramach acu araon leis an tsúil a bhí istigh ina gceann. D'fhás sí suas ina cailín, agus bhí sí an-chosúil ar gach uile dhóigh lena máthair. Bhí sí ina cuidiú mhaith acu, ach dálta a miáthara ní bhlaiseadh sí an salann ar aon ghreim bídh dá n-itheadh sí.

Lá amháin, bhí Marcas ag baint mhónadh thuas ar thaobh na farraige den Liathán, agus chuir a máthair an bhean óg suas chuige—ionns ar an athair—lena dhinnéar. Soithigh adhmaid uilig a bhí ag gabháil san am sin, agus bhí na préataí léithi i mias adhmaid, agus

The pair walked on. It was getting dark and he did not know the way and he did not rightly know where he was going. At last they reached a fine house and went inside. Her father and mother and a big crowd of people were there. They were very welcoming and had great rejoicing for Marcas. There was food and drink and music and everything, and to make a long story short Marcas did not leave until he was a married man. For fear of telling a lie I must say I never heard where they were married or who married them.

Well and good. He spent a couple of days strolling about the place and then he decided it was time to go home. In those days it was in the evening that newly-married couples came home. The women were shy of coming with their men by the light of day. Marcas and his wife left Ardara in the evening so that by the time they reached home most of the neighbours would be indoors. They walked away through Glengesh and into Malinmore and reached home shortly after midnight. There was no sign of life to be seen and she would not let him have any light in the house until morning. They went to rest then. She was up early next morning and after they had breakfasted she looked about to see what was to be done and from that time forward she attended to her work. She was as good a housewife as ever stood on a floor, and he never noticed anything odd about her except that she would never put salt on anything she ate and any time they had no fresh fish with their potatoes she would not taste a bit of salt fish.

A happy year went by for them and a little girl was born to them who was as dear to each of them as the eyes in their heads. She grew into girlhood and in every way she was very like her mother. She was a good help to them, and just like her mother she would not have salt with any food she ate.

One day Marcas was saving turf away up on the sea side of Liathán mountain and the mother sent the girl up to him with his dinner. It was wooden vessels people had in those days, and she had brought potatoes in a wooden dish and a naggin of milk. It was

gogán bainne. Bhí an lá maith, agus shuidh an t-athair síos chois bruaich a dh'ithe a dhinnéara, agus shuidh an ghirseach síos ag a thaoibh. Leis sin féin tháinig soitheach mór seoil aníos amach ó Cheann Ros Eoghain. Bhí cóir bhreá ann, agus bhí siúl uirthi.

"Nach breá an soitheach í sin," arsa an t-athair léithi, "agus nach mór an siúl atá sí a dhéanamh!"

"Is breá," arsa an nion, "ach cé gur mór í, agus gur mór an fuiltheadh siúil atá fúithi, ní bheinnse i bhfad ag cur deireadh léithi!"

"Bíodh ciall agat!" arsa an t-athair. "Caidé mar dhéanfása dadaí ar an tsoitheach atá amuigh i lár na farraige móire?"

"Fan go fóill," arsa sise, "agus beidh fhios agatsa sin."

Rug sí ar an mhias agus tharraing sí ar pholl a bhí i gcionn an bhachta a rabh braon maith uisce ann; chuir sí an mhias ar an tsnámh agus ansin thosaigh sí ar a cuid earmhúintí. Níor thóg seisean ceann sonraithe ar bith daoithi, ach nuair a bhí sí seal ag cur na méise thart fríd an pholl scairt sí ar an athair:

"Amharc anois ar do shoitheach!" arsa sise.

Dhearc an t-athair ar an tsoitheach, agus ní rabh le feiceáil aige os cionn an uisce ach an seolbarr, agus mar bhuailfeá do dhá bhois ar a chéile chuaigh sí síos go tóin. Scanraigh sé, agus san am chéanna bhí sé ar buile.

"Cé d'fhoghlaim duitse a leithéid sin a dhéanamh?" arsa an t-athair.

"Tá, mo mháthair!" arsa sise. "Nuair a bhítheása amuigh ag obair, líonadh sí an tobán mór a bhí i gcúl an toighe lán uisce, agus chuireadh sí mias an ime isteach ann, agus bhíodh sí ag tabhairt na méise thart istigh ann go gcuireadh sí go tóin an tobáin í, agus sin anois agat mar d'fhoghlaim mise an soitheach a chur go tóin."

"Bhail, tairbhím do chnoic agus do chrainn thú féin agus do mháthair, agus go dtógaí an cat mara leis sibh araon! Ba é an lá dubh domhsa an chéad lá ariamh a casadh do mháthair orm!" arsa Marcas, agus an-fhearg air.

Tharraing sé ar a shleán, agus nuair a thug sé thart é féin i gcionn an bhachta ní rabh an bhean óg le feiceáil aige. D'oibir sé leis go tráthnóna, agus nuair a bhí obair mhaith lae déanta aige tharraing sé ar an bhaile. Nuair a tháinig sé ar amharc an toighe ní rabh toit ar bith le feiceáil aige, agus rud ab iontaí ná sin thug sé fá dear go rabh an doras druidte. Tháinig sé chun toighe, agus

a fine day and the father sat down beside a bank to eat his dinner and the girl sat down beside him. At that moment a big sailing ship came out from behind Ceann Ros Eoghain. There was a fair wind blowing and it was making progress.

"Isn't that a fine ship," said the father, "and isn't it a great pace it is making?"

"It is," said she, "and fine and big as it is and great as the pace it is making, I would not be long putting an end to it."

"Have sense!" said the father. "How could you do anything to a ship out in the middle of the ocean?"

"Wait," said she, "and you will see."

She seized the dish and ran to the end of the turf-bank where there was a hole with some water in it. She floated the dish on it and began her tricks. He paid no attention to her, but after she had been a while putting the dish around in the pool she called to her father:

"Now look at your ship!"

The father looked out at the ship and all he could see of it above the water was the top-mast, and as quickly as you could clap your hands together it had gone to the bottom. He was frightened and at the same time he was enraged.

"Who taught you to do such a thing?" he asked.

"Who but my mother!" said she. "When you would be out working she would fill the big tub we have in the corner of the house full of water and put the butter dish in it and she would put the dish round about in it until it went to the bottom of the tub, and that is how I learned to sink the ship."

"May the woods and the hills have yourself and your mother and may calamity seize both of you! It was a black day for me when I first met your mother," said Marcas angrily.

He went for his slane and when he turned around at the turf-bank the girl was not to be seen. He worked on until evening and when he had a good day's work done he made towards home. When he came into view of the house he could see no smoke and, an even stranger thing, he noticed that the door was shut. He came to the

nuair a chuir sé a cheann isteach, bhí an tine as, agus ní rabh cumadh ar bith ar an teach go rabh aon duine ann ó am dinnéara, nó bhí soithigh an dinnéara go fóill ar an tábla agus an t-urlár gan scuabadh. Nuair a chuir sé an tine le hobair, chuaigh sé amach fán teach, ach ní rabh lorg ar bith aige le fáil ar aon duine ansin. Bhí fhios aige nár ghnách lena bhean cuartaíocht ar bith a dhéanamh, ach mar sin féin tharraing sé ar theach na comharsan go bhfeiceadh sé an mbeadh tuairisc ar bith acu uirthi féin ná ar a nion. Ní rabh.

Phill sé arais abhaile, agus ón lá sin go dtí an lá a chuaigh sé i dtalamh ní fhacaí sé aon amharc ar cheachtar acu. Bean sí a bhí sa bhean seo a casadh air ar aonach Ard an Rátha, agus ba é sin an fáth nár bhlaís sí an salann ariamh ar ghreim bídh dár bhlaís sí, agus nuair a thairbhígh sé iad do chrainn agus chlocha d'imigh siad, agus ní fhacthas iad ón lá sin go dtí an lá inniu.

74. RÍ NA FARRAIGE AGUS FEARG DÉ

Nuair a chruthaigh Dia an fharraige chuir sé rí uirthi, agus bhain sé geallstan as an rí seo nach mbáifeadh sé aon duine go deo. Ní rabh sé i bhfad gur bhris sé an geallstan, agus ón lá a báitheadh an chéad duine caithfidh an fharraige a cuid féin a fháil ariamh ó shin.

Deirtear nuair a éiríodh an fharraige gur fearg a bíos ar an rí seo fán dóigh ar bhris sé an geallstan a rinn sé le Dia, agus tá sé canta go mbeidh oiread eagla air roimh Dhia agus go rachaidh an fharraige mhór go huile isteach i bhfaochóig Lá an Bhreithiúnais.

75. CAITHFIDH AN FHARRAIGE A CUID FÉIN A FHÁIL

Bhí intinn ag an tseanbhunadh i dTeileann an té a bháití gurbh iad na daoine beaga a bheireadh as é, agus ar an ábhar sin nach rabh sábháil air.

76. FEAR NA gCORR A TUGADH AS

Chualáí mé trácht ar fhear eile a bhí i dTeileann fad ó shin, agus bhí sé pósta ar bhean ghlún. Bhí am iascaireacht glasóg ann, agus bhí na baoití an-doiligh a fháil. Rinn siad comhairle a ghabháil go tráigh na gcorr agus fiacháil le dornán corr a fháil. Bhuaíl tinneas

house and when he put his head in, the fire was out and there was no sign that anyone had been in the house since dinner-time: the dinner dishes were still on the table and the floor had not been swept. He got the fire going and then went outside but there was no sign to be seen of anyone there. He knew that his wife was not in the habit of going visiting, but even so he went to the neighbour's house to see if they had any account at all of herself or her daughter. They had none.

He went back home, and from that day until the day he was buried he saw no sight of either of them. The woman he had met at the fair of Ardara was a fairy woman, and that was why she would not take salt with any food she tasted. When he offered them to the woods and the rocks they went away and they have not been seen from that day to this.

74. THE KING OF THE SEA AND GOD'S ANGER

When God created the sea he set a king over it and made him promise that he would never drown anyone. It was not long until he broke the promise and from the day that the first man was drowned the sea must always get its own.

When the sea rises it is said that the king is angry because of the way he broke his promise to God; and it is also said that he will be so much in dread of God that the whole great sea will go into a periwinkle on the Day of Judgment.

75. THE SEA MUST GET ITS OWN

The old people in Teelin believed of anyone who was drowned that it was the wee folk who had taken him away and because of that he could not be saved.

76. THE SAND-EEL GATHERER AT NIGHT

I have heard tell of another man who lived in Teelin long ago and who was married to a midwife. It was the season for fishing coalfish and bait was hard to get. They decided to go to the shore and try to get a handful of sand-eels. The man got sick, and he

fear na mná seo, agus bhí deartháir dósan istigh acu. Fuair sise scairt i dtráthaibh an haon déag chlog san oíche a ghabháil amach agus aircis a thabhairt ar mhnaoi a bhí i ngéibheann. Sular imigh sí, labhair sí le deartháir a fir, agus d'iarr sí air a ghabháil chun na trá a dh'iarraidh na gcorr in áit an fhir a bhí tinn.

"Agus mura dtéif tú," arsa sise, "ná bí anseo romhamsa nuair a phillfeas mé arais anocht!"

Bhí go maith agus ní rabh go holc. D'imigh sise léithi, agus nuair a tháinig an t-am don fhear seo a ghabháil chun na trá, d'imigh sé leis. Cá bith a tháinig ar an chuid eile den fhoirinn, ní theachaidh siad chun na trá, agus bhí seisean ansin leis féin ag iarraidh na gcorr.

Tháinig an slua bheatha air ar an tráigh, agus cá bith a rinn siad leis níor phill sé ariamh ar an bhaile. Thug siad as é, agus fuair sise a chruthú go dtug. Bhí sise ag tarraingt ar an bhaile i ndiaidh a gábhadh a fháil thairstí, agus is cosúil go rabh aici le theacht trasna ar Abhainn Ghlinne ag an eas. Nuair a shroichí sí an taobh abhus den eas, bhí seisean ina sheasamh thall os a coinne ar an taoibh eile.

"In ainm Dé," arsa sise, "caidé a bheir thusa anseo fán am seo dh'oíche!"

"Bhail, is iomaí trioblóid a thug mé ariamh duitse," arsa seisean, "ach tá réitithe liomsa go bráth anocht. Thug tú orm a ghabháil chun na trá anocht de m'ainneoin, agus rinn mé dearmad mo scaball a chur orm. Tháinig an slua sí orm ar an tráigh," arsa seisean, "agus tá greim acu orm anois le mo shaol. Slán agus beannacht agat anois, agus ní fheicfidh tú aon amharc orm go deo! Abair le Padaí a bheith an-fhaichilleach ar a leithéid seo de lá, nó mura rabh beidh scéal le hinse aige féin agus ag an fhoirinn!"

D'imigh sé as a hamharc ansin mar d'imeochadh cnap ceo, agus ón lá sin go dtí an lá inniu, ní fhacaí siad aon amharc ar an fhear sin i dTeileann.

77. FEAR NA gCORR AR SHÁBHÁIL CARA ÓN FHARRAIGE É

Bhí buachaill óg anseo fad ó shin, agus bhí sé ina fhaisean dhéanta aige a bheith ag gabháil fán tráigh go síorraí leis féin a dh'iarraidh corr, go háirid nuair a bhíodh tráigh rabharta ann. Ba chuma cé a bheadh ag gabháil, rachadh seisean leis féin, agus dá measadh sé

had a brother living in the house with them. About one o'clock in the night the wife got a call to go and attend a woman in need. Before she left she spoke to her husband's brother and asked him to go to the strand for the eels in place of the man who was sick.

"And if you don't go," she said, "don't be here when I return tonight!"

Well and good. She went off, and when the time came for this man to go to the strand he went. Whatever happened to the rest of the crew they did not go to the strand, and he was by himself seeking the sand-eels.

The immortal host came to the strand, and whatever they did to him, he never returned home. They took him away, and she got proof of it. She was on her way home, having done what was needed, and it seems she had to cross the Glen river at the waterfall. When she reached the near side of the waterfall he was standing opposite her on the other side.

"In God's name," she said, "what brought you here at this hour of night!"

"Well," said he, "many a trouble I have given you, but I am settled forever now. You insisted on my going to the strand tonight against my will, and I forgot to put on my scapular. The fairy host came on me on the strand and they have a hold on me for the rest of my life. Farewell and blessings to you now, you will never see me again! Tell Paddy to be very careful on such a day, otherwise he and the crew will have a tale to tell!"

He went from her sight then like a piece of mist, and from that day to this they saw no sight of that man in Teelin.

77. A SAND-EEL GATHERER SAVED BY A FRIEND IN THE SEA

Long ago there was a boy here who was forever going to the strand to look for sand-eels, especially at the times of spring tide. He used to go by himself and if he thought there were people on the

go mbeadh daoine eile fán tráigh, ní rachadh sé féin ar chor ar bith. Bhí sé rud beag corr mar sin.

Ach an oíche seo bhí tráigh rabharta ann. I dtráthaibh na Samhna a bhí ann, agus ba bheag a bhí ag bodhradh a gcinn leis an tráigh fán am sin de bhliain. Bhí na fir ró-ghnóitheach ar feadh an lae ag baint na bpréataí, agus ní rabh na mná ag gabháil fán tráigh ach oiread. Thug seisean leis a scian-chorr agus bucóid, agus d'imigh sé. Nuair a bhí sé ag siúl síos an gath ag tarraingt ar oitir na gcorr, ní rabh dúil Chríostaí le feiceáil aige ar aon taoibh dó. Bhí an oíche comh geal leis an lá. Chuaigh sé ar aghaidhe amach chun na hoitreach, agus chrom sé síos lena scin, agus thosaigh sé a dh'iarraidh na gcorr.

Bhí go maith. Bhí sé ag fáil corrcheann, ach dheamhan i bhfad a bhí sé ag obair gur mhothaigh sé an callán eadar é féin agus Carraig Thomáis. Dar leis féin: "Tá sin iontach, agus shíl mé nach rabh aon duine beo ar an tráigh anocht ach mé féin!" Thóg sé a cheann, agus nuair a d'amharc sé bhí an slua bheatha thart air ar gach aon taoibh. Sheas sé ansin ar feadh i bhfad ag éisteacht leofa, agus dar leis gur cheart dó cuid de na glórthaí a aithne.

Tharraing sé orthu síos in aice Charraig Thomáis go bhfeiceadh sé cé a bhí ann, ach de réir is mar bhí seisean ag siúl bhí siadsan ag imeacht uaidh, agus nuair a shíleadh sé gur cheart dó a bheith ins an áit a rabh an chaint bhí sí leathmhíle uaidh. Bhí sé ag siúl leis mar sin ag leanstan chaint na ndaoine, agus cá bith a bhí dá mhealladh níor smaoitigh sé ariamh gur cheart do pilleadh, agus tarraingt ar an bhaile. Ins an am sin bhí sé chóir a bheith ar imeall na trá, agus é ag tosú a líonadh. Tháinig sé go ciumhas an chaineáil, agus ins an am sin bhí an chaint agus an ghibris a bhí mór le rá ar an taoibh eile os a choinne, agus amach as a lár sin dhéanfaí racht mór gáire. Ins an deireadh, dá ainneoin féin, bhí sé ag siúl amach ins an fharraige, nuair a d'éirigh an fear roimhis aníos ar imeall na trá.

"Cá bhfuil tú ag gabháil?" arsa an fear seo leis.

"Tá mé ag tarraingt ar an áit a bhfuil an callán," arsa seisean, "go bhfeicfí mé cé atá ag babaireacht orm!"

"Ní dhéanfaidh tú dadaí den chineál!" arsa an fear. "Pill thart ar do chois anois, agus bain an baile amach comh tiubh agus a thioctas leat. Féadann tú a bheith buíoch go rabh mise amuigh anocht, nó achab é go rabh ní fheicfí aon amharc ort go bráth. Ní

strand he would not go at all. He was a little odd in that way.

This night there was a spring tide. It was about the time of Samhain and there were few who bothered their heads with the strand at that time of year: the men were too busy all day saving potatoes and the women were not going to the strand either. The boy got his sand-eel knife and bucket and set out. As he was walking along towards the sand-eel bank there was not a Christian soul to be seen on any side. The night was as bright as day. He went out on the bank, bent down with his knife and began to seek the sand-eels.

Well and good. He was getting a few, but he was not long at the work until he heard the sound of voices between him and Carraig Thomáis. He thought to himself: "That is strange; I thought there was not a living person on the strand tonight but myself!" He raised his head and when he looked he saw the immortal host about him on every side. He stood for a long time listening to them, and thought he ought to recognize some of the voices.

He went towards them down by Carraig Thomáis to see who they were, but according as he was going towards them they were going from him, and when it seemed to him he should be in the place where the voices were they were half a mile away. He kept on walking and following the voices and, whatever it was drew him on, it never occurred to him that he should turn back and go home. By this time he was at the edge of the water and the tide had begun to rise. He went to the verge of the channel and by then a great gibberish of sound was to be heard on the other side opposite him and from the midst of it there rang out a loud peal of laughter. Unknown to himself he was walking into the sea when a man rose up at its edge.

"Where are you going?" said the man to him.

"I am going to the place where the voices are to see who is mocking me!"

"You will do nothing of the kind!" said the man. "Turn on your heel now and go home as quickly as you can. You can be thankful I was out tonight; but for that you would never be seen

daoine saolta na daoine sin a bhfuil an callán sin acu, ach bunadh beag na farraige, agus ba mhóide a gcuideachta anocht dá dtigeadh leofa tusa a mhealladh leofa. Mise a leithéid seo," arsa seisean, "agus bhí do mháthair ina ceann ró-mhaith domhsa le tusa a ligean ar shiúl leis an scaoith seo. Níl fhios acu go bhfuil mise anseo anois, ach pill thusa, agus bain an baile amach comh tiubh géar gasta is a thig leat, agus ná motháim go dtiocfaidh tú chun na trá seo a choíche arís leat féin!"

Bhain an buachaill na bonnaí as comh géar gasta agus a tháinig leis, agus níor chuir sé a chos ar thráigh Theilinn go luath ná go mall ariamh ó shin. Chuaigh sé go Meiriceá gan mhoill ina dhiaidh sin, agus creidim gur fada fód glas buailte air.

78. MAC SHORCHA AN PHOIRT

Tá suas le ceithre scór bliain ó shin báitheadh fear amuigh ins an Phort—fear nach bhfuil fhios agam a ainm, ach Mac Shorcha an Phoirt a ba gnách leis na comharsanaí thart anseo a thabhairt air.

Blianta ina dhiaidh sin, bhí fear as an Chill Ghabhlaigh thuas i nDún Cheannfhaola ag díol lód éisc. Tháinig fear eile, agus shín sé a chart ag a thaoibh, agus níor aithin sé an fear seo ar chor ar bith. Tráthnóna, nuair a bhí an t-iasc díolta acu, chuaigh an bheirt isteach go dtugadh siad gráinnín coirce do na beathaigh. Nuair a bhí sin déanta acu, chuaigh an bheirt isteach i dteach tábhairne gur ól siad *tract*. D'úmaigh siad na beathaigh ansin, agus tharraing an bheirt ar an bhaile.

Shiúil an bheirt cois ar chois le chéile go dtáinig siad go Droichead na Carraige. Labhair fear na Cille Gabhlaigh leis an fhear choimhthíoch ansin!

"Creidim," arsa seisean, "go bhfuil tusa ag gabháil an bealach seo!"

"Níl," arsa seisean, "beidh mé leat giota eile."

Shiúil an bheirt leofa go dteachaidh siad fhad shoir le Scoil Mhín an Aodhaire. Chuaigh siad suas ar an bhealach a théid an cnoc os cionn na scoile, agus isteach leofa gur shroichí siad áit a dtugtar Na Leachtaí air ar an cheann thoir de Bhaile na Bráda.

"Seo é mo bhealachsa anseo," arsa an fear coimhthíoch.

"Ar ndóiche, níl teach ar bith ansin," arsa fear na Cille Gabhlaigh.

again! Those who are making the noise are not people of this world, but the wee folk of the sea, and their company would be increased tonight if they were able to entice you away with them. I am so-and-so," said he, "and your mother was too good to me for me to let that crowd make off with you. They do not know that I am here, but go you back home as fast as you can, and let me never hear of your coming alone to this strand from this onward!"

The boy took to his heels as swiftly as he could, and he never put a foot again early or late on Teelin strand. He went to America soon afterwards, and I believe that it is a long time since the green sod was laid over him.

78. SORCHA'S SON FROM PORT

It is nearly eighty years ago since a man was drowned at Port—a man whose name I don't know, but all the neighbours about here knew him as Sorchá's son from Port.

Many years later a man from Cill Ghabhlaigh was at Dunkineely to sell a load of fish. Another man, whom he did not recognize at all, placed his cart alongside. In the evening when they had sold their fish both men went to give their horses a little oats, and then they both went to a tavern to drink a "treat". They harnessed their horses and both set out for home.

They walked alongside each other. When they reached the bridge at Carrick the man from Cill Ghabhlaigh said to the stranger:

"I believe you go that way!"

"No," said the stranger, "I will be with you another bit of the road."

They walked on until they reached the school at Mín an Aodhaire. They took the path over the hill from the school, and came to the place known as Na Leachta¹ to the east of Baile na Bráda.

"This is my way here," said the stranger.

"Sure, there is no house there at all," said the man from Cill Ghabhlaigh.

1. The monuments or death memorials.

"Tá teach agamsa ann," a deir sé. "An dtiocfadh leat a ghabháil soir amárach," a deir sé le fear na Cille Gabhlaigh, "agus tuí a chur ar mo theach? Tá sruth anuas orm."

"Rachaidh," arsa seisean.

"An n-aithníonn tú mé?" arsa seisean.

"Ní aithním," arsa fear na Cille Gabhlaigh.

"Bhail, mise Mac Shorcha an Phoirt," a deir sé, "a báitheadh amuigh ins an Phort, agus mé ag déanamh cnuasaigh, agus má tá meas bréige agat orm," a deir sé, "seo iad na méara a gearradh díom"—ag síneadh amach a láimhe, agus ag teiseáint na méar dó. "Agus is cosúil," a deir sé, "nach n-aithníonn tú an beathach seo atá liom ach oiread?"

"Ní aithním," arsa seisean.

"Bhail, sin beathach a bhí ag Padaí Ó hEochaidh An Chlocháin, agus nuair a bhiseochas mise sa tsaol bhéarfadh mise a luach go maith dó."

D'fhág siad slán agus beannacht ag a chéile ansin, agus ní thig liomsa a rá cé acu a chuaigh sé chuige a chur na tuí ar a theach ná nach dteachaidh.

79. "TIONTAIGH DO SCAOILTEOG, A MHIĆÍ!"

Ba ghnách le iascairí na slat mórán neathannaí iontacha a fheiceáil agus a chluinstin sa tsean-am thart fá bheanna na farraige anseo i dTeileann. Caithfidh sé go rabh uaislíneacht mhór ag baint leis an áit fad ó shin.

Chualaf mé m'athair mór ag trácht ar fhear eile a bhí ina chónaí i Rann na Cille sa tsean-am—fear arbh ainm dó Micí Eoin. Thug Micí leis a shlat maidin luath amháin i dtrátha na Samhna, agus chuaigh sé siar fá Thóin an Oileáin Ruaidh a dh'iarraidh ballán. Ba ghairid ar chor ar bith a bhí sé ag iascaireacht go dteachaidh sé i bhfastó i mbeathach éisc, agus fhad is bhí sé á chlaoi bhí iontas air caidé an cineál a bhí ann nó d'aithin sé ar an oibriú a bhí air nár bhallán é. Tharraing sé aníos é nuair a bhí sé claoite aige, agus caidé a bhí ann ach an ceann craigirlín a ba mhó a chonaic sé ariamh. Bhain sé an dubhán as, agus chaith sé arais chun na farraige é. Dar leis ansin go rabh sé fada go leor san áit a rabh sé agus go mb'fhéidir go mb'fhearr dó an baile a bhaint amach.

"My house is there," said the stranger. "Could you come east tomorrow to thatch my house: the rain is streaming in on me."

"I'll come."

"Do you recognize me?" asked the stranger.

"I do not," said the man from Cill Gabhlaigh.

"Well, I am Sorcha's son from Port who was drowned when I was gathering along the shore. And if you think I am lying," he said, holding out his hand, "see where my fingers were cut off! And," he added, "it is likely you do not recognize the horse I have?"

"I do not," said the man from Cill Gabhlaigh.

"Well, that horse belonged to Paddy Ó hEochaidh of Clochán, and when I am better off I will give him good payment for it."

They bade each other farewell then and I cannot tell whether or not he went to thatch the house.

79. "TURN YOUR JACKET, MÍĆÍ!"

In the old days men fishing with rods by the cliffs here in Teelin often saw and heard strange things. It must have been a very fairy place then.

I heard my grandfather tell of a man who lived at Rann na Cille, a man whose name was Micí Eoin. Early one morning about Samhain time Micí took his rod and went west by the back of Oileán Rua to fish for rockfish. He was a short time fishing when he hooked some kind of a fish and as he played it he was wondering what it could be for he knew from its struggle that it was not a rockfish. He pulled it in when he had it played out, and what was it but the largest *ceann craigirlín*¹ he had ever seen. He got the hook out and threw the fish back into the sea. He thought then that he had been long enough in that place and that it might be better for him to go home. He gathered up his gear and caught his

1. Described as a small fish with a big head and a spine that stings.

Chruinnigh sé suas a bhagáiste, agus rug sé ar a shlait le himeacht, ach nuair a thug sé thart é féin bhí an cailín óg a ba deise ar leag sé súil uirthi ariamh ina suí thuas ins an bhinn, agus í ag seinm ar chláirsí. Scanraigh sé nuair a chonaic sé sin, agus d'fhág sé síos an tslat, agus shuidh sé síos ar an chloich arís. Smaoitigh sé dá bhfanfadh sé ró-fhada nach mbeadh sé in innimh airdiú go bruach ar chor ar bith, agus d'éirigh sé arís, agus an iarraidh seo nuair a d'amharc sé in airde bhí an tseanchailleach a ba gráice ar leag sé súil ariamh uirthi ina suí san áit a rabh an cailín óg tamall beag roimhe sin, agus í ag cur cárannaí uirthi féin siar go dtí an dá chluais. Scanraigh sé oiread ansin agus gur thuit sé thart ina chnap i laige.

Bhí go maith. Cá bith fad a bhí cuimhne an tsaoil caillte aige, nuair a mhúscail sé as an tuaim, chualaí sé an glór ag scairtí leis an bhinn.

"Tiontaigh do scaoilteog, a Mhicí," arsa an glór, "agus ní heagal duit!"

Chaith Micí de an scaoilteog bháinín a bhí air, agus thiontaigh sé an taobh a bhí istigh amach, agus nuair a bhí sin déanta aige d'amharc sé suas ar an áit a bhí fada sé an chailleach, ach ní rabh cailleach ná cailín óg le feiceáil aige. Bhain sé bruach an áilt amach ansin, agus ní fhacaí sé agus níor mhothaigh sé aon dath ní ba mhó, ach ní thearn sé iascaireacht ballán ar bith ariamh ar a aghaidhe féin ina dhiaidh sin.

Ba léar le Micí gur fear a báitheadh seal roimhe sin a scairt leis an scaoilteog a thiontó. Bhí aithne mhaith aige air, agus is cosúil gur aithin sé a ghlór.

80. BAICLE SÍ AG IOMÁIN AR AN TRÁIGH

Bhí fear i Rann na Cille fad ó shin arbh ainm dó Féilim Ó Gallachóir. Bhí sé oíche amháin thuas ag a dheirfiúr i Mí na bhFiann ag cuartaíocht. Tá sin sé ná seacht de mhílte as Rann na Cille. D'fhág sé í in am codlata, agus bhí sé ag tarraingt ar an bhaile. Nuair a bhí sé ag teacht anoir barr Mhalaí na Stráipe mhothaigh sé an callán thíos ar an tráigh, agus bhí sin ann san am tráigh mhaith. Bhí oíche dheas ghealaí ann agus tráigh rabharta meán oíche. Mhothaigh sé an callán, agus rinn sé dubh-iontas caidé an cineál daoine a bhí ar a gcois fán am sin d'oíche. Caidé a bhí ann ach baicle

rod and when he turned to go, the prettiest girl he had ever seen was sitting up on the cliff playing a harp. He took fright when he saw that, let down his rod and sat down again on the rock. He thought if he stayed there too long he would not be able to climb to the top so he got up again. This time when he looked up he saw, sitting in the same place where the young girl had been a short while before, the ugliest old hag he had ever seen, and she making grimaces from ear to ear. He was so frightened that he fell down in a faint.

Well, however long he was unconscious, when he came to his senses he heard a voice calling from the cliff.

"Turn your jacket, Micí," said the voice, "and you will be in no danger!"

Micí pulled off his bawneen jacket and turned it inside out. Then he looked up at the place where he had seen the hag and there was neither hag nor girl to be seen. He got to the top of the cliff and neither saw nor heard anything strange, but he never went fishing alone after that.

It was clear to Micí that it was a man who had been drowned a short time before who had called to him to turn his jacket. He had known him well and it is likely that he recognized his voice.

80. THE FAIRY HURLERS ON THE STRAND

Long ago there was a man named Féilimí Ó Gallachóir living at Rann na Cille. One evening he went to visit his sister at Mí na bhFiann which is six or seven miles from Rann na Cille. He left her house when it was time to go to bed and set out for home. As he came down across the top of Malaí na Stráipe he heard voices on the strand. It was a fine moonlight night and the strand was wide at the ebb of spring tide at midnight. He wondered greatly what kind of people would be out at that time of night. What were they

a bhí ag iomáin! Ní rabh sé i bhfad ag éisteacht go gcualaí sé fear inteacht dá ainmniú. D'éist sé, agus chualaí sé fear eile dá ainmniú, agus níor stad siad gur scairt siad ainmneacha iomlán foirne. Bhí aithne mhaith aige ar an fhoirinn seo agus go speisialta ar an scípearaí.

Bhain sé an baile amach, agus chuaigh sé a luí, ach, leoga, má chuaigh féin, níor chodlaigh sé mórán. Nuair a chonaic sé ball bán ar an lá d'éirigh sé, agus chuir sé air a chuid éadaigh, agus tharraing sé ar an scípearaí. D'inis sé dó gach uile chineál dá gcualaí se.

"An mbeitheá sásta a ghabháil linn chuig an tsagart?" arsa an scípearaí le Féilim.

"Bheinn," arsa seisean, "caidé a bheadh orm?"

Ní rabh aon sagart ins an am ní ba comhgarai ná Gleann, agus creidim go bhfuil sin leathscór mílte as Teileann. Chruinnigh siad suas iomlán na foirne, ach aon fhear amháin, ach ní thabharfadh seisean aird ar bith orthu ar chor ar bith. Chuaigh siad isteach go Gleann, agus ba é an Sagart Mór a bhí ann san am.

"Caidé is ciall daoibh," arsa an sagart leofa, "a bheith ar bhur gcois fán am seo de lá?"

D'inis siad dó gach uile sheort dá gcualaí siad.

"Seo é an fear anseo," arsa scípearaí an bháid, "a chualaí an t-iomlán."

"An bhfuil iomlán na foirne leat?" arsa an sagart.

"Tá an t-iomlán acu liom," arsa seisean, "ach aon fhear amháin, agus rinn seisean ceap magaidh dinn nuair a d'inis muid dó caidé mar bhí. Ní thiocfadh sé linn ar aon dóigh de na dóigheannaí."

"Bhail," arsa an sagart, "sin é an fear is mó atá de dhíth den iomlán. An bhfuil fear ar bith ar an bhaicle a dtig leis beathach a mharcaíocht?"

"Tá," arsa Féilim Ó Gallachóir, "tig liomsa beathach a mharcaíocht."

"Bhail, tabhair leat mo bheathachsa atá amuigh ansin sa stábla," arsa an sagart, "agus comh tiubh géar is a thig leat gabh amach go Teileann, agus tabhair isteach chugamsa anseo an fear sin!"

Tháinig sé amach, agus thug sé leis isteach an fear seo. Chuir an sagart an t-iomlán acu síos ar a nglúine, agus chaith sé uair fhada ag léitheoireacht os a gcionn. Nuair a bhí an léitheoireacht thart:

"Gabh amach anois," arsa seisean leis an chailín, "fhad le aradh na gcearc, agus tabhair isteach trí ghiota de shlat."

but a group who were hurling! He listened for a short while and heard a certain man named. He listened again and heard another man named: they did not stop until they had named a whole boat crew. He knew them all, and specially the skipper.

He got to his home and went to bed, but indeed he did not sleep much. As soon as he saw daylight, he rose and dressed and went to see the skipper. He told him everything he had heard.

"Would you be willing to come with us to the priest?" asked the skipper.

"I would, of course," said Féilimí.

At that time there was no priest living nearer than Glencolmcille and I believe that is half a score of miles from Teelin. They assembled all the crew except one man who would pay no heed to them at all. They went to the Glen where the parish priest was at that time.

"What cause have you," asked the priest, "to be afoot at this time of the day?"

They told him what they had heard.

"Here is the man," said the skipper, "who heard it all."

"Have you all the crew here?" asked the priest.

"I have them all," said the captain, "except one man and he mocked us when we told him about it. He would not come with us on any account."

"Well," said the priest, "he is the one most wanted of all. Can any man here ride a horse?"

"Yes," said Féilimí Ó Gallachóir, "I can ride."

"Well, take my horse which is out there in the stable, and go to Teelin as quickly as you can and bring that man to me!"

He rode off and he brought the man back with him. The priest made them all kneel and he read for a long time over them. When the reading was finished he said to his servant girl:

"Go out to the hen-roost and bring in three bits of stick."

Thug an cailín isteach na slatacha, agus dhóigh sé istigh sa tine iad, agus ansin mheil sé suas fríd an oifige iad.

"Anois," arsa seisean leis an scípearáí, "tabhair leat sin, agus craith fríd an bhád é, agus ins an fharraige thart fán bhád. Nuair a dhéanfas tú sin, tá rud amháin eile a chaithfeas tú a dhéanamh, agus sé sin, gan a bheith a choiche ar thús an chabhlaigh ag gabháil chun na farraige. Lig bád ná dhó amach romhat i dtólamh, agus nuair a dhéanfas tú sin féadann tú féin a ghabháil chun do rogha áit, agus beidh tú sábháilte go leor."

Tharraing siad ar an bhaile arais ansin. Rinn siad comhairle an tsagairt, agus chaith siad a saol ag teacht agus ag imeacht ag iascaireacht le cléile, agus ní fhacaí siad ná níor mhothaigh siad aon dath.

81. AN CHÉAD SCAIRT AR MAIDIN

Níl sé ceart ag iascaire éirí ar maidin nuair a dhéanfar an chéad scairt air ar eagla gurab iad uaisle na farraige a dhéanfadh an scairt seo.

* * * * *

Bhí iascaire ar An Atharach anseo i dTeileann fad ó shin arbh ainm dó Pádraig Mac Lochlainn. Bhí sé féin agus a fhoireann ag iascaireacht le dorgaí san am. Scairteadh air, agus d'éirigh sé, agus d'ith sé greim, agus tharraing sé ar an bhád. Ní rabh duine ar bith roimhis, agus ní tháinig duine ar bith chuige fada go leor. Nuair a tháinig siad d'fhiafraigh sé díofa cé acu acu a scairt air, ach níor scairt duine ar bith air.

Chuaigh siad chun na farraige, agus an lá céanna sin tháinig tonn air a chuir i bhfarraige é, agus ní bhfuarthas a chorp féin ón lá sin go dtí an lá inniu.

82. SIÓG SAN FHARRAIGE

Bhí foireann as Teileann anseo ag iarraidh bradán samhradh amháin. Bhí an aimsir garbh go maith, agus ní rabh siad ábalta a ghabháil i bhfad i bhfarraige. Chuaigh siad amach an tráthnóna seo, agus chuir siad an eangach amach ó Cheann Mhucrois. Nuair a

The girl brought in the sticks. He burned them in the fire and then ground them up through the office.¹

"Now," said the priest to the skipper, "take that and shake it through the boat and in the sea about the boat. Moreover, there is one thing you must never do and that is to lead the fleet going out to sea. Always let one boat or two go ahead of you, and when you do that you may go anywhere and you will be quite safe."

They went home again then. They followed the priest's advice, and they spent their life coming and going on the sea and always fishing together, and never did they see or hear anything strange.

81. THE FIRST CALL IN THE MORNING

It is not right for a fisherman to rise to the first call in the morning for fear it may be the sea-gentry who are calling him.²

* * * * *

Long ago there was a fisherman here in Atharach by the name of Pádraig Mac Lochlainn. He and his crew used to go fishing with lines. A call came for him and he rose, ate a bite and went to the boat. There was no one there before him and no one came for long enough. When the others came he asked which of them had called him, and none of them had.

They went out to sea, and that same day a wave swept him overboard and his body was never found.

82. THE FAIRY MAN IN THE SEA

There was a boat crew from Teelin fishing for salmon one summer. The weather was very rough and they were not able to go far out to sea. This afternoon they put out the net at Muckros Head. When

1. The blessing of salt for certain purposes was known as an *office* and is still common in parts of Donegal. (S. Ó hE.)

2. This belief was also held in Tory. (S. Ó hE.)

bhí siad ansin tamall crochta ar cheann na heangaí, dar leofa go bhfacaí siad toirt mar bheadh rón istigh ag an cheann den abhainn a bhí in aice an talaimh. Cúladh isteach an bád, agus nuair a chuaigh siad comhgarach go leor dó chonaic siad gur fear a bhí ann, agus é ina sheasamh ins an fharraige, agus an méid de a bhí os cionn a chaolais os cionn na farraige. Scanraigh siad go maith, ní nach ionadh, amach ó fhear amháin a bhí ina measc, agus dúirt seisean leofa a ghabháil i gceann na heangaí agus á tógáil, gur fhear sí é, agus nach mbainfeadh sé leofa. Rinn siad sin fáilthí go leor, agus níor bhain sé leofa, siúd agus nár luaithé ar thaoibh amháin den bhád é ná ar an taoibh eile gur thóg siad deireadh isteach chun an bháid, agus bhí cur maith bradán leofa fosta. Bhain siad an baile amach gan chaill gan urchóid.

Bhí go maith agus ní rabh go holc. Chuaigh an fhoireann chéanna a dh'iarraidh scadán i dtrátha na Samhna, agus cailleadh an fear a bhí ag tabhairt uchtaigh don chuid eile den fhoirinn an oíche a chonaic siad an fear sí—chuir an seol an duine bocht san fharraige, agus báitheadh é.

83. BRADÁN SÍ AGUS IASCAIRÍ AN DOMHNAIGH

Ins an tsean-am, bhí m'athair mór agus a fhoireann thiar ag iarraidh bradán in áit arb ainm dó Gobán an Uisce; tá sin thiar i gcúl Shliabh Liag tuairim ar leathbhealaigh eadar Teileann agus Málainn Bhig. Áit uasal i gceart. Maidin Domhnaigh a bhí ann agus bhí siad ansin amuigh ar leatheangaí ó bhí an dó ná an trí a chlog ar maidin ann. Nuair a mheas siad am Aifrinne a bheith ann dúirt fear le chéile go rabh an t-am an paidrín páirteach a rá. Thúsaigh siad ar an phaidrín, agus is beag a bhí ráite acu go dteachaidh an bradán siar chun na heangaí. Tugadh an dol, agus bhí sé folamh. Nuair a bordadh an eangach thúsaigh siad arís ar an phaidrín, agus ní rabh i bhfad go dteachaidh an bradán siar an darna hiarraidh. Chaith siad air, agus bhí an dol sin folamh. Le scéal fada a dhéanamh gairid, baineadh an tríú dol astu. Nuair a rug siad ar chluasa na heangaí an iarraidh seo, dúirt fear den fhoirinn mur rabh an diabhal dearg air go gceapfadh siad é an babhta seo. Ní rabh an focal as a bhéal gur éirigh bradán ruadhearg amach as an fharraige amuigh san eangaí, agus léim sé amach thaire an chorc.

they had been for a while bending over the net they saw something about the size of a seal near the estuary of the river. They backed the boat in and when they came near enough they saw it was a man standing waist-high in the sea. They were frightened, which is no surprise, all but one man amongst them who said they should go for the net and take it in, that what they saw was a fairy man who would not meddle with them. They did that with great care, and the fairy man did not meddle with them, although he was no sooner at one side of the boat than they would see him on the other. They lifted the last of the net into the boat and they had made a good haul of salmon. They got home without mishap.

Well and good. The same boat crew went fishing for herring at Samhain time and the man who had given them courage the night they saw the fairy man was lost; the sail swept him into the sea and he was drowned.

83. THE FAIRY SALMON AND THE SUNDAY FISHERS

In the old days my grandfather and his crew were fishing for salmon in a place called Gobán an Uisce which is to the west below Slieve League about half-way between Teelin and Malinbeg, a very gentle place indeed. It was a Sunday morning and they had half the net out in a semi-circle since two or three o'clock. When they thought it was Mass time they said they should say the Rosary. They had hardly begun when a salmon went into the net. The net was pulled in and it was empty. When they had the net boarded they started the Rosary again, and they had very little of it said when the salmon passed a second time. They cast for it and again the net was empty. To make a long story short, they made a third cast. When they had the net by the lugs the third time one of the crew said they would catch it this time unless it was the red devil himself! The word was not out of his mouth before a red salmon leaped from the sea out of the net and over the corks. This haul was empty also. When they saw that, they made for home as

Bhí an dol seo folamh fosta, agus nuair a chonaic siad seo tharraing siad ar an bhaile comh tiubh is a tháinig leofa. Scanraigh an bradán sí seo iad, ná bhí intinn acu nárbh é an dea-rud a chur ina mbealach é ar maidin Dé Domhnaigh.

84. BOCHTÓG NIC FHIONLAOICH

Ba ghnách leis na hiascairí a rá go rabh mná sí ins an fharraige ins an am sin a dtugadh siad "bochtógaí" mar ainm orthu. Bhí aicme dhaoine san áit, agus bhítheas a rá go mbíodh siad ag siúl leofa rith a saoil, agus go sábháileadh siad go minic ar a mbáthadh iad. Ba mhinic a chonaictheas iad laethe géara garbha, agus a gcinn aníos amach as an uisce acu, agus gruag fhada bhuf orthu síos go lár a ndroma.

Bhí fear ina chónaí i Rann na Cille fad ó shin, agus oíche amháin, agus é marbh ina chodladh, rinn sé brionglóideach go rabh adhmaid ag teacht fá thír thiar i bhFothair Éamoinn Óig. D'éirigh sé, agus níor ghlac sé faill amharc ar an am ná ar aon dath—ná ach oiread leis sin, b'fhéidir nach rabh am ar bith aige. Rinn sé braon beag tae, agus d'imigh sé leis. Caidé a bhí ann ach gealach dheireadh oíche. D'imigh sé leis, agus nuair a bhí sé ag gabháil síos an t-ált, chuaigh an ghealach a luí, agus chruinnigh dubhchnap san aird thiar, agus d'éirigh sé an-dorcha. Phill sé aníos arais, agus chuaigh sé ar foscadh cloiche móire. Ba ghairid uilig a bhí sé ansin gur thuit sé thart ina chnap codlata. Níorbh fhada gur buaileadh boiseog mhaith chruaidh air i dtaoibh an leicinn. Chlis sé suas, agus nuair a d'amharc sé, bhí an bhean seo ina seasamh ag a thaoibh.

"Imigh leat anois," a deir sí, "comh tiubh géar is a thig leat agus bhain an baile amach!"

"Cé thusa," arsa seisean, "ná cá has a dtáinig tú?"

"Bhail, nuair a rachas tú abhaile," arsa sise, "abair le do mháthair gur mhúscail bochtóg Nic Fhionlaoich thú, agus gur shábháil sí ar do bháthadh thú anocht! Dá dtéitheá síos ansin anocht," arsa sise, "chaillfí thú, agus nár bhocht an scéal é sin ag do mháthair le cluinistín ar maidin!"

Tháinig sé abhaile ansin, agus níor éiligh sé aon chladach go dteachaidh sé i dtalamh.

quickly as they could. The fairy salmon frightened them for they thought it was not a good thing that put it in their way on a Sunday morning.

84. THE BOCHTÓG OF THE MACGINLEYS

The fishermen used to say that there were fairy women in the sea, and the name they had for them was *bochtógaí*. It was said that they used to follow certain families and often saved them from drowning. They were often seen in hard rough weather, their heads up out of the water and with long yellow hair to their waists.

Long ago there was a man living at Rann na Cille. One night when he was in deep sleep he dreamed that driftwood was coming ashore to the west at Fothair Éamoinn Óig. He rose and did not bother to look at the time—and indeed he probably had no clock. He made himself a drop of tea and went out. What was it but the last phase of the moon! As he went down the cliff the moon set, darkness gathered in the west and it became pitch-black. He made his way up again and took shelter by a big stone. He was a very short time there before he fell fast asleep. Before long he was hit a good smart slap on the cheek. He started up, and saw a woman standing beside him.

"Go now," she said, "as quickly as you can and get home!"

"Who are you," said he, "and where did you come from?"

"Well, when you go home," she said, "tell your mother that MacGinley's *bochtóg* wakened you and saved you from drowning tonight. If you had gone down there tonight you would have been lost and would not that have been a sad story for your mother to hear in the morning!"

He went home and he never sought the shore again until he went into the clay.

85. BEAN FARRAIGE INA CARA AG PÁDRAIG MÓR

Bhí iascaire maith ar an Bhaile Mhór fad ó shin arbh ainm dó Pádraig Ó hEochaidh, fear mór láidir garbh nach gcuirfeadh rud ar bith critheagal air ar talamh ná ar farraige. San am sin bhíodh iascaireacht mhór dorgaí á déanamh i dTeileann san earrach, agus, leoga, is iomaí lá cruaidh agus scanradh a fuair créatúir. Ní rabh ann ach an seol agus na maidi rámhá ins an am, agus nuair a bhíodh gaoth anoir aneas ann bhíodh an-am acu ag iarraidh an talamh a bhaint amach. Is minic a scaitheadh iad, agus ab éigean daofa Málainn Bhig a bhaint amach.

Ach lá amháin bhí Pádraig Mór agus a fhoireann amuigh le dorgaí móra. Bhí siad curtha acu síos i mBéal Fhothair Chapall. Deireadh Mhí na bhFaoilleach a bhí ann, agus is gnách fán am sin de bhliain go mblonn an uair an-taodach. D'athraigh an lá go han-tobann, agus rinn siad seol agus thug siad iarraidh an baile a bhaint amach. Ag teacht isteach béal an chuain daofa, bhí sé ina ghaoith mhóir de ghaoith anoir aneas agus an sruth ag gabháil i ngaoith, agus d'éirigh an fharraige comh trom agus go rabh an bád ag tógáil oiread uisce agus go rabh obair ag beirt acu á coinneáil taomtha. Bheir an sruth orthu, agus bhítheas á gcur siar agus siar, agus nuair a cuireadh go hascaill an Charraigín iad bhítheas á gcur ar an talamh ar Bhun an tSeoil.

Leis sin féin tigí an lámh aníos as an fharraige, agus rug sí ar thoiseach an bháid, agus thug sí an bád léithi thart ar Cheann an Charraigín go dtug sí isteach ar an fhoscadh iad i bPoll na bPocán. Shocraigh an lá eadar sin agus an tráthnóna, agus ní rabh moill ar bith orthu a ndorga a thógáil, agus tháinig siad abhaile slán.

Seal ama ina dhiaidh sin, bhí bean Phádraig istigh sa teach léithi féin agus í ag sníomh. Tháinig bean bhocht chun dorais agus triúr ná ceathrar páistí fána cosa. Tháinig sí isteach agus d'fhiafraigh sí de bhean Phádraig an dtabharfadh sí crág mhine daoithi a dhéanadh toirtín aráin dá cuid páistí.

"Maise," arsa bean Phádraig, "is minic a bhí níos mó mine agam istigh ná atá inniu. Níl ann ach go bhfuil oiread agam agus a dhéanfas toirtín beag do mo bhaicle féin."

"Bhail, dá laghad a bhfuil agat," arsa an bhean bhocht, "rannfa liomsa dá mbeadh fhios agat an gar a rinn mise duit féin agus do do chuid páistí ar na mallaibh. Achab é mise b'fhéidir gur minic a bheitheá féin ar an ghannchuid!"

85. THE SEA WOMAN WHO BEFRIENDED
PÁDRAIG MÓR

Long ago there was a good fisherman living at Baile Mór: his name was Pádraig Ó hEochaidh and he was a big strong tough man who did not fear anything on land or sea. At that time there was great line-fishing from Teelin in the spring and, indeed, many a day of hardship and fright the poor men got. They had only the sail and the oars in those days and when the wind was from the south-east they had a hard time trying to reach harbour. Often they were driven past it and had to make for Malinbeg.

One day Pádraig Mór and his crew were out with the big lines. They had laid them at the mouth of Fothair Chapall. It was the end of February, and at that time of year the weather is usually very rough. The weather changed suddenly and they tried to sail home. When they got to the mouth of the harbour a south-eastern gale was blowing and the current going with it. The sea was so much against them and the boat was taking so much water that it took two men all their time to keep it bailed out. The current seized them and they were driven out west until at Carrigan Head it was driving them ashore at Bun an tSeoil.

Just then a hand rose out of the sea and caught the prow of the boat and brought it round Carrigan Head into the shelter of Poll na bPocán. Towards evening the day calmed, and they made no delay in lifting their lines and they got home safely.

Some time after that, Pádraig's wife was alone in the house spinning. A poor woman came to the door with three or four children at her feet. She came in and asked Pádraig's wife to give her a handful of meal to make a loaf for her children.

"Musha," said Pádraig's wife, "I often had more meal than I have tonight. I have just about enough to make a loaf for my own family."

"Well, little as you have," said the poor woman, "you would share it with me if you knew the good I had done for you and your children a short time ago. But for me it is maybe often yourself would be short of food."

D'éirigh bean Phádraig ina seasamh, agus cá bith dornán mine a bhí ar thóin mála aici thug sí a leath don bhean bhocht. Bhí an-bhuíochas aici uirthi.

"Anois," arsa an bhean bhocht, "abair le Pádraig nach gcaill-tear ar an fharraige é an dá lá shaol a bheas aige. Shábháil mise é ar na mallaibh, agus níl aon chruachás a mbeidh sé ann a choíche ar an fharraige nach ndéanfaidh mise a tharrtháil, agus ní fhéadann sé eagla ar bith a bheith air."

D'fhág sí slán agus beannacht ag bean an toighe, agus d'imigh sí amach. Lean bean an toighe í go bhfeiceadh sí cé an taobh a dtabharfadh sí a haghaidhe, agus i ndiaidh a bheith amach ar an tsáil aici, ní rabh aon amharc le feiceáil uirthi. D'imigh sí mar d'imeochadh ceo an chnoic. Ba léar le bean Phádraig ón lá sin go dtí an lá a chuaigh sí i dtalamh gur bean de shlua na farraige an bhean bhocht seo, nó bhí sé canta ariamh go rabh oiread acu san fharraige agus a bhí ins na cnoic!

86. BEAN FARRAIGE A THUG TARRTHÁIL AR BHÁD

Bhí foireann ar an bhaile s' againne *trip* amháin, agus d'imigh siad leofa siar go Málainn a dh'iascaireacht. Chuaigh siad anonn go hOileán Ráchlanna, agus chuaigh siad a dh'iascaireacht i mBéal Rinn Ált. Thúsaigh siad a mharbhadh na nglasóg gur luchtigh siad an bád de ghlasógaí agus bhí siad istigh ar an fhoscadh, agus níor mhothaigh siad an géarbhach go dteachaidh siad a sheoladh anall i lár an tsrotha, agus bhí eagla orthu nach reathfadh siad é le géarbhach agus nuair a d'amharc fear acu amach le toiseach an bháid, bhí bean *stripáilte* suas shad lena guailneacha ag tarraingt an bháid anonn fríd an fharraige go dteachaidh siad isteach go béal na húige, agus d'amharc siad amach, agus bhí an bhean ar siúl. Ní thiocfadh siad anall an sruth ach murab é an bhean.

87. GRÉASÁN SÍ A SCAOILEADH AMACH ÓN ÁLT

Bhí fear arbh ainm dó Padaí Ó Beirn as An Chró Bhán ag iascaireacht scadán. Chuir sé na heangachaí amach i mBéal Fhothair Chapall. Bhí sé ar thráthnóna comh deas is a shéid as aer ariamh—comh deas sin gur chaith an fhoireann iad féin síos ar thóin an bháid.

Pádraig's wife rose up and whatever remained at the bottom of the sack she gave half of it to the poor woman, who was most grateful to her.

"Now," said the poor woman, "tell Pádraig he will not be lost at sea as long as he lives. I saved him a short time ago and he will never be in danger at sea that I will not save him. He need never fear."

She bade farewell to the woman of the house and went out. The woman of the house followed her to see what way she would take and although she had been just on her heels there was no sight of her to be seen. From that day to the day she was buried Pádraig's wife was sure that the poor woman was one of the sea-host, for it was always held that there were as many of them in the sea as there were in the hills.

86. THE SEA WOMAN WHO DREW A BOAT TO SAFETY

There was a crew from our townland who had gone fishing west to Malin once. They went over to Rathlin O'Birne Island and began to fish at Béal Rinn Ált. They were killing coalfish until they had the boat full, and as they were in shelter they did not notice that a gale had arisen until they sailed out into the middle of the current. They were in dread that they would not pull through against the gale, when one of them looked out and saw a woman naked to her shoulders pulling the boat through the sea until they reached the mouth of a cove. And then when they looked the woman was gone. They could not have crossed the current but for the woman.

87. THE FAIRY WEB UNFURLED FROM THE CLIFF

A man by the name of Paddy Ó Beirn of Cró Bhán was fishing for herring. He had his nets out at the mouth of Fothair Chapall. It was as fine an evening as ever blew out of the air, so fine that the crew lay down in the boat. There was no motion in the sea. Paddy

Ní rabh bogadh ar an fharraige. Bhí Pádaí ina shuí agus a aghaidh isteach ar Cheann an Charraigín. Tí sé fear ag siúl amach ar an tSeol Mhór, agus gréasán báinín leis ar a mhuin. Scairt sé leis na fir eile éirí go bhfeiceadh siad é. Rinn siad sin. Thosaigh fear an ghréasáin á roiseadh, agus rois sé leis tuairim ar cheithre scór slat. De réir mar bhí sé á roiseadh bhí sé ag imeacht le gaoith amach in aice an bháid. Bhí an gréasán crochta san aer, agus é ag craitheadh mar dá mbeadh sé ina chraos gaoithe móire. Scanraigh siad as miosúr, ar ndóiche, agus dúirt fear le chéile go mb'fhearr daofa an eangach a thógáil agus tarraingt ar an bhaile. Rinn siad sin, agus mar bhí Dia leofa ní bhfuair siad ach glár beag scadán. Tharraing siad ar an bhaile. D'athraigh an oíche, agus ba ghairid go rabh craos fharraige ann. B'éigean daofa na maidí a scaitheadh ag teacht aniar daofa ag Tor Bó, agus ní rabh ann ach é gur bhain siad an cladach amach. Scanraigh cuid acu oiread agus nár chuir siad a gcós i mbád ariamh ina dhiaidh sin.

88. BÁD SÍ MAR CHOMHARTHA STOIRME

Ba rud coitianta ag iascairí scadán sa tsean-am taibhsí bád a fheiceáil, go háirid roimhe chaill ná stoirm. De réir an tseanchais ba mhion minic a shábháil na taiseanna seo foirneacha ar a gcuilleadh.

Bhí foireann báid as Teileann amuigh oíche amháin ag iarraidh scadán. Bhí iascaireacht mhór á déanamh thiar i Málainn Bhig san am, agus nuair a d'fhág an fhoireann seo an baile bhí rún acu a ghabháil go Béal na hÚige. Nuair a bhí siad ag gabháil siar i gCúl Shléibhe tháinig siad ar chomharaíocht mhór scadán, agus rinn siad comhairle nach rachadh siad ní b'fhaide, agus go gcuirfeadh siad an eangach san áit a rabh siad.

Rinn siad sin, agus nuair a d'fhéach siad ar an eangach bhí glár breá scadán inti. Thóg siad an eangach, agus nuair a bhí deireadh tógtha acu, siúd aníos le bád eile taobh amuigh daofa.

"Seo bhur n-anam na diasán!" arsa fear den fhoirinn leis an chuid eile, "sin í bád a leithéid seo, agus teannaigí suas ar na maidí go mbainí sinn ionramh astu go Gob na Leice!"

himself was sitting facing Carrigan Head when he saw a man walking out to the very brink of the headland with a web of bawneen cloth on his shoulders. He called to the other men to sit up and look. The man with the web began to unwind it, and as it unwound it floated out in the air near the boat. There was about eighty yards of it shaking out in the air as if blown by a great wind. The men were terrified and said to each other they had better lift the nets and make for home. They did so, and as God was with them they had only a small catch of herring. The evening changed and soon the sea was turbulent around them. They had to draw in the oars as they reached Tor Bó, and they barely managed to get ashore. Some of them were so frightened that they never again put foot in a boat.

88. THE FAIRY BOAT AS STORM WARNING

In the old days it often happened that herring-fishers saw ghost-boats before a drowning or a storm. It was the tradition that these apparitions often saved crews from being lost.

There was a boat-crew out from Teelin one night looking for herring. At that time there was great fishing being done out west by Malinbeg and when this crew left home they intended to go to Béal na hÚige. As they passed the back of Slieve League they came on signs of a big shoal and decided to go no further but to put out the net where they were.

They did so and when they examined the net there was a fine haul of herring in it. They lifted the net and when it was all in, suddenly another boat came up outside them.

"Your souls from the devil," cried one of the crew, "that is so-and-so's boat. Get at the oars and we will race them to Gob na Leice!"

Bhuail an t-íomramh acu ansin, agus in amannaí bhíodh siad fá fhad an mhaide rámha daofa, ach níor labhair siad smid leofa. D'imir siad leofa go cruaidh géar, agus nuair a bhí an bád seo ag tiontó thart ag Cúl an Dúin, bhí an bád coimhthíoch ag fágáil Inneoir na Leice ina dhiaidh. D'imir siad suas ina diaidh buille ar bhuille go dteachaidh siad go Gobán Phadaí Dhónaill. Chuaigh an bád a bhí rompu thaire an Ghobán, agus comh luath géar is a bhuail siadsan an cladach, léim beirt den fhoirinn amach, agus chuartaigh siad go bhfeiceadh siad an rabh bádaí na háite amuigh. Ní rabh, agus cá bith áit a dteachaidh an bád eile ní fhacthas aon amharc uirthi ón lá sin go dtí an lá inniu.

D'éirigh gaoth mhór go gearr i ndiaidh foireann Theilinn a mbád a tharraingt, agus dá mbeadh siad i mbun an chuain san am a rabh siad ar An Róisín ní fheicfí aon fhear acu go bráth.

89. BÁC SÍ MAR CHOMHARTHA BÁITE

Bhí foireann óg as Teileann ag iarraidh scadán bliain amháin. Ní rabh an fear a ba sine acu ach sé bliana fichead. Oíche amháin, chuaigh siad suas go Cúl an Phointe, agus chuir siad a gcuid eangach i mBáighe Inbheara. D'athraigh an oíche, agus chuaigh siad a thógáil na heangaí i dtráthaibh an naoi a chlog. Ní bhfuair siad ach glár beag scadán, agus ansin rinn siad seol le tarraingt ar an bhaile. Bhí an oíche an-doineanta, agus leag siad an bád anonn ar Cheann an Mhullaigh an chéad uair, agus ansin siar chun na farraige sa dóigh a dtógfadh siad isteach béal an chuain. Bhí fear na stiúrach ag éirí fuar, agus arsa seisean le fear den fhoirinn:

"Coinnigh do lámh ar an halmadóir seo go dtéithí mé mo lámha!"
Bhí tine thíos chun tosaigh sa bhád.

"Dhéanfaidh mé sin," arsa fear dena chuid comrádaí.

Tharraing an fear sin ar an stiúir, agus chuaigh an fear eile síos agus ní rabh sé thíos os cionn deich mbomaite gur éirigh an gháir ar daic, agus thosaigh an scairteach go rabh bád ag tarraingt orthu faoi lán-tseol, agus go rabh cosúlacht uirthi go bhfágfadh sí ar bharr na farraige iad. Tháinig an chéad fhear aníos agus d'amharc sé uaidh, agus ní rabh dul aige bád ar bith a fheiceáil.

"Caithfidh sé go bhfuil tú dall mur bhfeiceann tú an bád sin!"
arsa fear na stiúrach.

The rowing began and at times they were within an oar's length of the other boat but no word was spoken from it. They kept hard at it and when they were turning in at Cúl an Dúin the strange boat had passed Inneoir na Leice. They pulled after it stroke by stroke until they came to Gobán Phaddy Dhónaill. The boat ahead went past the Gobán. Immediately they got to the shore two of the crew jumped out and searched to see if any of the boats of the place was out. None was, and wherever the other boat went, no sight of it was seen from that day to this.

A great gale rose soon after the Teelin crew had pulled up their boat, and if they had been at the mouth of the harbour then not a man of them would have been seen again.

89. THE FAIRY BOAT AS DROWNING OMEN

A young crew from Teelin were fishing for herring one year. The eldest of them was no more than twenty-six. One night they went to St. John's Point and laid their nets in Inver Bay. The weather changed and they began to lift the nets about nine o'clock. They had got very few herring and they raised the sail to go home. The night was very stormy so they steered first towards Mullaghmore Head on the Sligo coast and then out west so as to come in by the mouth of the harbour. The steersman was getting cold and he said to another of the crew:

"Keep your hand on the tiller until I warm my hands." There was a fire below in the front of the boat.

"I will do that," said his comrade.

He took the helm and the steersman went below. He was not below ten minutes when there was a shout from the deck that a boat was coming down on them in full sail and that it looked like ramming them into the sea. The steersman came up and looked around and could see no boat at all.

"You must be blind if you don't see that boat!" said the man at the tiller.

"Bhail," arsa an chéad fhear, "dhéanfaidh sibh scairteach go leor ormsa sula dtigí mé aníos an iarraidh seo!" Shíl sé gur ag diabhlaíocht air a bhí siad. Chuaigh sé síos, agus ní rabh an fad céanna ama caite thíos aige nuair a thosaigh an scairteach agus an bhéicfeach, agus an iarraidh seo bhí an chúigear eile na foirne uilig ar daic, agus iad uilig ag feiceáil an bháid, ach rith an ama ní rabh dul aigesan rud ar bith a fheiceáil. Chaith an fear a bhí ar an halmadóir uaidh ar fad é, agus dúirt sé nach mbeirfeadh sé air go dtéamais isteach chun na gCeall. Rug an chéad fhear arís ar an halmadóir, agus ní fhacaí sé bád ar bith go dtug sé a cheann féin isteach slán sábháilte chun an phoirt.

Ar an bhealach suas chun na gCeall chuaigh an fear seo a bhí ag feiceáil an bháid a dhéanamh a thiomna—le diabhlaíocht. Ní rabh aon fhear den fhoirinn nár fhág sé ball dá chuid éadaigh aige ón bhróg go dtí an bearad.

Chuaigh siad an bealach céanna an oíche tharna mhárach, agus bhí Albanach leofa, agus b'éigean daofa a ghabháil isteach chun na gCeall leis. Bhí ag an fhear nach bhfacaí bád ar bith le theacht abhaile go dtéadh sé chun aonaigh lena athair le dhá mhuic. Shiúil sé as Na Cealla Beaga abhaile go Teileann, agus d'fhág sé an chuid eile den fhoirinn ina dhiaidh. Bhí siad ag tarraingt ar an bhaile tráthnóna leis an bhád, agus an fear bocht a rinn a thiomna le diabhlaíocht an oíche roimhe sin cá bith truisleadh a bhain dó chuaigh sé san fharraige agus báitheadh é.

90. OILEÁN SÍ RÁCHLAINN UÍ BHEIRN

Níl aon lá ariamh nach bhfuil sé canta ag seanascairí go bhfuil oileán séanta san aird thiar aneas d'oileán Ráchlainn Uí Bheirn, agus d'áirmhíodh siad ins an tsean-am go nochtadh an t-oileán seo uair amháin gach uile sheachtú bliain. D'áirmhíodh siad, dá dtigeadh aibhleog a chur i dtír ar an oileán seo, nach suncáilfeadh sé go bráth. Oileán a bhí ann a bhí faoi gheasa. Chonaic go leor daoine é sa tsean-am, ach sháraigh ar aon duine ariamh fáil i dtír air.

Chuala mé seandúine i nGleann Cholm Cille a rá go bhfacaí fear dá bhunadh féin é fad ó shin. Bhí an fear seo a teacht abhaile ó fhear déanamh túirní. Tráthnóna deas samhraidh a bhí ann, go díreach i ndiaidh luí gréine. Bhí dhá chois túirne leis. Nuair a

"Well," said the steersman, "you may shout a long time before I come again!" He thought they were playing tricks on him. He went below but he was not even as long as before below when the calling and shouting began and this time the other five of the crew were on deck: all five saw the boat but the steersman could see nothing. The man who had taken the helm let it go and said he would not hold it again until they reached Killybegs. The steersman took the helm again and he saw no boat until he had brought his own safely into port.

On their way to Killybegs the man who had seen the boat set about making a mock will. There was no man of the crew he did not leave some article of his clothing from his boot to his cap.

Next night they went the same way; they had an Albanach¹ with them and they had to leave him into Killybegs. The man who had not seen the strange boat had to go home in order to take two pigs to a fair next day with his father. He walked from Killybegs to Teelin and left the rest of the crew to go home by sea in the evening. The poor man who had made the mock will the night before stumbled in some way and fell overboard and was drowned.

90. THE FAIRY ISLAND OFF RATHLIN O'BIRNE

There was never a day that the old fishermen did not tell of a fairy island south-west of Rathlin O'Birne Island. They used to hear that it emerged once in every seven years, and it was said that if only a live ember were landed in it that it would never sink again. It was an island under enchantment. Many saw it in the old days but no one ever succeeded in landing on it.

I heard an old man in Glencolmcille tell that one of his own family had seen it long ago. This man was on his way from a spinning-wheel maker carrying two legs of a spinning wheel. It was a fine summer evening just after sunset, and as he reached a place

1. A Scotsman: in Donegal it usually means "a Protestant".

chuaigh sé siar in áit a dtugtar anois Mullach na gCros air, d'amharc sé amach siar eadar é agus bun na spéire, agus eadar é agus léas. Dar leis go bhfacáí sé toirt ar an fharraige nach bhfacáí sé roimhe. Dhearc sé ní ba ghéire, agus chonaic sé gur oileán a bhí ann. Bhí fhios aige scéal an oileán séanta agus d'aithin sé go maith nárbh é a athrú a bhí ann. Smaoitigh sé go dtabharfadh sé scéala do chuid de iascairí na Dúthcha, agus go rachadh siad amach chun oileáin. Mheas sé nach rabh rud ar bith ab fhearr dó a dhéanamh ná marc grinn a ghlacadh ar an áit a rabh an t-oileán. Ní thearn sé ach cosa an túirne a chur trasna ar a chéile, i bhfoirm croiche, agus sháith sé sa talamh í. D'imigh sé leis annsin a chuartú na bhfear. Thug siad uilig iarraidh ar an áit a rabh an chroich. Ach in áit mar bhí sin, níl aon chros de mhíle nach rabh saite sa talamh thart fan áit ar sháith seisean an ceann s' aige féin. Le hiaróg mhór, d'éirigh leofa an ceann ceart a fháil sa deireadh. Chonaic siad an t-oileán annsin. Thug siad leofa bád beag agus tharraing siad air. Nuair a tháinig siad comhgarach go leor dó, lig siad a gcuid maidí le sruth agus bhreathnaigh siad an t-oileán go maith. Dar leofa nach bhfacáí siad ariamh aon ghiota talaimh a bhí comh glas leis. Bhí crainn dheasa ag fás air, agus smaoitigh siad má bhí tír ar bith ar an domhan a dtugtaí tír na hóige uirthi gurbh í seo í.

Theann siad ar na maidí arais le mhéad is bhí de chlocras orthu ag tarraingt air. Nuair a bhí siad a fáil fá thuairim leithchéad slat den oileán, thóg siad na maidí as an uisce arais, agus nuair a dhearc siad, chonaic siad cailín ina suí ag bun crainn agus í mar bheadh sí a chneiteáil stoca. Ní tháinig siad uirthi i gan fhios de. Ar an bhomaite bheag a dtáinig siad fá fhad urchair daoithi d'éirigh sí ina seasamh agus chaith sí an cheairtlín a bhí ina hucht isteach chun an bháid chucu. Thúsaigh an bád a chraitheadh agus a bhogadaí, sa chruth gur hobair gur cuireadh an fear fá dheireadh acu i bhfarraige. Scanraigh siad, ní nach ionadh, agus in áit fáil i dtír ar an oileán bheadh siad buíoch beannachtach ach na cleiteacha a fháil leofa slán. Bhí scian leofa sa bhád, agus thug siad iarraidh an snáithe a ghearradh. Ach dá mbeadh siad a gabháil dó ó shin ní ghearrfadh an scian é.

Bhí pota aibhleogaí leofa, agus smaoitigh fear acu go mb'fhéidir go ndófadh an tine choisreaca an snáithe. Leag sé an aibhleog ar an tsnáithe, agus comh luath agus rinn bhris an snáithe. Stad an bád den bhogadach, agus ní hiarraidh a rinn siad a ghabháil i dtír ar an oileán ach thug siad a dtoiseach arais ar Lag na dTruáin.

now called Mullach na gCros he looked out west and between him and the light on the horizon it seemed to him he saw a mass he had never seen before. He looked more keenly and saw that it was an island. He knew the story of the enchanted island and recognized this must be it. He thought he would give the news to some of the fishermen of the townland of Dooley and that they would go out to the island and that he should make an accurate mark of where the island was. He made a cross of the spinning-wheel legs and stuck it in the ground. Then he went to seek the men and they all came to look for the place he had put the cross, but there was not one cross of a thousand that was not stuck all about the place where he thought he had put his. With great effort they succeeded in finding the right mark at last, and then they saw the island. They went towards it in a small boat and when they got near enough they let their oars idle and observed it well. It seemed to them they had never seen any piece of land so green as it. There were fine trees growing on it and they thought if there was any land in the world called Tír na hÓige¹ this was it.

They plied their oars again in their eagerness to reach it. About fifty yards from the island they rested the oars again and then they saw a girl sitting at the foot of a tree knitting stockings. They had not come upon her without her knowing: as soon as they were within a stone's throw she stood up and threw a ball of wool from her bosom into the boat. The boat began to toss and shake so that the man in the stern was almost thrown out. Not surprisingly they became terrified and instead of landing on the island they were thankful to get away safely. There was a knife in the boat and they tried to cut the thread but if they were at it ever since the knife would not cut it.

They had a pot of embers with them and one of them thought that maybe the blessed fire would burn the thread. He held an ember to the thread and instantly it was severed. The boat stopped rocking, but far from trying to land on the island they turned the prow back to Lag na dTruáin.

1. The Land of Youth.

Nuair a mheas siad go rabh siad ar a sáith den réiteach agus iad sábháilte, bhreathnaigh siad ar an áit ar cheart don oileán a bheith. Ní rabh sé le feiceáil acu ar chor ar bith. Shuncáil sé arais.

Is minic ó shin a chonaictheas an t-oileán céanna thiar eadar Ráchlainn agus luf gréine, ach níor fhéach aon duine ariamh ó shin le ghabháil i dtír ann.

91. RÓNTA FAOI GHEASA

Seaniascairí fad ó shin a bhí ag iascaireacht i gcionn a chéile, agus mheath an iascaireacht orthu. Chuaigh siad a mharbhadh róntaí annsin. Chuaigh siad siar go húig a bhí thiar i gCúl Shléibhe, agus bhí rón amháin thuas i mbarr na húige. Thóg fear acu smaichtín go mbuaileadh sé an rón sa chloigeann. Labhair an rón leis agus d'iarr sé air.

"Ná buail, ná buail mo sheanchaibín liath! Ná buail mo sheanchaibín liath!"

Níor bhuail sé, agus ón lá sin go dtí an lá inniu stadadh de mharbhadh na rónta anseo i dTeileann. Bhí intinn ag na seaniascairí gur dhaoine iad a bhí faoi gheasa agus go rabh sé mí-shona baint daofa.

Duine ar bith a chualaf rón ag caoineadh ariamh, déarfadh sé nach rabh mórán bréige acu: nó bhéarfá mionna an leabhair, nuair a chluinfeas tú ag caoineadh é, gur duine atá ag caoineadh. Bíonn an glór truacánta céanna aige a bheadh ag duine a mbeadh duine íneacht dá bhunadh marbh.

Marbhtar corr-rón anois cinnte. Níthear ola den tsail atá ann le cur ar chnámh. In amannaí, nuair a chreasaíof crámha briste bíonn siad stifeáilte, agus nuair a chumlaíthear braon de ola an róin orthu fásann siad comh humhal le bogha fidile.

92. SCIAN IN AGHAIDHE NA TOINNE

Bhí fear breá ábalta dóighiúil ina chónaí ar An Bhaile Mhór fad ó shin arbh ainm dó Séimín Rua. Bhí sé féin agus a fhoireann amuigh i gCúl Fhastó an Chladaigh Bháin, an áit ar chuir siad dorgaí.

D'athraigh an lá orthu, agus d'éirigh an fharraige, agus bhí déanamh orthu go gcaillfí iad. Bhí Séimín thiar i ndeircadh an bháid agus chonaic sé an fharraige chailteach seo ag tarraingt orthu.

When they thought they were at a safe distance they looked to where the island should be. It was not to be seen at all. It had submerged again.

Often since then the same island has been seen between Rathlin and the sunset, but no one has ever again tried to land on it.

91. THE ENCHANTED SEALS

Long ago there were fishermen who used to go fishing together. The fishing failed and so they decided to go and kill seals. They went to a cove on the west side of Slieve League and there was one seal there at the top of the cove. One of the men lifted a club to hit the seal on the head. The seal spoke to him saying:

"Don't strike, don't strike my old grey cap! Don't strike my old grey cap!"

The man did not hit it, and from that day to this people ceased to kill seals here in Teelin. The old fishermen held that they were people under enchantment and that it was unlucky to interfere with them.

Anyone who heard a seal crying would say they were not far wrong: you would swear on the Book when you hear one crying that it is a human being. It has the same pitiful sound a human makes when one of the family dies.

True enough, a few seals are killed nowadays. An oil is made of the fat to cure bones. Sometimes when broken bones knit they are stiff, but if a drop of seal oil is applied they grow as supple as a fiddle-bow.

92. THE KNIFE AGAINST THE WAVE

Long ago a fine able handsome man named Séimín Rua was living at Baile Mór. He and his crew went out fishing with lines to Cúl Fastó an Chladaigh Bháin, a fishing ground in Donegal Bay.

The day changed and the sea rose and it seemed they would be wrecked. Séimín was in the stern of the boat and saw a monstrous wave coming at them. He pulled off one of his shoes and threw it

Steall sé de ceann de na bróga, agus chaith sé amach in aghaidhe na hurchóide í. Níorbh fhada go bhfaca sé an darna farraige ag tarraingt orthu, agus rug sé ar an bhróig eile, agus chaith sé amach í, agus mhaolaigh an fharraige beagán, ach ní rabh anseo ach snag beag, agus níorbh fhada gur éirigh an tríú tonn ina farraige daofa, agus shíl gach uile dhuine den tseachtar acu go gcaillfeadh sí seo iad cinnte. Bhí scian mhór bhaoití sáite isteach i gcúl na tuióige, agus rug sé greim uirthi agus chaith sé amach in aghaidhe na hurchóide í. Níor luaithe sin déanta aige ná thuit an fharraige, agus d'éirigh sé comh ciúin le clár.

Tháinig siad abhaile ansin fiuch báite, agus nuair a tháinig siad chun an chladaigh bhí a muintir uilig ansin ag feitheamh orthu, nó shíl siad siocair an dóigh ar athraigh an lá agus ar éirigh an fharraige—shíl siad nach bhfeiceadh siad aon amharc orthu go bráth. Ní nach ionadh, bhí an-lúcháir rompu. Nuair a bhí cibé éisc a bhí leofa rannta agus an bád feistithe, tharraing siad uilig ar an bhaile.

Bhí go maith, agus ní rabh go holc. Ag gabháil ó sholas dó, bhí Séimín ina shuí a chois na tine, a bhonnaí leis an teas, agus na comharsannaí istigh, agus é ag inse daofa fán lá chruaidh a chuir siad isteach. Leis sin féin, tháinig an troimpléasc chun dorais. Chuaigh duine acu amach, agus caidé a bhí ina sheasamh ar leic an dorais ach marcach ar chapall bhán. D'fhiafraigh an marcach an rabh Séimín istigh. Dúradh go rabh. Scairt an marcach chun dorais ar Shéimín:

"A Shéimín," arsa seisean, "bheinn an-bhuíoch duit dá dtig-theá liom go dtí a leithéid seo d'áit, go dtarrnaíodh tú an scian a sháith tú i gcroí mo dheirfiúra inniu!"

D'aithin Séimín in áit na mbonn caidé rud é.

"Ní rachaidh mé amach ar an doras go bráth sa tsiúl sin," arsa Séimín, "go ngeallfaí tú domh nach ndéan tú féin ná aon duine de do shliocht dochar ar bith domh féin ná do aon duine dá mbaineann liom go deo."

"Geallaim sin duit," arsa an marcach, "agus ina chuideachta sin geallaim d'fhágáil anseo arais sa bhaile slán sábháilte roimh an lá amárach."

D'imigh Séimín leis an mharcach, agus níor mhothaigh sé agus ní fhacaí sé aon dath go dteachaidh an capall bán i dtír ar Thráigh Dhearg an Mhullaigh thall i gConnacht. Shiúil an capall leis go dteachaidh sé ionns ar chreig a bhí ar bharr na trá, d'fhoscail doras

out against the danger. Before long he saw a second wave coming at them: he pulled off his other shoe and threw it out and the sea calmed a little but this was only a short respite. It was not long until the third wave of the sea rose at them and each one of the seven thought that this one surely would drown them. There was a big bait-knife stuck in behind the stern-seat. Séimín caught hold of it and threw it against the danger. No sooner had he done so than the sea fell and became as smooth as a board.

They came home then drenched to the skin and when they reached the shore their families were there waiting for them for they thought by the way the day had changed and the sea had risen they would never see them again. No wonder there was great rejoicing for them. When they had divided whatever fish they had caught and moored the boat they all went home.

Well and good. When darkness fell Séimín was sitting beside the fire, his soles to the warmth, all the neighbours in and he telling them about the hard day they had had. With that, there was a bang on the door. Someone went to open it and who was standing on the threshold but a rider on a white horse! The rider asked if Séimín was within and was told he was. The rider called from the door:

"Séimín," he said, "I would be very thankful if you would come with me to such a place to pull out the knife you cast into my sister's heart today!"

Séimín recognized immediately what kind he was. "I will not go out the door on such a journey unless you promise me that neither you nor any of your kind will ever harm me or anyone belonging to me."

"I promise you that," said the rider, "and I promise you as well that you will be left back home safe and sound before day-break tomorrow."

Séimín went with the rider and he neither heard nor saw anything until the white horse came to shore on the Red Strand at Mullaghmore in Connacht. The horse continued on to a crag at the top of the strand where a door opened into the hill and the horse

ar an bhinn, agus chuaigh an capall isteach. Níorbh fhada go dtáinig siad ionns ar an chaisleán a ba bhreáichte a chonaic Séimín ariamh. Cheangail an marcach an capall, agus thug sé Séimín leis isteach. Chuaigh siad suas an staighre, agus tugadh isteach é i seomra, agus bhí an cailín ina luf ansin agus scian na mbaoití a chaith sé in éadan na hurchóide sáite isteach faoina croí, agus í ag béicfí le pianáigh. "Gabh aníos," arsa sise, "agus tarraing an scian seo amach as mo chroí!"

"Dhéanfaidh mé sin agus fáilte," arsa Séimín, "má gheallann tú domh nach ndéan tú dochar ar bith domh féin ná do aon duine dá mbaineann domh lena saol."

"Geallaim sin duit," arsa sise.

Tharraing Séimín an scian, agus bhí sise ceart go leor ansin.

"Caidé an fáth," arsa Séimín, "ar fhéach tú le sinne a bháith-eadh inniu?"

"Tá, maise," arsa sise, "tá mé i ngrá leatsa, agus ba mhaith liom d'fháil domh féin."

"Agus bhí tú ag gabháil a chailleadh iomlán na foirne mar mhaithe liomsa!" arsa Séimín.

"Bhí," arsa sise. "Dhéanfainn rud ar bith ach tusa a fháil domh féin?"

"Bhail, sin rud nach bhfaghann tú," arsa Séimín. "Caithfidh mise a bheith ag tarraingt ar an bhaile."

Bhí marcach an chapail bháin ina sheasamh ag an doras ag fuireacht le Séimín, chuaigh sé suas ar a chúlaibh, agus níor stad an capall gur fhág sé ag doras a thoighe féin é. D'fhág sé slán agus beannacht aige, agus ní fhacaí Séimín é ón lá sin go lá a bháis.

93. EOIN ÓG AGUS AN MHAIGHDEAN MHARA

Ins an tsean-am, bhí fear ina chónaí i gCruachlann arbh ainm dó Eoin Óg. Bhíodh sé go síorraí fá na cladaigh ag déanamh cnuasaigh nuair a bhíodh an dúlaíocht ann, agus gan anlann ar bith eile le fáil.

Lá amháin deas gréine, bhí sé thiar ar chladach Fothair Chapail, agus é istigh idir na carraigeacha móra atá ansin, agus é ag cruinniú faochóg. Ba ghairid gur éirigh an bhean a ba deise a chonaic sé ariamh taobh amuigh de, agus tháinig sí isteach ar leic, agus chaith sí daoithi an clóca a bhí uirthi, agus d'fhág sí ar an leic

entered. Before long they reached the finest castle Séimín had ever seen. The rider tethered the horse and led Séimín inside. They went upstairs and he was taken into a room where a girl was lying. The bait-knife he had thrown against the dangerous wave was stuck in under her heart and she was screaming with pain.

"Come here," she said, "and pull this knife out of my heart!"

"I will do that willingly," said Séimín, "if you promise me you will never harm me or anyone belonging to me."

"I promise you that," she said.

Séimín drew out the knife and she was healed.

"Why did you try to drown us today?" asked Séimín.

"Because I am in love with you and would like to have you for myself."

"And you were going to drown the whole crew because of me!"

"I was," she said. "I would do anything in the world to get you for myself."

"Well, you won't get me," said Séimín. "I must be on my way home."

The rider of the white horse was standing at the door waiting for Séimín who mounted behind him, and the horse never stopped until he was left at the door of his own house. The rider bade him farewell and Séimín saw him no more from that day until the day of his death.

93. THE SEA GIRL AND EOIN ÓG

In the old days a man named Eoin Óg was living at Cruachlann. In the depth of winter, when no other food was to be had, he was always down by the shores gathering what he could.

One fine sunny day he was west on the shore at Fothair Chapall gathering periwinkles in between the big rocks there. The most beautiful woman he had ever seen rose up out of the sea near him, came in on a flat rock, threw off her cloak and left it on the rock beside

ag a taoibh é. Chaith Eoin seal fada ag cúlchoimheadh uirthi, agus fá dheireadh shleamhnaigh sí isteach san fharraige, agus ar an bhomaite bheag a bhfaca sé ag gabháil chun na farraige í, shín sé a lámh, agus rug sé ar an chlóca agus tharraing sé leis é. Bhain sé na bonnaí as ansin ag tarraingt ar an bhaile agus an clóca leis. Bhí go maith. Bhí fhios aige go maith go dtiocfadh sí sa tóir ar an chlóca, mar go gcuala sé go minic trácht ar na mná seo a bhí san fharraige, agus dá gcaitheadh siad díofa an clóca nach dtáinig leofa a ghabháil arais gan é. D'éirigh sí amach as an fharraige arís, agus chonaic sí Eoin ag imeacht lena clóca, ach mar nach rabh sí comh gasta ar an talamh agus a bhí sí san tsáile, níor rug sí air go dteachaidh sí go Cruachlann.

Nuair a bhain Eoin an baile amach, chuir sé i bhfolach an clóca uirthi, agus b'éigean daoithi fanacht aige. D'éirigh sí an-mhór leis, agus le scéal fada a dhéanamh gairid, bhí sí aige gur rugadh triúr clainne daoithi, beirt ghasúr agus girseach.

Bhí an-eagla ar Eoin i dtólamh go bhfeiceadh na páistí an clóca, agus in am ar bith dá bhfaghadh sé an áimear d'áithríodh sé thart é ó áit go háit. Chaith sé seal aige i gcrúach an fhéir, agus i gcrúacha an arbhair, ach fá dheireadh, lá amháin a rabh sé ag cur tuí ar an teach, dar leis gur mhaith an áit folacháin é dá gcuireadh sé isteach faoin tuí é. Rinn sé sin, agus shíl sé nach bhfacaí aon duine beo á chur ann é, ach bhí sé meallta. Caidé tharla ach go rabh an fear a ba sine de na gasraí á choimheadh ag cur na tuí, agus chonaic sé é ag cur an chlóca i bhfolach faoin tuí.

D'imigh Eoin—an t-athair—a dh'iascaireacht lá tharna mhárach, agus bhí an mháthair agus na páistí leofa féin. Bhí siad ag caint agus ag comhrá fá gach uile chineál, agus fá dheireadh arsa an gasúr léithi:

"A mhamáí," arsa seisean, "dá bhfeicteá an rud deas a chonaic mise m'athair a chur faoin tuí inné nuair a bhí sé ag tuadóireacht!"

"Caidé an seort rud a bhí ann?" arsa an mháthair.

"Ó! an t-éadach a ba deise a chonaic mé ariamh," arsa seisean.

"Gabh amach liom," arsa sise, "go dteispeánaidh tú domh cén áit a bhfuil sé."

Chuaigh an gasúr amach léithi, agus theispeáin sé daoithi cén áit a bhfaca sé an t-athair ag cur an chlóca. Bhí na dréimírf a bhí aige ag tuadóireacht go fóill ar an talamh, agus d'éirigh léithi ceann

her. Eoin spent a long time watching her and at last she slipped into the sea. In that instant he stretched out his hand, grasped the cloak, pulled it with him and took to his heels for home. Well and good. He knew well she would come looking for the cloak for he had often heard talk of these women in the sea and it was said that if they threw off a cloak they could not return without it. She rose up out of the sea again and saw Eoin going off with her cloak, but because she was not as swift on land as in the sea she did not catch up with him before she reached Cruachlann.

As soon as Eoin got home he hid the cloak and so she had to stay with him. She became very fond of him and to make a long story short he had her until three children were born, two boys and a girl.

Eoin was always afraid that the children might see the cloak and whenever he had an opportunity he would move it from place to place. He had it for a while in the hay-stack and the corn-stacks and, at last, one day when he was thatching the house he thought it would be a good hiding place to put it under the thatch. He put it there and thought no living person had seen him, but he was mistaken. It happened that the eldest boy was watching him putting on the thatch and had seen him hiding the cloak.

Next day Eoin went fishing and the children were alone with their mother. They were talking away about this and that, and at last the boy said to her:

"Mammy, you should have seen the pretty thing I saw my father putting under the thatch yesterday when he was thatching!"

"What kind of a thing?" asked the mother.

"O, the prettiest cloth I ever saw," said he.

"Come out with me," said she, "and show me where it is."

The boy went out with her and showed her where he had seen his father hide the cloak. The ladders he had for the thatching were still lying on the ground and she was able to raise one of them up.

acu a chur in airde ar an teach. Tháinig sí ar an chlóca agus thug sí léithi é gur chuir sí i bhfolach in áit ínteacht é a bhfaigheadh sí go samhlaiste é nuair a thiocfadh an t-am.

Bhí an oíche ann nuair a phill Eoin. Rinn sí réidh greim bídh dó, agus nuair a fuair sí ina shuí ag an tábla é sciord sí amach ar an doras, agus ba é sin an t-amharc deireannach a chonaic Eoin uirthi. Thug sí léithi an clóca, agus bhain sí an fharraige amach arís. Ní fhacthas ariamh ní ba mhó í, ach bhí sé canta ag seanascairí gur fhéach sí cupla uair le bádaí a rabh a mac ag iascaireacht orthu a chailleadh, ach nár éirigh léithi.

She found the cloak and took it and hid it where she could easily get it when the time came.

It was night when Eoin returned. She made a meal for him and when he was sitting at the table she slipped out the door and that was the last Eoin saw of her. She took her cloak with her and got to the sea again. She was never seen afterwards, but the old fishermen used to say that she tried a couple of times to shipwreck boats in which her son was fishing and did not succeed.



PLATE III. Ceann an Chorrán agus Toraigh
Horn Head and Tory Island

Photo Bóyd Fáille

MEASCRA SCÉALTA Ó THORAIGH

MISCELLANY FROM TORY ISLAND

94. SÁBHÁILT TACHRÁIN A BHÍTHEAR Á THABHAIRT AS

Bhí lánúin phósta thiar anseo ar na Machaireacha i bparóiste Ghaoth Dobhair. Bhí tachrán gasúir acu a bhí ceathair ná cúig de bhliana dh'aois. Bhuaill tinneas go tobann an stócach, agus cha rabh sé ag éileamh ach cupla lá go bhfuair sé bás. Chruinnigh na comharsanacha thart chun na faire mar ba ghnách.

Bhí cupla buachaill a bhí ina gcónaí giota ó theach na faire, agus nuair a casadh ar a chéile iad, smaoitigh siad gur cheart daofa a ghabháil chun na faire fosta. Bhí aichearra páirce fá thuairim míle de theach an phobail, agus dúirt fear acu leis an fhear eile gur cheart daofa a ghabháil an aichearra. D'imigh an bheirt, agus cha dteach-aidh siad i bhfad uilig isteach fríd an pháirc go gcualaí fear acu caoineadh an-truacánta. Chuir sé ceist ar an fhear eile an gcualaí seisean a dhath.

"Chualaí mé, cinnte, dearfa," a deir sé, "tuaim caointe in áit inteacht."

Shiúil an bheirt leofa, agus de réir is mar bhí siad ag gabháil ar aghaidhe bhí an caoineadh ag éirí ní ba láidre. Nuair a mheas siad nach dtiocfadh leis an té a bhí dá dhéanamh a bheith i bhfad uathu thoisigh an cuartú ag an bheirt, agus ar dheireadh an chuartaithe tháinig siad ar an tachrán ina luf istigh i dtoim mhór feagacha, agus é eadar a bheith ag caoineadh agus gan a bheith. Thóg fear acu eadar a dhá láimh é, agus d'fhiafraigh sé den fhear eile cá dtabhar-fadh siad é.

"Bhéarfaidh sinn go teach na faire é," arsa seisean, "agus má chaill duine ar bith é beidh duine inteacht i láthair a aithneochas é."

D'imigh an bheirt agus é leo, agus chuaigh siad go teach na faire. Chuir sé ceist ansin ar an mhuintir a bhí i láthair ar chualaí siad iomrá ar dhuine ar bith a chaill tachrán. D'inis siad daofa caidé mar fuair siad é, mar tá mise dá inse duitse. Cha rabh duine ar bith le fáil a chaill an tachrán.

"Maise," arsa bean dá rabh i láthair, "chan fhacaí mise aon tachrán ariamh atá comh cosúil leis an tachrán atáthar a fhaire leis."

Théigh fá dtaobh daofa ansin, agus chuaigh cupla bean a dh'amharc ar an tachrán a bhí faoi chlár sa chliabhán, agus nuair a rug siad greim láimhe air cha rabh le fáil acu ach smután maide! Nuair a chonaic siad caidé mar bhí, dúirt achan duine acu gurab iad an mhuintir bheaga a bhí ag tabhairt an tachráin as, agus achab

94. A CHILD SAVED FROM BEING TAKEN AWAY

There was a married couple back here on the Machaireacha in the parish of Gweedore who had a boy of four or five years of age. The child was suddenly stricken ill and after ailing for two days only he died. The neighbours gathered for the wake as was the custom.

A couple of youths who lived some distance from the wake-house met each other and thought that they too would go to the wake. There was a short way through the fields about a mile from the church, and one of the boys said to the other that they should go the short way. They did so, and had not gone far into the field when one of them heard very piteous crying. He asked the other boy if he had heard anything.

"I certainly did hear the sound of crying in some place," said he.

The two walked on, and as they advanced the crying grew stronger. When it seemed to them that whoever was crying could not be far from them, they began to search, and finally they came on a child lying inside a big clump of rushes and whimpering. One of the youths took the child into his arms and asked the other where they should take him.

"Let us take him to the wake," said he, "and if anyone has lost him, there will be someone there who will recognize him."

They took him with them to the wake-house and asked those present if they had heard any talk of a child being lost. They told how they had found him, as I have told you. No one had lost a child.

"Musha," said a woman who was there, "I never saw a child so like the one who is being waked."

That startled them and two women went to look at the child who was laid out in the cradle, and when they took hold of it with their hands what had they but a stump of wood! When they saw how it was, everyone said that it was the wee folk who had been taking away the child, and if the boys had not taken the short way

é go dtáinig na buachaillí aichearra na páirce go mbeadh sé leofa. D'fhág siad an tsamhail ina ndiaidh ina áit—an smután maide. Caitheadh amach ar an doras é, ach ar maidin nuair a hamharcaíodh an rabh sé ann cha rabh maide ná smután le fáil acu!

95. "SIN Í MO MHAMAÍ!"

Bhí fear de Chlainn Uí Bhriain ina chónaí fad ó shin ins an áit a dtugtar Cloch an Mharc air anois in dToraigh. Bhí sé pósta agus mac amháin aige. Nuair a bhí an mac seo ceithre bliana d'aois rugadh mac eile dona mhnaoi. Fuair sí bás leis an duine seo, agus fágadh an fear bocht ina bhaintrí.

Ins na laethibh sin bhí tráchtáil mhór eadar Oileán Thoraigh agus Connachta. Ba ghnách leofa a ghabháil siar i mbádaí fhichead tonna a bhí acu—bádaí seoil—agus lastaí eorna agus éisc a bheith siar leofa.

Chuaigh an Brianach siar aon iarraidh amháin, agus thug sé an gasúr beag seo leis. Nuair a chuaigh sé chun an phoirt, d'fhág sé an bád, agus tharraing sé ar an teach ar ghnách leis a ghabháil ann i gcónaí. Bhí rún aige an gasúr a fhágáil ag fear an toighe seo go mbeadh sé féin réidh le gabháil chun an bhaile.

Bhí bean an toighe ag obair léithi thart fríd an teach, agus comh luath géar is a chonaic an gasúr a bhí le fear Thoraigh í chuaigh sé a chaoineadh agus a rá lena athair! "Sin í mo mhamaí! Sin í mo mhamaí!" Chuir sé náire mhór ar a athair, agus tharraing sé a bhos ins an leicinn ar an ghasúr, agus d'iarr air a bheith ina thost. Char shásaigh seo an Connachtach, agus d'fhiafraigh sé d'fhear Thoraigh caidé an fáth a rabh sé ag bualadh an ghasúir. D'inis fear Thoraigh dó go rabh máthair an ghasúir marbh, agus gur shíl sé gurbh í bean an toighe a mháthair.

"Cé an uair a fuair sí bás?" arsa an Connachtach.

"Tá, maise, inseochaidh mé sin duit," arsa fear Thoraigh, "bliain is go Samhain seo a chuaigh thart—Oíche Shamhna—ar a leithéid seo dh'am san oíche fuair sí bás le duine clainne."

"Bhail, ná buail níos mó an gasúr," arsa an Connachtach, "nó, b'fhéidir, gurab ag an ghasúr atá an ceart. B'fhéidir gurab í seo a mháthair. Inseochaidh mise duit anois caidé mar tháinig an bhean seo. Bhí mise anseo bliain is go hOíche Shamhna seo a chuaigh thart," a deir sé, "agus chuaigh mé amach fán teach anonn i

through the fields they would have had him. They had left the likeness, the stump of wood, in his place. It was thrown outside the door, but next morning when they went to see if it was there, neither stick nor stump could be found!

95. "THAT IS MY MAMMY!"

Long ago a man of the O'Briens was living in Tory at the place called Cloch an Mharc. He was married and had one son. When this boy was four years old his wife gave birth to another son, but she died in giving birth and the poor man was left a widower.

In those days there was great trade between Tory Island and Connacht. They had twenty ton boats in which they used to sail with cargoes of barley and fish to the west.

O'Brien went west on one trip and took the little boy with him. When he got to port he left the boat and made for the house where he usually stayed. It was his intention to leave the boy with the man of the house until he himself would be ready to go home.

The woman of the house was busy with housework, and as soon as the boy saw her, he began to cry and to say to his father: "That is my mammy! That is my mammy!" The father was greatly embarrassed and gave the child a slap on the cheek with his palm and told him to be quiet. This displeased the Connachtman and he asked the man from Tory why he slapped the boy. The man from Tory told him that the boy's mother was dead and that he thought the woman of the house was his mother.

"When did she die?" asked the Connachtman.

"Well, indeed, I will tell you," said the man from Tory, "a year ago last Samhain Eve during the night she died in childbirth."

"Well, do not slap the child any more," said the Connachtman, "it may be he is right, and this is his mother. I will tell you how she came. I was here a year ago last Samhain Eve and I left the house about midnight to give some hay to my stock. It was a

dtráthaibh an mheán oíche le sop féir a thabhairt do mo chuid ainmhití. Bhí an oíche go measartha dorcha, agus thug mé cupla aibhleog liom sa mhaide bhriste a bhéarfadh solas domh. Ba ghairid go gcualaí mé an tormán agus an támhach-táisc ag tarraingt orm as an aird ó thuaidh, agus eadar mé féin agus léas tím na marcaigh ag tarraingt orm. Tháinig siad chugam, dhá bheathach déag i ndiaidh a chéile, agus marcach ar achan cheann acu. Nuair a bhí an marcach deireanach ag gabháil tharam, rug mé ar an mhaide bhriste, agus d'aimsigh mé an té a bhí ar an bheathach dheireanach, agus dúirt mé: 'D'anam do Dhia is do Mhuire!' Char luaithe a bhí na focla seo amach ar mo bhéal ná thuit an bhean seo anuas de dhroim an bheathaigh ag mo chosa. D'imigh an beathach leis ag cos in airde, agus lean sé do na rudaí eile. Thug mise isteach chun toighe an bhean seo, agus tá sí agam ó shin. Bhí an créatúr bodhar balbh agam ar feadh i bhfad.

Oíche Shamhna seo a chuaigh thart, tharlaigh go rabh mé amuigh go mall. Bhí mé ag tarraingt ar an bhaile i ndiaidh seal maith den oíche a chaitheamh i dtoigh faire. Bhí mé ag teacht thart ag bun binne thíos ansin, agus chualaí mé an callán agus an gleo ag na huaisle beaga istigh sa bhinn. Sheas mé agus d'éist mé leofa ar feadh tamaill, agus dheamhan i bhfad go gcualaí mé fear acu ag rá leis an fhear eile: 'Bliain agus an oíche anocht a bhí muid in dToraigh ag troid ar shon na scadán,' arsa seisean, 'agus a ghoid muid bean an Bhrianaigh!'

'Sea,' arsa an fear eile, 'agus, leoga, an fear a fuair í níorbh fhearrde dó go mór ó shin í. Tá sí aige bodhar balbh!'

" 'Maise!' arsa an tríú fear, 'chan fhuil a leigheas i bhfad uaidh, dá mbeadh fhios aige é. Dá bhfaghadh sí naoi mbolgam de uisce screig na mban sí roimh éirí na gréine ar maidin amárach bheadh sé comh slán folláin le bean ar bith i nÉirinn!'

" Nuair a chualaí mé féin seo d'imigh mé, agus thug mé buidéal den uisce sin chuici. Cha rabh i bhfad agam le ghabháil uilig. D'ól sí na naoi mbolgam agus, buíochas do Dhia, ón lá sin go dtí an lá inniu tá sí comh maith liom féin. Anois, má mheasann tusa gurab í do bhean í, bíodh sí leat chun an bhaile!'

Thuit an Brianach chun seanchais léithi ansin agus, ar ndóiche, ba bheag an comhrá a bhí déanta acu uilig gur aithin siad a chéile. Tháinig an triúr arais go Toraigh, agus bhí tuilleadh teaghlaigh ann le cois an ghasúir, agus chaith siad an chuid eile dá saol go neam-buartha.

middling dark night and I took a couple of embers in the tongs to give me light. Soon I heard a noise and commotion coming towards me from the north and between myself and the light I saw riders approaching. They came by me, twelve horses each with a rider. When the last rider was passing me I grabbed the tongs and attacked him, saying: 'Your soul to God and Mary!' No sooner were the words out of my mouth than this woman fell at my feet. The horse galloped off after the others. I brought the woman into the house and I have had her since. But she, poor creature, was deaf and dumb for a long while.

Last Samhain Eve I happened to be out late. I was making for home after spending a good while at a wake. As I was passing the foot of a hill down there I heard the clamour of the wee gentry inside the hill. I stood and listened to them for a while, and it was not long until I heard one of them say to another: 'A year ago tonight we were in Tory fighting for the herrings and we stole O'Brien's wife!'

"Yes," said the other, "and, indeed, the man who got her is not much better for her: she is deaf and dumb."

"Musha," said a third, "if he only knew, the cure is near at hand. If she were to get nine mouthfuls of water from the Fairy-women's Rock before sunrise to-morrow morning she would be as sound as any woman in Ireland!"

When I heard this I went and brought a bottle of this water to her. I had not far to go. She drank the nine mouthfuls and, thank God, from that day to this she is as good as myself. Now, if you think she is your wife, take her home!"

O'Brien fell into talk with her then and, indeed, they had little said before they recognized each other. The three returned to Tory. Their family increased and they spent the rest of their lives free from trouble.

96. SAGART AR AIRTEAGAL AR CUIREADH MOILL AIR

Ins an tsean-am, ní rabh eadar Chloich Cheannfhaola agus Gaoth Dobhair ach aon sagart amháin, agus chaithfeadh an sagart sin freastal iomlán a dhéanamh ar an dá pharóiste. Nuair a thigeadh air a ghabháil ar airteagal, cha rabh áthrach ghléas siúil ann ach an capall.

Oíche amháin i lár na hoíche, tháinig ar fhear as Faoi Chnoc a ghabháil fá choinne an tsagairt i lár na hoíche. Bhí an capall leis, agus nuair a bhí sé ag tarraingt arais, agus an sagart leis ar a chúlaibh bhí siad ag gabháil thart le binn, agus chualaf siad an ceol a ba bhinne a chualaf siad ariamh istigh ins an chreig. D'iarr an sagart ar an ghlómánach seasamh bomaite go gcluineadh siad an ceol i gceart. D'éist, agus ba é an t-amhrán a bhíthear a cheol—"Cailín Deas Crúite na mBó".

"Rachaidh sinn isteach," arsa an sagart leis an ghlómánach, "go bhfeicimid cé atá ag gabháil cheoil."

"B'fhéidir go mb'fhearr duit go mór ligean don cheol," arsa an glómánach, "go rabh muid ag teacht arais. Tarraing ar an fhear atá le bás an chéad uair, agus nuair a bheas do ghnoithe déanta leis, tig linn éisteacht leis an cheol ar ár mbealach arais."

Cha rabh maith dó a bheith leis an tsagart. B'éigean dó cead a chinn a thabhairt dó. Chuaigh an bheirt isteach in uamhach a bhí i dtaoibh na binne, agus istigh ansin bhí an teach ann a ba deise a chonaic ceachtar acu ariamh. Nuair a chuaigh siad isteach chun na cisteanadh bhí beirt fhear ansin—seandaoine beaga ribeacha rua nach rabh oiread do dhoirn iontu, agus fear acu ar gach aon taoibh den tine, agus greim láimhe acu ar a chéile, agus iad ag ceol. Bhí an glómánach i gcónaí ag broslú an tsagairt, ach thaitin an ceol comh mór leis, agus nach rabh ann ach é go bhfuair an glómánach leis é.

Tharraing sé ar an fhear thinn fá dheireadh, ach faraor bhí sé ró-mhall—bhí an fear bocht marbh. Bhí sé buartha ansin, ach bhí sé mall. Cha rabh breith aige ar an mhoill a rinne sé.

Ba de bhunadh na gcnoc an dá sheandaoine a bhí ag ceol san uamhach, agus bhí siad ag ceol comh binn agus go rabh fhios acu go mbainfeadh siad moill as an tsagart, agus go mbeadh sé mall ag an fhear a bhí ag fáil bháis.

96. THE PRIEST DELAYED ON A SICK CALL

In the old days there was only one priest between Cloghaneely and Gweedore, and he had to attend to both parishes. When he had to go on a sick call his only way of travelling was on horseback.

Once in the middle of the night a man from Bloody Foreland had to go riding for the priest. On the way back with the priest mounted behind him, they went by a hill and the most beautiful singing they had ever heard came from inside the crag. The priest asked the horseman to halt a moment so that they could hear the singing properly. They listened, and the song being sung was "Cailín Deas Crúite na mBó".¹

"Let us go in," said the priest to the horseman, "and see who is singing."

"It might be much better for you to leave the singing alone until we are coming back," said the horseman. "Go first to the man who is dying and when your business with him is done, we can listen to the singing on our way back."

There was no use in arguing with the priest, he had to let him have his own way. They both went into a cave in the side of the hill, and inside there was the finest house either of them had ever seen. In the kitchen there were two small hairy red-headed old men, neither of them as big as your fist, sitting on each side of the fire holding each other's hand while they sang.

The horseman kept on urging haste but the priest was so taken with the singing it was all the horseman could do to get him to leave.

At length he reached the man who had been ill, but alas, it was too late—the poor man was dead. The priest was sorrow-stricken then, but it was too late: he could not undo his delay.

The two old men who had been singing in the cave were of the hill-folk, and the reason they were singing so sweetly was that they knew they would get the priest to delay until he was too late to reach the dying man.

1. "The Pretty Girl Milking the Cows".

Ar feadh blianta ina dhiaidh sin bhí sé crosta ar achán duine an t-amhrán sin a cheol, agus bhí seandaoine ar an oileán seo Thoraigh nach ligfeadh á cheol istigh ina gcuid toithe go dteachaidh siad i dtalamh.

97. URCHAIR AEIR

Tá mé ag éisteacht leis ariamh canta ar an bhaile s' againne go rabh rud ag gabháil fad ó shin a dtugadh an tseanmhuintir urchar aeir air. Ba é an rud a bhí san urchar seo cloch a thigeadh anuas as an aer, agus ba léar leis na daoine gurbh iad an mhuintir bheaga a scaoileadh as a gcuid gunnaí iad!

Bhí fear in dToraigh anseo aon am amháin ag baint phréataí—fear a dtabharadh siad Ruairí Mór air. Chaith sé seal fada ar shiúl ar an fharraige. Bhí sé ar bord soitheach cógaidh de chuid na Sasan, agus cuireadh abhaile é de thairbhe a chuid rógaireachta agus diabhlaíochta. Bhí sé ag baint phréataí thuas in áit a dtugtar An Cnocán air, agus tháinig an saighead mar bheadh soilseach ann, agus bhuail sé crann na spáide.

"Há há!" arsa Ruairí, "a mhac na drochmháthara, sháraigh sé ort a dhéanamh an iarraidh sin fosta!"

98. AINM NA SIÓIGE

Bhí fear de chuid Thoraigh, lá amháin, ag gabháil soir chun an Bhaile Thoir, agus ag gabháil soir dó ag an Mhainir caidé a casadh air ach fear sí.

"Cá hainm ná sloinneadh duit?" arsa seisean leis an fhear sí.

Arsa an fear sí leis:

"Nuair a rachas m'ainm i gcloch

Ní sé min den ghrán,

Agus mo shloinneadh ó thuaidh

Cuirfidh sé fuacht ar a láimh!"

Arsa fear Thoraigh: "A Thuathlán na Gaoithe, sé do bheatha chun an bhaile seo!"¹

1. Tuathlán, i.e. an poll i gcloch bró. Nuair atá an chloch ag gabháil thart ag meilt an ghráin tá sí ag déanamh gaoithe agus ag cur fuaicht ar an láimh.

For years afterwards it was forbidden to sing that song, and there were old people on this Island of Tory who would not allow that song in their houses as long as they lived.

97. AIR-SHOTS

I have been hearing it said always in this place that there were things long ago the old people called air-shots. These were stones which would come down out of the air, and the people were sure that it was the wee folk who had shot them from their guns.

There was a man here in Tory digging potatoes—a man called Ruairí Mór. He had spent a long time travelling the seas. He had been on an English warship, and was sent home because of his roguery and devilment. He was digging the potatoes up in a place called the Cnocán, and the shot came like lightning and hit the shaft of his spade.

"Ha! Ha! you bastard," said Ruairí, "you failed to get me this time!"

98. THE FAIRYMAN'S NAME

A Tory man was going to the East Town one day and as he was passing Mainir who should he meet but a fairy man.

"What is your name and surname?" he asked the fairy man.

The fairy man replied:

"When my name goes into the stone

It makes flour of the grain

And my surname from the north

Chills the hand."

"Tuathlán na Gaoithe,¹ you are welcome here!" said the Tory man.

1. Tuathlán is the hole in the quern-stone. The fairy man's name means "Quern-hole of the Wind."

99. SIÓGAÍ CHEANN AN CHORRÁIN AG IARRAIDH POITÍN

Bhí foireann báid as Toraigh anseo ag gabháil soir go Dún Fionnachaidh le lucht eorna. Dhíoladh muintir Thoraigh cuid mhór eorna san am sin. Bhí an poitín dá dhéanamh go tréan ar an oileán fosta, agus ba mhaith an leithscéal an eorna nuair a bhíodh siad ag gabháil ó áit go háit ag iarraidh an poitín a dhíol. Ba gnách leofa luchtannaí de úsc glasán a thabhairt go Dún Fionnachaidh fosta—rud a rabhtar ag baint feidhm as i dtonnús a bhí thoir ansin san am. Bhíodh iasc, agus cléibh lán d'uibheacha leo fosta.

Bhí lá deas ann nuair a d'fhág siad an baile, agus bhí siad ag iomramh leofa ar a socair istigh i gcois na mbeann, agus nuair a bhí siad ar fhoscadh Bhinn an Chorráin, dar leofa go ndéanfadh siad a scríste. Cha rabh siad i bhfad istigh faoi bhun na binne go gcualaí siad an tsiosarnach istigh ins an bhinn, agus leis sin féin thosaigh na fir ag scairtí braon den rud a bhí sa cheig leofa. Cha rabh dóigh ró-mhaith orthusan an ceig a fhoscal sa bhád, agus lena chois sin bhí sé i bhfolach thíos ar thóin an bháid faoin eorna. Dúirt siad nach bhfaigheadh siad aon deor. Nuair a bhain na fir dúil de aon deor a fháil, thoisigh na mná a chaoineadh, agus nuair nach bhfuair siadsan sásamh ar bith thoisigh an screadach ag na páistí.

Ba mhaith le muintir an bháid an clapholas a bheith leofa isteach go Dún Fionnachaidh, agus dar leofa go bhfanóchadh siad ar an fhoscadh go n-éiríodh sé mall. Ach nuair a bhain na huaisle dúil den bhraon bheag, thoisigh siad a thógáil na farraige, agus d'éirigh sí comh giobach agus go mb'éigean daofa an áit a rabh siad a fhágáil. Thug siad iarraidh soir ar an phort, ach cuireadh arais iad an casán céanna isteach faoi bhun na mbeann. D'éirigh an tráthnóna chomh garbh ansin agus nach rabh thoir ná abhus acu. Dá n-ainneoin b'éigean daofa an ceig a fhoscladh agus an poitín a chur amach. Cha rabh i bhfad ansin gur athraigh na huaisle a bport, agus gur thoisigh an ceol a ba bhinne a chualaí siad ariamh os a gcionn istigh sa bhinn. Thuit an ghaoth ansin, agus shocair an fharraige agus ó sin amach bhí an oíche ann a ba deise a shéid as aer ariamh. D'imigh siad suas go Dún Fionnachaidh, agus dhíol siad an lucht, agus char mhothaigh siad aon namhaid gur phill siad arais go Toraigh.

99. THE FAIRIES OF HORN HEAD DEMAND POTEEN

A boat crew from Tory was going east to Dunfanaghy with a cargo of barley. At that time the people of Tory used to sell a lot of barley. There was a lot of poteen being made on the island also, and the barley was a good cover when they were going from place to place selling poteen. They used to take cargoes of coalfish oil also to Dunfanaghy where it was used in a tan-yard. They used to have fish and baskets of eggs with them too.

It was a fine day as they left home, and they rowed at their ease in by the cliffs. When they got into the shelter of the Head they decided to rest a while. They were not long at the foot of the cliff when they heard murmuring sounds inside and then the voices of men calling out for a drop of whatever was in this keg. The crew had no good way of opening the keg in the boat, and besides it was hidden in the bottom under the barley. So they refused to give a drink. First the men inside were seized with desire for the drink, then their womenfolk began to cry, and when they went unsatisfied their children began screeching.

The boat crew needed twilight for their approach to Dunfanaghy and thought they would stay in shelter until later. But because of their desire for the drink, the gentry began to raise the sea and it became so choppy that the boat crew had to leave the spot. They made an effort to go east to the port but they were forced back to where they had been under the cliff. The evening grew so rough that they could not move in any direction. In spite of themselves, they had to open the keg and give out the poteen. It was not long until the gentry changed their tune: the sweetest singing the boatmen had ever heard began to come from inside the cliff overhead. The wind fell and the sea calmed, and from that on it was the finest night ever wafted out of the air. They went on to Dunfanaghy and sold their cargo, and felt no ill until they were back again in Tory.

100. AN CHÉAD BHRAON POITÍN DO NA SIÓGAÍ

Bhí sé ina ghnás ag seanascairí Thoraigh anseo, nuair a mharbhadh siad lucht mór éisc, go gceannafódh siad buidéal breá uisce beatha. Shíntí an buidéal chuig an fhear a ba sine den fhoirinn le cur thart, ach sula dtabharadh sé deor amháin do fhear ar bith, chuirfeadh sé braon amach sa ghloine, agus chaithfeadh sé braon ar an talamh, ná, dá mbeadh sé i mbád, chaithfeadh sé san fharraige é chuig na huaisle beaga.

Ar ndóiche, bhí an gnás céanna ag an mhuintir a bhíodh ag déanamh poitín ar an oileán fad ó shin. An chéad bhraon a thiocfadh den phoitín chaithfí trí deora de amach chuig na huaisle. An té nach ndéanadh sin cha mbeadh rath ná ádh ar a théiteán.

Bhí siad amuigh ag iascaireacht scadán aon lá amháin, agus nuair a tháinig an fhoireann seo isteach bhí buidéal á chur thart acu. Bhí siad istigh thuas anseo in áit a dtugann siad Scoilt na Péiste air. Nuair a líon an fear a bhí ag cur thart an bhuidéil an gloine deireanach amach as an bhuidéal, agus a shín sé don fhear é a bhí ag gabháil dá ól, char smaoitigh sé go dtí sin go dtearn sé dearmad a mbraon féin a chaitheamh amach chuig an mhuintir bheaga.

"Bhail," arsa an fear a rabh an gloine ina lámh, "chan fhagann siad aon deor de seo!"—ag caitheamh suas an ghloine ar a cheann comh hachmair agus a thiocfadh leis. Sula rabh an gloine ar a liobar, d'imigh an tóin thart amach as mar ghearrfá le scian é, agus cha dteachaidh aon deor amháin de síos ina scornach. D'ainneoin an rud a dúirt an fear seo bhí a gcuid féin acusan, agus is gnách go mbíonn i dtólamh má théid daoine a bhagair orthu mar seo, ná a chur suas de bhraon a thabhairt dófa.

101. NA SIÓGAÍ AG CUR ISTEACH AR CHRUINNÍÚ
LEITHIGH SAN OÍCHE

Bhí fear ar an bhaile seo fad ó shin a dtabharadh siad Éamonn Ó Dochartaigh air. Bhí sé pósta ar bhean a dtabharadh siad Bidadá Chaitlín uirthi. Bhí teaghlach mór acu, agus bhí trí fhear leathbhó acu ar an oileán. B'ar an Cheann Thoir a bhí siad ina gcónaí.

100. THE FIRST DROPS OF POTEEN FOR THE FAIRIES

When the old fishermen of Tory got a big catch of fish it was a custom to buy a fine bottle of whiskey. The bottle was handed to the oldest man of the crew to pass around, but before he gave a single drink to anyone of them, he would pour a drop into the glass and empty the glass on to the earth or, if he were in a boat, he would throw it into the sea for the wee gentry.

Indeed, the people who made poteen on the island long ago had the same custom. Three drops from the first of the poteen used to be thrown out for the gentry. The one who did not do so would have no success nor luck with his distilling.

One day a crew was out fishing for herring, and when they came in the bottle was passed around. They had come in at the place called Scoilt na Péiste. When the man who was passing the bottle around filled the last glass from it and handed it to the man who was to drink it, it was only then he remembered that he had forgotten to throw their share out to the wee folk.

"Well," said the man who had the glass in his hand, "they are not going to get a drop of this!" tossing the glass to his head as quickly as he could. Before the glass reached his lip, the bottom came away from it just as if it had been cut with a knife, and not one drink went down his throat. In spite of what this man said they got their share and so it is always if people threaten them or refuse to give them a drink.

101. NIGHT GATHERING OF SEA-WRACK
THWARTED BY FAIRIES

Long ago there was a man named Éamonn Ó Dochartaigh living in this townland. He was married to a woman known as Biddy Chaitlín. They had a big young family and three portions of land on the island, each of which would half-feed a cow. They lived at the eastern end of the island.

Ins an am sin bhítheas ag cur amach bodóg agus leithigh fá choinne ceilpe agus leasa. Chuaigh Éamonn chun an Chinn Thiar ar maidin, agus chuir sé amach sciar fhéar na leathbhó de leitheach. Chuaigh sé chun an Bhaile Láir ansin, agus rinn sé an rud céanna. Nuair a bhí an méid sin déanta aige, chuaigh sé soir chun an bhaile. Bhí sé tuirseach go maith ansin, agus d'iarr a bhean air a scríste a dhéanamh, agus go rachadh sise leis chun a chladaigh, agus go gcuirfeadh siad a rabh eile a dhíobháil orthu amach roimh chlapsholas.

D'imigh Éamonn agus a bhean tráthnóna, agus chuaigh siad síos chun an chladaigh in áit a dtabharann muid Scoilt Néill air. Thoisigh siad a mhalthafocht an leithigh leis an bheathach. Ba ghairid a bhí siad ar obair uilig, gur thoisigh an tormán ar an chladach fá ghiota bheag den fhear—go díreach mar bheithéa ag bualadh bolta iarainn ar chloich. Cha rabh am ar bith a mbeadh an bhean thuas ar an fhéar leis an bheathach nach dtoisíodh an tormán seo fá ghiota de Éamonn. Cha rabh Éamonn furast a scanrú ar dhóigh ar bith, agus dar leis gur chuma caidé an diabhal a bhí ina chiontaigh leis an tormán go rabh sé ag obair go hionraice, agus go gcuirfeadh sé amach a chuid leithigh cibé ar bith.

Tháinig an bhean arais leis an bheathach, agus chuir sí suas malthach eile. Chomh luath is d'fhág sí an cladach thoisigh an tormán arais, agus mhair an tormán an iarraidh seo go dtáinig sí arais chun an chladaigh. Tháinig maolú beag ar an tormán fá dheireadh, agus chrom siad le malthach eile a líonadh. Leis sin féin chualai siad an tachrán ag caoineadh ar bhruach na binne, agus é ag scairtí amach: "A mhamá, a mhamá!"

"Caidé siúd?" arsa Bidadí le hÉamonn.

"Chan fhuil fhios [agam]," arsa Éamonn, "amach ó murab iad na páistí a lean anuas sinn."

Cha rabh faill an malthach a líonadh. D'imigh siad suas comhachmair agus a thiocthadh leofa ar eagla go mbeadh an tachrán le barr binne sula sroichíodh siad é. Chuartaigh siad thart fá bhruach na mbeann uilig go léir, ach cha rabh tachrán ar bith le fáil.

"B'fhéidir," arsa Bidadí, "gur duine de na páistí a d'fhág sinn ar ndiaidh a thuit sa tine, agus d'fhéadfadh sé gur seo comhartha atá sinn a fháil. Is fearr dúinn an baile a bhaint amach de chliseadh."

Tharraing an lánúin ar an bhaile, agus nuair a chuaigh siad chun toighe, bhí an teaghlach ina suí go socair suaimhneach agus gan a dhath ar bith contráilte.

At that time people used to gather sea-wrack for kelp and manure. Éamonn went to the west end of the island one morning and got up as much wrack as would manure one of his three bits of land. Then he went to the middle townland and did the same there. When that was done he went east to his home. He was quite tired and his wife asked him to rest a while and she would go with him to the shore and they would do what else was needed before dusk.

In the evening Éamonn and his wife went down to the shore to the place we call Scoilt Néill (Niall's Cleft), and began to shift the wrack in horse-loads. They were not long at it when a noise began on the shore a little distance from the man, a noise like iron bars striking stone. Whenever the wife was up on the field with the horse this noise would begin near Éamonn. Éamonn was not at all easily frightened and did not care who the devil was causing the noise as he had a right to be working and would get up his wrack whatever happened.

His wife came back with the horse and got up another load. As soon as she left the shore the noise began and it lasted until she returned. At length the noise lessened and they began to work on another load. With that they heard a child crying at the edge of the cliff and calling out: "Mammy, Mammy."

"What is that?" said Biddy to Éamonn.

"I don't know," said Éamonn, "unless the children followed us down."

They had no chance to finish the load. They went up as quickly as they could for fear the child would be at the edge of the cliff before they could reach it. They searched the edge of the cliff thoroughly and there was no child to be found.

"Perhaps," said Biddy, "one of the children has fallen in the fire and this is a sign we are getting. We had better rush home."

The pair made for home, and when they went into the house the children were sitting quietly and peacefully and there was not a thing wrong.

I ndiaidh a dtearn siad chuir "fear na scoilte" abhaile iad dá n-ainneoin. Fear den mhuintir bheaga a bhí ag déanamh an tormaín, agus an chaoite. Cha rabh sé sásta iad a bheith ag tógáil an leithigh.

102. COINÍN SÍ AGUS ÚIR BHEANNAITHE THORAIGH

Ba iascaire mór m'athair mór. Donnchadh Ó Duibhir ab ainm dó, agus le cois a bheith ina fhear mhaith farraige, bhí snámh iontach aige. Fear láidir i gceart a bhí ann fosta. Ba ghnách leis a ghabháil soir go Ceann Thoir an Oileáin, agus fear ón bhaile sin a thabhairt leis amach a dh'iascaireacht. I bPort an Dúin a bhí an curach aige, agus ba thart ar an taoibh ó thuaidh den oileán a nódh sé cuid mhór dá chuid iascaireachta.

D'imigh sé soir tráthnóna amháin deas samhraidh. Tharraing sé ar a chomrádaí, agus chuaigh an bheirt go Port an Dúin. Thug siad an acúinn,¹ agus an curach síos ó bharr an chladaigh, agus d'imigh siad thart ag tarraingt ar an aird a tuaidh.

Tá áit ar an taoibh thoir den oileán comhgarach don Dún, a dtugann siad Poll an Rutáin air. Tá uaimh ann, agus théid siad isteach ar thaoibh daoithí agus amach ar an taoibh eile, agus tá aichearra mhór ansin le taoibh a bheith ag gabháil thart le gaosán an Toir Mhóir. Fríd Pholl an Rutáin a bhí siadsan ag gabháil an tráthnóna seo. Cha rabh smid ghaoithe ann, agus bhí an fharraige comh ciúin le clár.

Chonaic siad coinín ina shuí in airde ins an bhinn os a gcionn, agus dar leofa go rabh sé dána i gceart. Tharraing m'athair mór isteach a chéaslaigh, agus thoisigh sé dá bhualadh ar bhéal an churaigh, ach dheamhan ribe a bhog siad ann, agus char fhág sé áit a bhoinn. Bhí an curach caite ansin ar an uisce, agus thoisigh an bheirt a scairtí agus a bhúirfí, ach is cosúil nach rabh tóir ar bith le cur air.

"A Dhonnchaidh," arsa fear a bhí i ndeireadh an churaigh le m'athair mór, "chan coinín saolta é seo!"

Leis sin féin tionscail siad an tonn mhór ag tarraingt orthu.

1. Iomlán gléasraí báid.

After all they had done the "cleft-dweller" had sent them home in spite of themselves. It was one of the wee folk who had made the noise and the crying. He was not pleased with their taking the wrack.

102. THE FAIRY RABBIT AND THE BLESSED EARTH OF TORY

My grandfather, Donnchadh Ó Duibhir, was a great fisherman, and as well as being a good seaman he was a wonderful swimmer. He was a very strong man too. He used to go out fishing with a man from the east of the island. It was in Port an Dúin he kept his curach and it was on the north side of the island he did most of his fishing.

One fine summer evening he went east to meet his comrade and the two of them went to Port an Dúin. They took all the boat-gear and the curach down to the edge of the strand and set out for the northern shore.

There is a place on the east of the island near the Dún called Poll an Rutáin. It is a cavern open at both ends and it is a good short-cut compared with having to go round the nose of Tor Mór. It was through Poll an Rutáin they were going that evening. There was not a breath of wind and the sea was as smooth as a board.

They saw a rabbit sitting up on the height overhead and it seemed to them it was very bold. My grandfather drew in his paddles and began to beat them against the edge of the curach but not a hair did they move of the rabbit which did not stir from where it sat. The curach was out on the water by then and both men began to shout and roar but it seems there was no hunting it away.

"Donnchadh, that is no natural rabbit!" said the man in the stern of the curach to my grandfather.

With that they saw a great wave coming upon them.

"Coisreacan Dé orainn!" arsa siadsan. Tháinig an tonn orthu, agus d'éirigh an curach ar an toinn thair a leath. Leis sin féin tionsad siad tonn eile ag tarraingt orthu a bhí i bhfad ní ba mheasa ná an chéad cheann. Bhuaile an tonn seo an curach sa taoibh, agus chuir sí a tóin os a cionn, agus sula rabh faill acu a n-anam a thabhairt do Dhia is do Mhuire, tháinig tonn eile den chineál chéanna, agus thaosc sí anuas sa mhullach orthu féin agus ar an churach, ach mar sin féin char lig siad amach a ngreim. Scairt m'athair mór leis an fhear eile greim maith a choinneáil ar an churach. Chuaigh sé féin ar an tsnámh, agus é ag tarraingt an churaigh ina dhiaidh lena leathláimh. Cha rabh sé ábalta an curach a thabhairt chun talaimh san áit a rabh siad, agus b'éigean dó an curach agus an fear a bhí crochta aisti a tharraingt ina dhiaidh píosa fada.

Bhí go maith. Streacháil sé leis go dtug sé an curach isteach ag taoibh leice, agus d'éirigh leis a chomrádaí a chur i dtír. Nuair a tháinig siad chucu féin beagán, thiompaigh siad an curach, ach bhí an dá chéaslaigh ar an tsnámh go fóill. Chuaigh Donnchadh ar an tsnámh arís, agus chuaigh sé amach, agus thug isteach na céaslaigh. Chuaigh an bheirt amach ansin gur thóg siad na crannógaí agus an treachlaisc eile a chaill siad. Phill siad isteach go Port an Dúin ansin fiuch báite, briste brúite.

Bhí barúil ag an bheirt fhear sin rith a saoil, agus chualaí mé féin m'athair mór ag trácht air fiche uair, gur coinín sí a bhí sa cheann a bhí in airde sa bhinn os a gcionn, agus gur fhéach sé lena gcailleadh. Bhí gráinnín de úir Thoraigh leofa ins an churach, agus, ar ndóiche, char éirigh leis siocair go rabh.

103. SIÓG FARRAIGE AGUS AN BÁD SÍ

Tá seal maith de bhlianta ó shin ba ghnách le curaigh an oileáin seo a ghabháil siar naoi ná deich de mhílte soir oitir atá thiar ansin, le ghabháil a dh'iarraidh garbhánach. Bhí siad ag fáil luchtannaí na gcurach d'iasc ins an am sin. Nuair a bhíodh an oíche maith bhíodh siad ag imeacht leo le sruth, agus ar an dóigh sin bhí gléas ní b'fhearr orthu ní ba mhó a mharbhadh.

Ach an oíche seo a bhfuil mé ag gabháil a thrácht uirthi, bhí siad air go domhain, agus iad ag marbhadh neart éisc, nuair a d'éirigh fear go dtí bhásta a bhríste amach as an fharraige eadar dhá shlait

"God save us!" they cried. The wave swept the curach half-way over its crest. With that they saw another wave much worse than the first one. It struck the curach amidship and capsized it, and before they had time to offer their souls to God and Mary another wave of the same kind broke over them, but they did not let go their hold of the curach. My grandfather shouted to the other man to keep a good grip, and he himself began to swim and draw the curach after him with one hand. He was not able to bring the curach to land where he was, and he had to draw the curach and the man hanging on it a long way.

Well and good. He struggled on until he got the curach in beside a flat rock and succeeded in landing his comrade. When they had come to themselves a little they turned the curach but the two paddles were still afloat. Donnchadh went out swimming again and brought in the paddles. They both went out then and rescued the line-frames and other gear they had lost. They returned to Port an Dúin sodden wet, bruised and exhausted.

As long as they lived both men held, and I heard my grandfather speak of it a score of times, that it was a fairy rabbit they had seen on the height above them and that it was trying to drown them. They had a grain of the earth of Tory in the curach, and that surely is why it did not succeed.

103. THE FAIRY MAN IN THE SEA AND THE GHOST BOAT

A good number of years ago the curachs of this island used to go nine or ten miles west to a bank for bream. They got curach-loads of fish at that time. On fine nights they would go with the current and in that way they had a better way of killing more.

On this night I am going to tell about they were far out killing plenty of fish when a man rose out of the sea to his waist

acu, agus thoisigh sé a choimeád isteach eadar an dá shúil ar achan fear acu. Tharraing siad isteach na slatacha comh hachmair agus a thiocfadh leo. Chuir siad amach an dá chéaslaigh, agus thoisigh siad a ghiorrú an bhealaigh comh tiubh agus a thiocfadh leo. Lean an fear sí seo iad rith an ama, agus ba chuma caidé an chéaslóireacht a dhéanfadh siad, d'éiríodh sé aníos eadar an chéaslaigh agus an curach. Bhí siad ag gabháil leo mar sin ar feadh leathuaire ná níos mó, agus fá dheireadh scairt fear acu leis an fear eile go rabh dhá churach ag gabháil soir taobh amuigh daofa.

"Tá," arsa an fear eile, "agus tá siad mar bheadh siad ag coimhlínt linn."

Labhair an fear deiridh leis an fear tosaigh, agus d'iarr sé air a am a ghlacadh, go rabh seisean ag aithne na gcurach sin. Char fhág siad iad agus char theann siad leo go rabh siad an trífú cuid den bhealach aniar, agus rith an ama bhí an fear deiridh ag iarraidh ar an fear tosaigh a am a ghlacadh agus gan é féin a mhaslú. Leis sin féin, comh tapaidh agus a chaill siad an dá churach chonaic siad dhá bhád ag tarraingt anuas orthu le dhá sheol croise. Scairt an fear deiridh ansin leis an fear tosaigh go bhfeiceann sé dhá bhád ag tarraingt air anuas, agus go mb'fhéidir gur poitín a bhí leo.

"Seo anois," a deir an fear deiridh leis an fear tosaigh, "má d'iomair tú ariamh iomair anois agus féach leis an phort a bhaint daofa. Aithnínm an dá bhád sin," a deir sé.

Bhí an fear a bhí i dtosach an churaigh i dtólamh ag crochaireacht leis ar a dhífheall, agus bhí an fear deiridh i dtólamh ag coinneáil a shúil ar na bádaí. Bhí an dá bhád ins an am sin fá dheich slata agus daichead daofa, agus iad ina ndiaidh. Leis sin féin, chuaigh an dá bhád isteach in aon bhád amháin. Tharraing muintir an churaigh ar phort bheag a dtugann siad Leac Ciúine air agus bhí siad istigh ansin roimh an bhád, agus ins an am sin bhí sé ina lomtrá. Nuair a bhuail siad an talamh agus a d'amharc an fear a bhí i ndeireadh an churaigh amach, tí sé an bád ag suncáil síos ins an fharraige.

"Fanóchaidh muid," arsa an fear a bhí i dtoiseach an churaigh, "go dtigí an bád seo isteach go bhfaghaí muid gloine."

"Is fada anocht," a deir an fear deiridh, "ó d'inis mise duit gur aithin mé an bád sí sin—a leithéid seo agus a leithéid seo a bhí inti," a deir sé, á n-ainmniú. "Dá mbaineadh an bád sin an port dúinne chan fheictheá féin ná mise talamh ná tráigh go bráth."

between two of their rods and he began to stare the two fishermen straight in the eye. They pulled in their rods as quickly as they could. They put out the two paddles and began to get away as quickly as they could. The fairy man kept close to them all the time and no matter what paddling they did he kept rising up between the paddle and the curach. They kept on like that for a half-hour or more, and at last one of the fishermen shouted to the other that there were two curachs going east a short distance from them.

"Yes," said the other man, "and they seem to be racing us."

The man aft spoke to the man in front and asked him to go easy because he recognized the curachs. They did not out-distance them and they did not come near until they were a third of the way home, and all the time the man aft kept asking the man in front to take it easy and not to strain himself. At that point, just as they lost the two curachs, they saw two boats with cross-sails bearing down on them. The man aft shouted to the man in front that he saw the two boats coming and that maybe they were carrying poteen.

"Now," said the man aft to the man in front, "if you ever rowed hard row now and try to get in before them. I know those two boats."

The man in front kept going at his utmost and the man aft kept his eyes on the two boats. The two boats were by then fifty yards from them and behind them. And then the two boats turned into one boat. The curach men made for a little harbour called Leac Ciúine and they were in before the boat and by this time it was low tide. When they struck land the man aft looked out and saw the boat sinking in the sea.

"Let us wait," said the man in front, "until the boat comes in and get a drink."

"It is long this night," said the man aft, "since I told you that I recognized that fairy boat—so-and-so and so-and-so were in it," he said, naming them. "If that boat had got into port before us neither you nor I would have seen land or shore ever again."

"Anois," a deir sé, "bainfidh muid an baile amach, nó níl fhios caidé a bheadh siad ábalta a dhéanamh linn go fóill. Níl aon churach anseo ach muid féin, agus dá ghaisteacht a mbainfidh muid an baile amach, is amhlaidh is fearr dúinn é."

Tharraing an bheirt chun an bhaile, agus cha dtáinig a dhath orthu ariamh ina dhiaidh sin.

104. BÁC SÍ FAOI SHEOL AR THALAMH THIRIM I DTORAIGH

Bhíodh an tseanmhuintir ag inse dúinne fad ó shin gur ghnách cuid mhór i gceart bádaí sí a fheiceáil thart fá Thoraigh, agus an rud ab íontaí uilig go bhfeiceadh siad na bádaí seo in amannaí ar an talamh thirim comh maith lena bhfeiceáil ar an fharraige.

Chuala mise m'athair féin ag rá go bhfaca sé bád sí faoi sheol agus iomlán foirne uirthí ag cúrsáil anoir agus soir ins an pháirc seo atá taobh thoir den teach—páirc a dtugann muid Páirc Bhrádaigh uirthí.

Bhí sé anseo fad ó shin i mí na Bealtaine, agus ins an am sin ba ghnách leo scoith bhuí a chur amach ar an talamh, agus a tógáil fá choinne ceilpe. Bhí an aimsir iontach maith an bhliain seo, agus d'fhág sin an scoith bhuí iontach mall. Leis sin féin d'éirigh an fharraige i ndeireadh mhí na Bealtaine, agus líonadh na poirt uilig scoith bhuí. Thoisigh achan duine a chur amach an leithigh, gur líon achan duine a ranntán féin thart fá na poirt—na háiteacha seo a dtriomafthear an leitheach. Bhí na chéad trí scaid leithigh uilig tirim i ngráinneogaí acu.

Ba é an gnás a bhí ann ins an am sin, nuair a bhíodh obair an lae críochnaithe, na beathaigh uilig a ligean amach leis an fhéar úr a ithe, agus d'fhágtaí amuigh iad in amannaí go meán oíche. Bhí beathach m'athara amuigh go mall an oíche seo, ní ba mhoille ná ceann duine ar bith eile, siocair an teach anseo a bheith buailte ar an pháirc. Bhí oíche bhreá ghealaí ann, agus i dtráthaibh an mheán oíche chuaigh sé amach fá choinne an bheathaigh. D'fhág sé an bealach mór, agus chuaigh sé isteach chun na páirce. Nuair a d'amharc sé suas eadar é féin agus an beathach ba é an rud a chonaic sé bád fána trí seoil ag seoltóireacht trasna na páirce. Dar leis féin: "Tá seo iontach greannmhar! Caithfidh sé gur bád sí í seo, agus caithfidh mé fiacháil an n-aithneochainn í."

"Now," said he, "let us go home, for there is no knowing what they could do to us yet. We are the only curach here and the sooner we get home the better for us."

The two men went home and after that nothing untoward happened to them.

104. THE FAIRY BOAT FOUND SAILING ON A FIELD IN TORY

The old people used to tell us long ago that many fairy boats used to be seen near Tory, and the strangest thing is that they were sometimes seen on dry land as well as on sea.

I heard my own father say that he saw a fairy sail-boat with a full crew coursing back and forth in this field at the back of our house, the field we call Páirc Bhrádaigh.

It was in the month of May and at that time people used to spread the sea-wrack on the ground for kelp-making. The weather was wonderfully fine that year and that meant the sea-wrack was late. When a high sea came at the end of May the beaches were filled with the wrack. Everyone was busy filling his own allotment in the places where the sea-wrack was dried until they had the first three lots dried and stacked.

It was the custom at that time, after the day's work was finished, to let the horses out to eat the fresh grass and sometimes they were left out until midnight. My father's horse was out late this night, later than anyone else's, because of the house being so close to the field. It was a fine moonlit night and about midnight when he went out for the horse. He left the road and went into the field. Between where he stood and where the horse was he saw a boat under three sails sailing across the field. He thought to himself: "This is very strange! It must be a fairy boat, and I must see if I can recognize it!"

Bhí fear ag achan scód dá cuid agus fear ar an stiúir, agus cultacha uisce uilig orthu. Chuaigh sé comh comhgarach daoithi agus a thioctadh leis, agus nuair a chuaigh chuir siad thart í, agus d'imigh siad uaidh arais. Chaith an bád tuairim ar leathuair anonn agus anall mar sin, agus é ag gabháil comh clósáilte daoithi agus a thioctadh leis a ghabháil, ach d'imeochadh sí uaidh, ach mar sin féin thug sé barúil mhaith aithne daoithi, agus bhí tuairim aige gur bhád de chuid an bhaile í a báitheadh seal maith de bhlianta roimhe sin.

D'imigh sé leis suas ansin go dteachaidh sé fhad leis an áit a rabh an beathach, agus nuair a bhí sé ag teacht anuas leis an bheathach tharraing sí air anoir fríd an pháirc, agus chuir siad thart í ag a chosa. Thoisigh an t-éadach a chraitheadh, agus achan seort nuair a bhí siad dá cur chun na gaoithe, agus char lig an beathach air ariamh go bhfaca sé a dhath. Shiúil sé anuas chun an bhealaigh mhóir arais, agus nuair a bhí sé ansin, agus é ag gabháil as amharc na páirce, d'amharc sé thart, agus bhí sí ansin ag seoltóireacht léithi go fóill anonn agus anall fríd na cocaí leithigh.

Chuir sé isteach an beathach, agus cheangail sé é. Chaith sé ualtach féir faoi go maidin. Tháinig sé isteach chun toighe ansin, agus d'inis sé don mhuintir a bhí istigh go bhfaca sé bád sí ag seoltóireacht anonn agus anonn¹ fríd na cocaí leithigh. Thug achan duine dá rabh istigh rúide amach ag déanamh go bhfeicadh siad féin í, ach chan fhacaí, agus chan fhacaí aon duine ó shin í.

105. NA SIÓGAÍ AG GOID SCADÁN

Bhí fear istigh in dToraigh fad ó shin, agus tháinig na daoine beaga air, agus d'airdigh siad leo é soir go Ceann an Chorráin. Dúirt an scéal gur ar a mbealach go Tráigh Éanach a bhí siad a ghoid scadán. Bhí iascaireacht mhór ag gabháil thiar ansin san am.

Nuair a bhain an slua seo tír mór amach, d'imigh siad, agus tharraing siad ar áit a rabh buafalláin bhuí ag fás, agus tugadh ceann d'achan fhear, agus tugadh ceann d'fhear Thoraigh mar dhuine. Bhuail fear acu smitín ar na buafalláin, agus bhí beathach agus diallait faoi achan fhear acu in áit na mbonn. Nuair a bhí siad ag gabháil siar ag an Clochán Liath tháinig bean amach as teach—

1. *sic.*

There was a man at every sheet and a man at the helm, all of them in oilskins. He went as near it as he could, and when he did so they put it about and went away from him. For half an hour the boat was sailing back and forth, but every time he tried to go near, it turned from him. Nevertheless he was able to observe it, and it was his opinion that it was a boat from the island which had been wrecked some years earlier.

He went on then until he reached his horse and as he was returning with him the boat came towards him across the field and was put about just at his feet. The sails began to flap as they were turning to the wind, and the horse gave no sign of seeing anything. He went out on the road and as he was going beyond the view of the field he looked back and the boat was still sailing back and forth through the stacks of sea-wrack.

He put his horse indoors, tied him and threw him an armful of hay for the night. Then he went into his house and told those inside that he had seen a fairy boat sailing back and forth through the stacks of sea-wrack. They all ran out to see it for themselves, but they did not see it, nor has anyone else seen it ever since.

105. FAIRIES STEAL THE HERRINGS

There was a man living in Tory long ago, and the wee folk came upon him and took him off with them to Horn Head. The story goes that they were on their way to steal the herrings at Tráigh Éanach, where great fishing was carried on in those days.

When they reached the mainland they made for a place where yellow ragweeds were growing and each man was given a stalk, the Tory man as well as the others. One of them gave a stroke to the ragweed, and immediately each one of them had a horse with bridle under him. As they were passing west by Dungloe a woman going with cans to the well came out of a house. They raised such

bean a rabh canaí léithi a bhí ag gabháil chun an tobair fá dhéin toisc uisce. Thóg siad oiread gaoithe ag gabháil thart daofa agus gur leag siad an bhean bhocht. Rinn fear Thoraigh gáire, agus nuair a rinn, sheas siad uilig, agus cha rabh aon fhear acu nár bhuail buille dá fhuip air, agus dúradh leis dá ndéanadh sé gáire eile go bpilleadh sé go muirbhfeadh siad é.

Bhain siad an baile thiar amach. Thosaigh an oíche a dh'athrach agus a dh'éirí garbh. Thug na bádaí iarraidh ar an talamh, agus cuireadh isteach ar an tráigh iad. Cailleadh mórán iascairí an oíche sin, agus cuireadh na scadáin isteach faoi na criogacha agus bhéili-ceannaí, agus nuair a tháinig solas an lae thug siad leo aniar iad go Ceann an Chorráin.

Deirtear gurab iad sin na scadáin mhóra atáthar a mharbhadh ar an chósta seo ón lá sin go dtí an lá inniu.

a wind as they passed that the poor woman was swept off her feet. The Tory man burst out laughing and that moment they all stopped and there was none of them that did not give him a lash of a whip and they told him that if he laughed once again before he returned they would kill him.

They reached their destination. The night began to change and grow rough. The boats made for the land and they were washed ashore. Many fishermen were lost that night, and the herrings were swept in under the rocks and ledges. When daylight came they took them off back to Horn Head.

It is said these were the big herrings that are being killed on this coast from that day to this day.



PLATE IV. Anna Nic an Luain
Na Cruacha

Photo C. Ó Danachair

MEASCRA Ó NA CRUACHA GORMA

MISCELLANY FROM THE BLUESTACK
MOUNTAINS

"Bí i do thost!" a deir sí, "is gairid go bhfaghfaí tú do sháith. Nuair a beithear ag blí na bó riabhaí atá ag a leithéid seo anocht, bhéarfaidh sí cic don bhucóid agus gheobhaidh tusa do sháith!"

Bhí go maith. An oíche sin nuair a ceanglaíodh isteach an riabhach, agus a chuaigh bean an toighe ag bleaghan, thóg sí a cos agus dhoirt sí an bhucóid. Ba sin rud nach dtearn sí ariamh.

Ba bheag na hoícheannaí uilig gur tugadh ar shiúl ar fad an bhó riabhach agus fágadh bó mhochais¹ ina háit. Ní rabh fhios cá dteachaidh an riabhach, ach, leoga, b'iad bunadh na gcnoc a thug leo í, ná nuair a bhí an ceann a fágadh ina háit ar bhéalaibh breith tugadh ar shiúl í, agus fágadh an riabhach arais comh maith agus a bhí sí ariamh.

111. BO SÍ A CEANNAÍODH AR AONACH NA nGLEANNTACH

Bhí beirt fhear i nGleann Fhinne fad ó shin, agus bhí bó d'fhéidhm ar fhear acu go cruaidh. Padaí Ó Dochartaigh ab ainm d'fhear acu, ach ba ar an fhear eile a bhí an bhó a d'fhéidhm. Bhí páistí beaga aige, agus gan aon deor bhainne le tabhairt dófa. Bhí aonach ag teacht ar na Gleanntaí, agus d'iarr an fear seo ar Phadaí a bheith ag teacht leis siar chun aonaigh féachailt an bhfaightheadh sé seort bó a choinneochadh braon bainne lena chuid páistí.

D'fhág an bheirt an baile go luath ar maidin, agus shiúil siad leo isteach chun na nGleannntach. D'amharc siad thart, agus ní fhacaí siad rud ar bith a thaitin leo, agus dúirt fear acu leis an fhear eile go rachadh siad amach giota an bealach mór agus go mb'fhéidir go gcasfaí duine inteacht orthu ag teacht isteach a mbeadh bó leis a shásóchadh iad. D'imigh siad, agus ní fada a chuaigh siad gur casadh fear beag rua dófa, agus bó bhreá mhaol liath leis. Chuaigh an fear a bhí le Padaí a cheannacht na bó. Dúirt an fear beag rua nach ndíolfadh sé leis an fhear a bhí le Padaí í ar chor ar bith, ach go dtabharfadh sé do Phadaí í, go rabh srath maith abhna aige, agus a sáith aige le tabhairt daoithi go luath agus go mall.

"Be quiet!" she said, "you'll soon have all you want. When so-and-so's brindled cow is being milked tonight it will lift its foot and kick the bucket, and you'll have plenty!"

Well and good. That evening when the cow was tethered and the woman of the house milking it, it raised its foot and knocked over the bucket. It had never done that before.

Very few nights passed before the brindled cow was taken away altogether and an in-calf heifer was left in its place. No one knew where the brindled cow had gone but, of course, it was the hill-folk who had taken it because when the cow left in its place was about to calve it was taken away and the brindled cow was left back as well as ever it had been.

111. THE FAIRY COW BOUGHT AT GLENTIES FAIR

Long ago there were two men living in the Finn Valley and one of them was in sore need of a cow. Paddy Ó Dochartaigh was the name of one of them, but it was the other man who needed the cow. He had young children and not a drop of milk for them. There was to be a fair in Glenties and this man asked Paddy to go west to the fair with him to see if he could get some kind of a cow to give milk for his children.

The two men left home early in the morning and walked away to Glenties. They looked around and saw no beast they liked, and one of them said to the other that if they walked out along the road a bit they might meet some one coming in with a cow that would satisfy them. Off they went, and they had not gone far before they met a small red-haired man with a fine grey hornless cow. Paddy's companion went to buy the cow, but the small red-haired man said he would not sell the cow to him at all: he would sell it to Paddy because he had a good stretch of river and enough to feed her late and early.

Cheannaigh Padaí an bhó uaidh ansin, agus chuir siad isteach i in áit ínteacht go mbeadh siad réidh le ghabháil abhaile. D'iarr Padaí ar an fhear bheag rua a bheith ag teacht leis isteach i dteach tábhairne go dtugadh sé dó luach na bó, agus go n-ólfadh siad deoch.

"Níl mé ag gabháil isteach i dteach ar bith den chineál," arsa an fear rua. "Ní bhlaissim rud ar bith cruaidh, agus nuair a gheobhas mé mo chuid féin beidh mé ag tarraingt ar an bhaile."

"Ar mhiste domh fiafraí duit cé an áit a bhfuil an baile agat?" arsa Padaí.

"Ní miste, leoga," arsa seisean. "Tá mé i mo chónaí fá ghiota bheag duit féin, agus níl aon lá a gcuireann tú do cheann in do chuid éadaigh nach bhfuil mé ag coimhead ort amach agus isteach."

"Is iontach liom sin," arsa Padaí, "agus gur shíl mé nach rabh fear ná bean fá mhílte díom nach rabh aithne agam orthu uilig."

"Bhail, sin mar bíos," arsa an fear beag rua, agus níor chuir sé an scéal ní b'fhaide.

Bhí go maith. D'fhág an fear beag rua slán agus beannacht ag Padaí, agus thiontaigh sé thart ar an choirnéal, agus níor leag sé buille dá shúil air ní ba mhó. Thug Padaí leis an mhaol chun an bhaile, ach má thug féin, ar dhóigh ínteacht bhí sé ag smaoitiú i gcónaí gur de dhream na gcnoc an fear rua ar cheannaigh sé uaidh í, agus ba é an fáth sin, nuair a rinn sé an margadh d'iarr an fear rua air aire mhaith a thabhairt don bhoin, go rabh cúpla maith de ghamhna fireanna aici anuraidh, agus go mbeadh cúpla gamhna boineanna aici i mbliana.

Dhíol sé an bhó le fear aitheantais i Srath an Urláir, agus seal ina dhiaidh sin d'fhiafraigh sé de caidé mar bhí an bhó ag déanamh cúis dó, agus dúirt sé go rabh go maith, go rabh cúpla gamhna aici seal i ndiaidh a ceannacht agus ó sin amach go rabh obair aige soithigh a fháil lena bleacht a choinneáil. Bhí an bhó ag fear Shrath an Urláir blianta agus blianta, ach fá dheireadh, bhí caochpholl ina chuid talaimh, agus chuaigh sí in abar ann, agus bhí sí ansin gur stiúg sí.

112. SÉIDEÁN SÍ

Níl dadaí ar an tsaol atá comh hiontach leis an tséideán sí. Tiocfaidh séideán acu seo an lá is deise agus is ciúine i lár an tsamhraidh, agus scuabfaidh sé roimhe gach uile chineál dá mbeidh ina

Paddy bought the cow from him, and they put it into a safe place until they would be ready to go home. Paddy asked the small red-haired man to come with him to a tavern where he would give him the price of the cow and they would have a drink.

"I am not going into any such house," said the red-haired man. "I don't drink any of the hard stuff, and when I get my price, I will be on my way home."

"Would it be any harm for me to ask you where your home is?" asked Paddy.

"No harm at all," said the red-haired man. "I live very near yourself, and there is not a day you put your head into your clothes that I am not looking at you going in and out."

"That is very strange," said Paddy. "I thought there was not a man or a woman within miles of me that I did not know!"

"Well, that is how it is," said the red-haired man, and he said no more about it.

Well and good. The small red-haired man said good-bye and turned the corner, and that was the last Paddy saw of him. Paddy drove the hornless cow home but even if he did the thought was in his mind that the red-haired man was one of the hill-folk, and for this reason: when the red-haired man made the bargain he asked him to take good care of the cow, that she had had twin male calves the year before and that she would have twin female calves the coming year.

Paddy sold the cow to a man of his acquaintance in Stranorlar. A while later he enquired how the cow was doing and the buyer told him she was doing well, that she had had twin calves a while after he bought her and that he had been hard put to it to get enough vessels to hold her milk. The Stranorlar man had the cow for years and years, but at last she fell into a concealed hole on his land and died.

112. FAIRY WHIRLWINDS

There is nothing in this world more wonderful than fairy whirlwinds. One of these whirlwinds will come on the finest and calmest day of summer and it will sweep before it everything in its path.

bhealach. Chualaí mise an seanbhunadh dá rá go minic gurbh é an rud a bhí sa tséideán seo, anamnacha daoine a gheibheadh bás i bhfad ó bhaile agus a bhíodh ag tarraingt ar an bhaile.

Bhí fear as an áit seo fad ó shin ag sábháil féir thoir i Srath na Bratóige. Tháinig séideán sí acu seo air, agus chruinnigh sé iomlán a chuid féir in aon charnán amháin. Thug seisean iarraidh ar an fhéar nuair a chonaic sé ag imeacht é, agus sháith sé an forc ann. Leis sin féin thosaigh an caoineadh truacánta thart fá dtaobh de. Bhí sé ag déanamh nach dtiocfadh leofasan a ghabháil ní b'fhaide siocair eisean an t-iarann coisreaca a sháitheadh ins an fhéar, agus gurbh é sin ábhar an chaointe.

113. SLUA SÍ AN AEIR A GHÓID AN TARBHAR

Bhíodh an seanbhunadh ag rá fad ó shin gurbh iad slua sí na spéire a thógadh an ghaoth mhór. Chonaic mé féin séideán sí lá samhraidh ag tógáil a rabh d'fhéar ar bhaile talaimh suas go glinntí an aeir. Thógadh siad gaoth mhór go minic san fhómhar lena sáith arbhair a fháil.

Bliain amháin fad ó shin, bhí fear thoir anseo ar an Fhál Gharbh—fear arbh ainm dó Padaí Bhríde—agus bhí an dubh-rud go bráthl arbhair curtha aige—oiread agus a bhí ag an chuid eile de bhunadh an bhaile uilig. Nuair a bhí an t-arbhar uilig bainte stocaithe aige, tháinig oíche gaoithe móire, agus nuair a chuaigh Padaí amach, ní rabh oiread agus a chraithfeadh braon uisce choisreachta ar chorpdá chuid arbhair fágtha sa chuibhreann nach dtug an ghaoth mhór léithi. Ní rabh ann ach é nach dteachaidh sé as a chéill nuair a chonaic sé caidé mar bhí.

Bhí go maith. Nuair a tháinig an oíche sin d'imigh sé soir chun na Brocaí le mhéad is bhí de bhuaireamh intinne air, agus d'ól sé a sháith. Ar philleadh dó, tháinig ciath trom air ar an bhealach, agus dar leis go mb'fhearr dó a ghabháil ar foscadh. Bhí tom draighin ar thaoibh an bhealaigh, agus chuaigh sé isteach faoin toim. Dheamhan i bhfad a bhí sé ansin go dtáinig suanán codlata air, agus gur chaill sé cuimhne an tsaoil. Dar leis ina chodladh go gcuala sé mar bheadh glór ag caint leis, agus sé bhí dá rá aige:

"Maise, a Phadaí Bhríde, tá fhios agamsa cá bhfuil do chuid arbhair!" Dúirt an glór seo cupla uair ná thrí.

I often heard the old people say that this whirlwind was made of the souls of people who had died far away and were making their way home.

Long ago a man from this place was saving hay east in Srath na Bratóige. One of these whirlwinds came on him and caught up all his hay into one heap. When he saw his hay going he made a thrust at it with his hay-fork. With that the most pitiable wailing started all around him. He made out that those in it could go no further because he had thrust the blessed iron into the hay, and that was the cause of the wailing.

113. THE FAIRIES OF THE AIR STEAL CORN

In the old days people said it was the fairy host of the sky who used to raise the high wind. I myself have seen a fairy whirlwind on a summer day take all the hay of a holding into the firmament. They often raised high winds in harvest-time to get the corn they wanted.

One year long ago a man named Paddy Bhríde living east here at Fál Garbh had the devil's own lot of corn sown—as much as the rest of the townland all together. When he had all his corn reaped and stooked there came a night of high wind and when Paddy went out there was not as much left as would sprinkle Holy Water on a corpse. He almost went out of his mind when he saw what had happened.

Well and good. That night with the weight of worry on him he went east to Brocagh and drank plenty. Coming home he was caught in a heavy shower and decided it was best to take shelter. There was a blackthorn bush beside the road and he went in under it. Devil a while was he there before sleep came over him and he lost all memory of the world. It seemed to him in his sleep that he heard a voice, as it were, speaking to him and saying:

"Musha, Paddy Bhríde, myself knows where your corn is!"

The voice repeated it two or three times.

"Maise, má tá fhios," arsa Padaí, "is trua nach dtabharann tú mise chun na háite sin!"

Níor luaithé a chan sé an focal ná tógadh amach as faoin tor é, agus tógadh eadar chorp agus chleiteacha suas chun aeir é. Tugadh isteach i scioból mór é thuas ansin, agus bhí triúr den mhuintir bheaga istigh ansin, agus bhí súistí acu, agus a chuid arbhair chóir a bheith buailte acu. Bhí fear ná beirt eile acu ag cur an choirce ins na málaí. Chuir siad a sháith feirge ar Phadaí nuair a chonaic sé caidé mar bhí, agus ní thearn sé ach cromadh ar an chlár buailte a bhí acu, agus ghread sé orthu gur loit sé iad oiread agus nach rabh siad ábalta bogadh. Rug sé ar an chochán ansin, agus chuaigh sé chun dorais leis, agus bhuail sé dá chaitheamh anuas gur chaith sé an bhatail fá dheireadh amach ar an doras. Ní rabh fhios aige cá rabh siad ag gabháil, ach bhí barúil aige go dtiocfadh siad chun talaimh. Rug sé ar mhálaí an arbhair, agus rinn sé an cleas céanna leo, agus nuair a bhí sin déanta aige, bhí sé comh tuirseach agus gur thuit sé thart ina chnap codlata arís.

Níor mhothaigh sé aon seort níos mó, agus níor mhúscail sé go maidin, agus nuair a mhúscail sé cé an áit a rabh sé ach ina lúí i gcruaich an chocháin a chaith sé anuas as an spéir, agus nuair a d'amharc sé fá dtaobh de, bhí na málaí uilig a chaith sé amach as an scioból thuas uilig fá ghiota bheag de. Chraith sé suas é féin ansin, agus nuair a chuaigh sé abhaile d'inis sé dá bhean caidé d'éirigh dó.

"B'fhéidir," a deir sí, "go mb'fhearr duit reathaidh sleamhain leis an dream aerach sin. B'fhéidir gur mó an dochar ná an mhaith atá déanta agat!"

B'fhíor daoithi. Ní rabh bó gamhain ná colpach fán teach a dtug sé an cochán dó, nár stiúg uilig, agus bhí sé comh maith aige cead a gcinn a thabhairt daofa agus gan bacadh leis an ghlór a d'inis dó cá rabh a chuid cocháin.

114. STOCAÍ ARBHAIR CURTHA FRÍD A CHÉILE

Is minic a chualaí mé na seandaoine ag rá nach rabh am ar bith is mó a mbíonn bunadh na gcnoc gnoitheach ná gach uile oíche is mó a mbíonn gaoth mhór ann. Chualaí mé daoine a bhí amuigh ag ceangal féir agus stocaí ag rá go gcualaí siad an callán agus an gleo

"Musha, if you do," said Paddy, "'tis a pity you don't bring me there."

No sooner had he said the word than he was taken out from under the bush and lifted body and bones up into the air. He was brought into a big barn up there where there were three of the wee folk with flails and they had almost all his corn threshed. There were one or two others there putting the grain into bags. Paddy was enraged when he saw how things were and bent down for a threshing board they had and whaled them with it until they weren't able to move. He seized the straw then, ran to the door with it and began to throw it down until he had the last bundle out. He did not know where it was going but he guessed it would come to the earth. He seized the bags of corn and did the same thing with them, and when he had that done he was so exhausted he fell down into a sound sleep.

He felt nothing more and he did not wake until morning, and where was he when he woke but lying on the heap of straw he had thrown down from the sky! And when he looked about him all the bags he had thrown out of the barn above were near by. He jumped up and went home and told his wife what had happened.

"Perhaps," she said, "it would have been better for you to go easy with that airy crowd. Maybe you have done more harm than good."

It was true for her. Not a cow, calf or heifer he gave the corn to but died. It would have been as well for him to have let them have their way and to have given no heed to the voice which told him where his corn was.

114. THE DISTURBING OF THE CORN-STOOKS

I often heard the old people say that the hill-folk were never as active as on a night of high wind. They used to say that when they were out making bundles of hay and stacking it they could hear their talk and commotion as clearly as the neighbours talking.

a bhí acu comh corportha agus a chluinfeadh siad fear na comharsan. Ina dhiaidh sin ní rabh siad ariamh ábalta tuigbheáil caidé a bheadh siad ag rá, agus ní rabh fhios acu ach oiread cé an teanga a bhíodh siad ag labhairt—Gaeilg, Béarla ná Laidin. Bhíodh siad ag gabháil comh tiubh nuair a bhíodh siad ag caint eatarthu féin agus nach mb'fhéidir déanamh amach caidé an cineál gibrisce a bhíodh acu, ach thigeadh cuid acu anois agus arís, agus labhairfeadh siad ina teanga féin leis na daoine.

Bhíodh an dream beag seo an-ghnoitheach ins an fhómhar, agus is mion minic a chuir siad comharsanaí maithe amach ar a chéile. Ins an am údaí bhí mórán den talamh ina roinn chuibhreann, agus mar nach rabh an claidhe féin eadar na cuibhrinn seo, nuair a thigeadh siabán gaoithe, thógadh sí léithi na stocaí, agus chuireadh sí fríd a chéile iad. Bhíodh an-obair ag daoine ansin a gcuid féin a phiocadh amach as an chodraisc.

Chualáí mé scéal greannmhar ag seandúine ar an bhaile s' againne nuair a bhí mé i mo ghasúr, ach leis an fhírinne a dhéanamh, char chreid mé é. Bhí seisean ag inse dúinn go dtáinig oíche mhór gaoithe móire nuair a bhí seisean ina ghasúr. San fhómhar a bhí ann agus bhí an t-arbhar uilig bainte stocaithe. D'éirigh an ghaoth i lár na hoíche, agus shiob sí na stocaí uilig fud fad a chéile.

Bhí oíche bhreá ghealaí ann, agus nuair a mhothaigh an seandúine seo an ghaoth mhór, d'éirigh sé amach go gcuireadh sé cineál inteacht ceangail ar na stocaí. Nuair a bhí sé ag gabháil síos faoin teach, bhuail aon séideán amháin é a chuir dá chosa é, agus a thóg glan suas chun aeir é. Nuair a chuaigh sé suas giota maith, cha dtiocfadh leis fáil chun talaimh arís, agus bhí sé ag imeacht leis thuas ansin agus gan fios aige cá rabh sé ag gabháil. Bhíthear dá bhogadh anonn agus dá bhrú anall, agus fá dheireadh bhí sé thuas os cionn na spéire. Fágadh ina sheasamh ar an talamh thuas ansin ab fhearr ar leag sé cos ariamh air, agus bhí na céadta de fhir bheaga rua thart fá dtaobh de, agus iad uilig go léir ag stocadh arbhair comh tiubh is a thiocfadh leofa. Ba é seo an t-arbhar uilig a d'airdigh an ghaoth mhór léithi ón talamh fochtair. Tharraing seisean ar an arbhar, agus d'aithin sé a chuid ceangail féin, agus dúirt sé nach mbeadh sin acu cá bith. Cha rabh fhios aige caidé mar chuirfeadh sé anuas arís é. Shiúil sé leis thart fríd an mhuintir bheaga a bhí ag obair, agus fá dheireadh tháinig sé ionns ar fhear bheag nach rabh

Even so they were never able to make out what they were saying or what language they were speaking, whether it was Irish, English or Latin. They talked so fast among themselves it was not possible to know what gibberish they had, but now and again some of them would come and speak to the people in their own language.

These wee folk were very busy at harvest-time, and often they set good neighbours against each other. At that time a great part of the land was in very small divisions and since there were no walls between the divisions when a gale came it would lift the stooks and scatter them all together, and it was very hard for the people to pick their own out of the confusion.

I heard a strange story from an old man of our townland when I was a child, and to tell the truth I did not believe him. He told us of a night of high wind when he was a young lad. It was at harvest-time and the corn was all stooked. The wind rose during the night and it blew all the stooks through each other.

It was a fine moonlight night and when he heard the wind rise he went out to put some kind of binding on the stooks. As he went round by the house a gust swept him off his feet and lifted him clean into the air so that he wasn't able to reach the ground again and he was being carried away he did not know where. He was being tossed back and forth and at last he was up above the sky. He found himself standing there on the best land he had ever laid foot on, and there were hundreds of little red-haired men all round him stooking corn with all their might. And it was the corn that the great wind had lifted from the earth below. He went close to the corn and recognized his own binding, and said to himself they would not get that anyhow. He did not know how he would get it down again. He kept on walking through the little men all busy at

cosúil leis an chuid eile. Bhí gruag dhubbh air, agus cab de fhéasóg dhubbh air, agus é drochdhaite bán san aghaidhe. Labhair an fear seo leis:

"Caidé a ruaig thusa an bealach seo?" arsa seisean.

"Ó maise, tá," arsa an fear eile, "an t-anás! Tá oíche mhillteanach gaoithe móire ins an áit s' againne anocht, agus chuaigh mise amach go gcuirinn cineál ínteacht ceangail ar mo chuid stocaí, agus tháinig aon séideán amháin orm a thóg glan de mo chosa mé eadar chorp agus chleiteacha, agus char mhothaigh mé níos mó go rabh mé i mo sheasamh ar an talamh seo!"

"Bhail, féadaim a rá gurab é an dóigh cheannann chéanna a dtáinig mise anseo, ach ní hionann. Bhí oíche gaoithe móire ann fosta, agus i lár na hoíche caidé a tharlaigh ach go dtáinig ar mo mhnaoi an áit a rabh duine clainne ag gabháil a bheith ann, agus b'éigean domhsa imeacht fá bhean ghlún. D'imigh mé, agus diabhal i bhfad uilig a bhí mé ón teach, gur thóg séideán gaoithe de mo chosa mé, agus ní cuimhneach liomsa caidé a d'éirigh domh ina dhiaidh sin, ach nuair a tháinig mé chugam féin, seo í an áit a bhfuair mé mé féin!"

"Agus an bhfuil dóigh ar bith a bhfaigheadh duine amach as an áit seo thú?" arsa fear an bhaile s' againne.

"Níl," arsa seisean. "Dá mbeadh mo scaball fá mo mhúineál gheobhainn amach as, ach bhí oiread de mhífhortún orm, agus gur bhris mé an scaball cupla lá roimhe siúd, agus nuair a rug siad orm gan é, chan fhaghaim amach as an áit a bhfuil mé go bráth."

"Bhail," arsa fear an bhaile s' againne, "tá mo scaball ormsa, agus b'fhéidir go n'éireochadh liom éaló uathu."

"Éireochaidh, cinnte," arsa seisean, "má ní tú mo chomhairlesa."

"Caidé sin?" arsa fear an bhaile s' againne.

"Tá, maise," arsa seisean, "ar do bhás ná ar do bheatha, ná blais greim ná deoch uathu seo, cé bith fad a bheas tú acu, ná má bhlaiseann ní bhfaighfidh tú amach as go bráth."

"Bhail, diabhal a miste liom gan fáil amach as," arsa seisean, "mur bhfaghaí mé mo chuid arbhair a thabhairt liom! Tá cupla ceann callaigh agam, agus stiúgfaidh siad leis an ocras de dhíobháil fodair, agus má chaillim an t-eallach, caillfidh mé mo chuid páistí."

"Bhail, tá leigheas maith agat air sin fosta," arsa an fear eile. "Chan fhaca mise mórán fear ariamh as an áit arb as thú nach mbeadh sparán de chraiceann easóige ar iomchar leis."

work until he came on one who was not like the others. He had black hair and a black muzzle of a beard on him and a dead-pale face. This man spoke to him:

"Whatever brought you here?" said he.

"Musha, what but misfortune! It is a fierce windy night in our place tonight, and I went out to bind my stooks, and a gust of wind swept me clean off my feet both body and bones and the first thing I knew I was standing on this ground here!"

"Well, I can say it was the very same with me, but with a difference. It was a night of great wind too, and in the middle of it what should happen but my wife's time of childbirth came and I had to go for the midwife. I was not far from the house when a gust of wind swept me off my feet and I don't know what happened to me after that, but when I came to my senses this is where I found myself!"

"Is there any way at all to get away from here?" asked the man from our townland.

"No," said the other. "If I had had my scapular round my neck I could have got away, but I was unlucky enough to break my scapular a couple of days before, and since I was without it when they took me, I can never get away from this place."

The man from our townland said: "I have my scapular and maybe I will be able to escape from them."

"You will surely," said the other, "if you follow my advice."

"What is that?"

"For your life's sake, do not taste a bite or a drink from them however long you are here, for if you do you will never leave."

"Well, devil take me if I leave without taking my own corn back! I have a couple of head of cattle and they will die of hunger without fodder, and if my cattle die so will my children."

"Well, there is a good remedy for that too. I have seen few men from your place who did not carry a stoat-skin purse."

"Maise, tá ceann acu in mo phóca," arsa fear an bhaile s' againne. "Bhail, imigh anois, agus rois amach an sparán, agus gearr ina sheacht bpíosa é. Sníom na píosaí uilig le chéile, agus déan crosóg daofa. Gabh fhad le do chuid arbhair ansin, agus sín an chrosóg seo ar an talamh, agus pionann ar bith a bhfuil do chuid ceangail féin uirthi, cuir isteach ins an chrosóg seo í, ach ar do bhás, ná cuir isteach ceann ar bith nach leat féin!"

"Ar ndóiche," a deir fear an bhaile s' againne, "ní choinneoch-adh craiceann na heasóige pionann amháin féin!"

"Ná bíodh eagla ar bith ort!" arsa an fear eile. "Coinneochaidh do chrosóg iomlán do chuid féin agus dá mbeadh oiread eile agat. Nuair a bheas deireadh teannta suas agat, ní bheidh agat ach an t-ualach a thiontó aniar, agus imeochaidh sé amach as d'amharc, agus i bhfaiteadh na súl beidh sé ar an talamh céanna a d'fhág sé."

D'imigh an fear uaidh, agus tharraing sé an sparán as a phóca, agus rinn sé na seacht bpíosa de. Shníom sé é, agus shín sé ar an talamh é, agus tharraing sé ar an áit a rabh an t-arbhar. Bhí na boic bheaga ag gabháil dó, agus iad ag preabadaigh thart fá dtaobh de, ach ina dhiaidh sin níor bhain duine ar bith leis. Rug sé ar phionainn thall is abhus, agus leag sé síos ar chraiceann na heasóige iad, agus de réir is mar bhí sé dá dhéanamh sin bhí an craiceann ag síneadh gur mheas sé go rabh deireadh istigh sa chrosóg aige. Cheangail sé ansin é. Bhain sé tiontó amháin as an ualach, agus leis sin féin d'imigh sé amach as amharc, agus cha rabh fhios aige cá dteachaidh sé.

Bhí go maith agus cha rabh go holc. Bhí sé ag teacht thart ansin, agus gan fios aige caidé a bhí le héirí dó. Ba ghairid go dtáinig bean bheag rua chuige, agus d'iarr sí air a bheith ag teacht léithi go bhfaghadh sé greim le hithe. Dúirt sé nach rachadh. Bhí sí ag gabháil dó ag diúgaireacht agus ag iarraidh air rud ínteacht a ithe, ach choinnigh sé cuimhne ar chaint an fhir eile, a d'iarr air gan bia ná deoch a bhlaistean. Bhí sé marbh leis an chodladh, agus chaith sé i gcóirnéal é féin, agus thuit sé thart ina chnap codlata.

Ní rabh fhios aige ariamh ina dhiaidh sin caidé an codladh a rinn sé, ach nuair a mhúscaíl sé, bhí sé ina shuí ag a thine féin, agus a bhean ag fadó na tine ar maidin. D'éirigh sé amach, agus d'amharc sé uaidh, agus nuair a chuaigh sé ar amharc an chuibhrinn a dtug an ghaoth mhór an t-arbhar léithi amach as, má b'fhíor, cha rabh aon stoca istigh sa chuibhreann nach rabh uilig ina sheasamh ansin mar bhí siad an lá a rinn sé iad!

"Musha, I have one in my pocket," said the man from our townland.

"Well, go now and pull out the purse and cut it in seven pieces. Knot each piece to another and make a string of them. Go to your corn then and lay this string on the ground, and put any sheaf that has your own tying on it on the string, but, for your life, do not put any but your own on it."

"Sure the stoat-skin would not hold even one sheaf!"

"Do not be the least afraid!" said the other man. "The string will hold all your corn, and as much again if you had it. When you have made it all secure you have only to turn it round and it will disappear from your sight and in the wink of an eye it will be back on the ground it came from."

The man went from him and he pulled the purse out of his pocket and made seven pieces of it. He tied them and laid the string on the ground and made for the place where the corn was. The little men were jumping all round him, but none of them touched him. He took sheaves from here and there and laid them on the stoat-skin, and as he did so, the string seemed to stretch until he had all on it. Then he tied it, gave one turn to the bundle, and with that it disappeared he did not know where.

Well and good. He was going about not knowing what would happen to him. Very soon a little red-haired woman came to him and invited him to come and have something to eat. He said he would not. She kept on coaxing and persuading him to eat something, but he remembered the other man's advice not to taste food or drink. He was dead sleepy and threw himself down in a corner and fell into a fast sleep.

He never knew afterwards how long he had slept, but when he awoke he was sitting at his own fireside and his wife was reddening the fire for the day. He went out to look about and when he saw his corn-patch from which the great wind had swept away all the corn there was not one stook but was standing just as on the day he had made them, if he spoke the truth.

115. AN DORAS A BHÍ INA ÁBHAR MÍ-SHÁSAITHE

Tá teach anseo in áit a dtugtar Ailt an tSneachta air, agus fad ó shin nuair a bhí siad dá dhéanamh, hinsíodh daofa go rabh siad dá thógáil in áit a rabh geasa ag baint leis—áit uasal.

Nuair a bhí an teach déanta, bhí an doras air ar thaoibh an bhealaigh mhóir, agus oíche amháin tháinig scaifte de dhaoine beaga rua isteach ar an doras, agus dúirt siad le muintir an toighe go gcaithfeadh siad an doras a athrú, nach rabh deor uisce dá rabh siad a chaitheamh amach ar an doras nach rabh ag teacht sa mhullach orthusan.

Bhuail eagla muintir an toighe, agus ar maidin lá tharna mhárach dhruid siad doras an bhealaigh mhóir, agus d'fhoscail siad doras ar an taoibh cúil. Ón lá sin go dtí an lá inniu tá an teach sin le feiceáil agus an doras ar an taoibh cúil, agus sé siúd an fáth a bhfuil.

116. AN STUALAIRE SÍ

Tá cloch mhór ina seasamh istigh i gcuibhreann thoir i mbaile a dtugtar An Fál Garbh air. An Stualaire a bheir muintir na háite ar an stocán mhór leice seo, agus deirtear go bhfuil sí féin, agus an talamh atá thart fá dtaobh daoithi, uasal, agus nach ceart baint dí.

Bhí fear sa talamh aon uair amháin, agus nuair a bhí sé ag romhar thart, dar leis gur cheart a leagan amach as an bhealach. Leag sí í, agus ar an bhomaite bheag a dtearn, chuaigh eallaigh an chnoic ar mire, agus chuaigh siad ag léimní leis na beantracha. B'éigean imeacht agus an Stualaire a chur ina seasamh, agus ón lá sin go dtí an lá inniu níor bhain duine ar bith daoithi.

Tháinig sagart thart an bealach seo aon am amháin, agus hinsíodh dó fán áit uasal seo. Chuaigh sé soir, agus chaith sé tamall ag urnaí thart ar an talamh ann, agus cá bith a bhí ann chuir sé fá chónaí é.

117. AN CHOILL UASAL

Tá áit ar an Éadan Anfa a dtugtar an Choillidh air, agus deirtear ariamh anall nach bhfuil an darna háit i bparóiste Inis Caoil atá comh huaigneach uasal leis. Chonaictheas na daoine beaga ann go

115. THE OFFENDING DOOR

There is a house here at Ailt an tSneachta and long ago when the people were building it they were told they were putting it in a gentle place that had some spell about it.

When the house was finished they had the door on the side towards the road, but one night a group of little red-haired people came in and told the people of the house that they must change the door because every drop of water thrown out by the door was coming down on top of them.

The people of the house were frightened and next morning they shut the door towards the road and made a door at the back. The house with its door to the back is to be seen from that day to this and this is why it is so.

116. THE FAIRY STANDING STONE

There is a big stone standing in a field over in the townland of Fál Garbh. People call this big block of stone the Stualaire and it is said that itself and the land round about it are gentle and that it is not right to interfere with it.

Once upon a time a man was ploughing there and thought it would be better to knock it out of the way. He knocked it down and at that very moment all the cattle on the hill went mad and started jumping from the heights. It was necessary to put the Stualaire standing again, and from that day to this no one interfered with it.

A priest came this way once and he was told about this gentle place. He went east and spent a while praying around the ground there, and whatever was there he put it to rest.

117. THE FAIRY WOOD

There is a place on Éadan Anfa known as the Wood, and it is always said that there is not another place in the parish of Inishkeel as eerie or gentle as it is. Often the wee folk were seen there, and at

minic, agus bhí taibhsí agus solais le feiceáil ann in amannaí eile. Bhí sé comh holc agus gur dhoiligh le mórán daoine a ghabháil an bealach ann i ndiaidh na hoíche ar chor ar bith.

Bhí beirt bhuachaill ag gabháil suas bealach an Éadain oíche amháin a dh'áirneál. Bhí rún acu nuair a d'fhág siad an baile le ghabháil chuig faire a bhí sa chomharsantacht, ach dar leo go ndéanfadh siad tamall áirneáil an chéad uair. D'imigh siad suas bealach Choillidh an Éadain, agus nuair a bhí siad ag tarraingt suas an bealach chonaic siad an tine thall sa choillidh a ba mhó a chonaic siad ariamh. Bhí sí ag gabháil suas go glinntí an aeir, agus shíl siad go rabh an choillidh uilig le thine. Tharraing siad ar an teach áirneáil a rabh siad ag gabháil ann, agus d'inis siad do bhunadh an toighe fán tine, agus dúirt siad nach mbeadh mórán fágtha ar maidin ag an fhear ar leis an áit.

Bhí go maith. Chuaigh siad chun na faire, agus shuidh siad ansin go rabh an lá geal ann—ba é sin an gnás ins na háiteacha seo uilig go dtí le gairid. Ar a mbealach chun an bhaile ar maidin, smaointigh siad go rachadh siad ar amharc na tine go bhfeiceadh siad an scrios a bhí déanta aici. Chuaigh, ach nuair a chuaigh siad chun talaimh ar cheart don tine a bheith, ní rabh lorg ar bith le fáil uirthi. Chuartaigh siad, ach ní rabh smál féin le fáil acu.

Tá na daoine ag smaointiú ariamh ó shin gur tine a bhí ag bunadh na gcnoc ann nuair nach rabh aon dath le fáil dóite ar maidin.

118. PIONÓS FHEAR AN PHOITÍN

Bhí fear ar an Dubhchoraidh sa tsean-am a dtugadh siad Tadhg Phadaí Mhic Coillín air. Stiléaraí mór a bhí ann, agus tharlaigh go rabh trí bairillí ceiltí ar oibriú aige amuigh i gcró sa chnoc. Tharraing sé ar an chró aon oíche amháin go ritheadh sé an téamh, ach nuair a chuaigh sé ionns ar na bairillí bhí siad folamh go tóin. D'fhág sé ar bhunadh na gcnoc ar an bhomaite gurbh iad a d'ól an cheiltí.

Bhí go maith. Tháinig sé chun an bhaile, agus an oíche tharna mhárach bhí cruinniú de sheort ínteacht ar an bhaile, agus ní rabh aon duine faoi bhallaí an toighe nach dteachaidh chun an chruinnithe ach é féin. Chaith sé é féin suas i leaba na clúide, agus dheamh-an i bhfad i ndiaidh a ghabháil ó sholas gur shiúil fear isteach a rabh scaoilteog bhán bháinín air. Chuir sé cúl a chos leis an tine, agus

other times ghosts and lights. It was so bad that many would not go that way at all after night-fall.

Two boys who were going visiting went up the Éadan road one night. When they left home they had intended to go to a wake in the neighbourhood, but they thought they would go visiting first. When they were approaching Éadan Wood they saw the greatest fire that they had ever seen. It was going up into the firmament and they thought the whole wood was on fire. They went to the visiting house and told the people there about the fire and said the man who owned the place would have little left by morning.

Well and good. They went to the wake and stayed there until daylight: that was the custom always at wakes until recently. On their way home in the morning they thought they would go and see what damage the fire had done. When they went to the land where the fire would have been there was no trace of a fire to be seen. They searched but could find no ashes.

Ever after people believed it was a fairy fire since there was no sign of burning to be seen next morning.

118. THE PUNISHMENT OF THE POTEEN-MAKER

In the old days there was a man called Tadhg Phaddy Mhic Coillín at Doochary who was a great poteen-maker. It happened that he had three barrels fermenting in a still-house in the hills. He went there one night to do the distilling but when he reached the barrels they were empty. Immediately he blamed the hill-folk for having drunk it.

Well and good. He went home, and next night there was some sort of gathering in the townland and all in the house but himself went to it. He got into the bed in the kitchen and very soon after darkness fell a man wearing a white flannel overshirt walked in,

níor labhair sé aon fhocal. Tháinig an darna fear agus an tríú fear isteach, ach le scéal fada a dhéanamh gairid bhí na fir ag teacht isteach gur líon siad an teach. Ní fhacaí Tadhg aon fhear acu ariamh roimhe sin. Níorbh fhada gur léim fear acu isteach chun na leapa sa mhullach air, agus chuir órdóg ar a sceadamán agus thug iarraidh a thachtadh.

"A Thaidhg," arsa an fear seo, "nár mhór a fuair tú ó do chroí a ghabháil dá fhágáil orainne aréir gur sinn a d'ól do chuid ceiltí! Ní hé dála a leithéid seo d'fhear atá ort, a chaitheas gloine poitín amach chugainn as achan téamh dá ndéan sé."

Sheas an chéad fhear a tháinig isteach ar leac na tineadh rith an ama go rabh déanamh ar an fhear a léim isteach chun leapa go muirbhfeadh sé Tadhg. Chuaigh sé isteach ansin, agus thóg sé ar shiúl é. Bhí soitheach uisce choisreaca comhgarach do Thadhg, agus nuair a fuair sé an anál leis shín sé a lámh chuige, agus chraith sé orthu é agus in aghaidhe na hurchóide.

D'imigh siad uilig amach ar an doras, agus cá bith imreas a d'éirigh eatarthu amuigh ar an tsráid, bhuail siad agus mharbh siad a chéile, agus bhí a gcuid fola siocaithe ar na clocha taobh amuigh den doras ar maidin.

119. AN LEABHAR DRAÍOCHTA

Bhí fear amuigh anseo i Mín an Laig os coinne na Brocaí fad ó shin, fear arbh ainm dó Dónall Mháire. Bhí siad ag cur air go rabh drochleabhar aige, agus nuair a léadh sé stiall as an leabhar seo, ní rabh rud ar bith nach rabh sé ábalta a dhéanamh. Tháinig leis muc a dhéanamh den bhuafallán bhuí; airgead a dhéanamh de shalachar caorach, agus bearach a dhéanamh de cheig poitín, agus achan seort eile a smaoiteochadh sé air. Bhí an-eagla ar na daoine roimhis, agus dhéanfadh siad rud ar bith ar an tsaol a d'iarrfadh sé orthu. Ar ndóiche, bhí barúil acu uilig gur uaidh na daoine beaga a fuair Dónall an leabhar.

Bhí Dónall lá amháin ag teacht ón chnoc ins an am a rabhthar ag déanamh an phoitín go láidir an bealach seo, agus caidé a casadh air ach an *revenue* agus *still* leofa a thóg siad ó fhear ínteacht a bhí

stood with his back to the fire and said nothing. A second man and a third man came in and, to make a long story short, men kept coming in until the house was filled. Tadhg had never seen any of them before. After a short pause one of them jumped in on top of him in the bed, and put his thumb on Tadhg's windpipe and tried to choke him.

"Tadhg," said he, "how did you find it in your heart to accuse us of drinking your malt? Unlike so-and-so who throws a glass of poteen to us every time he distils!"

The first man who had come in stood at the hearth while the other man looked as though he would kill Tadhg. Then he came over and removed him. There was a vessel of Holy Water near Tadhg and when he got his breath he stretched out his hand to it and threw it on them to save himself from harm.

They all went out through the door and whatever contention arose amongst them in the yard they beat and killed each other and next morning their blood marks were to be seen dried on the stones outside the door.

119. THE MAGIC BOOK

Long ago a man named Dónall Mháire was living out at Mín an Laig opposite Brocagh. It was alleged that he had an evil book and that if he read a bit from it there was nothing he was not able to do. He could make a pig of the yellow ragweed, money of sheep-dung, and turn a keg of poteen into a heifer or anything else he thought of. The people had a great fear of him and would do anything at all he asked of them. They were certain it was from the wee folk Dónall got the book.

Dónall was coming from the hill once in the days when a lot of poteen was being made out this way, and what should he meet but the revenue men with a still they had taken from some man who

ag déanamh poitín. D'fhiafraigh Dónall díofa cá bhfuair siad an *still*, agus d'inis siad dó gur ó fhear ínteacht a bhí ag gabháil ag reachtáil braon thuas ar an chnoc.

"Ba dona an fear é," arsa Dónall, "a lig libh í!"

"B'fhéidir dá mbeitheása ina áit go ligfeá linn í fosta!" arsa an t-oifigeach. "Tá fir phiocaithe na bainríona liomsa anseo inniu."

"Bhail, tugaí domhsa an *still* anois," arsa Dónall, "agus ní iarrfaidh mé oraibh ach seasamh fad gunna uaim, agus níl oiread fear faoi bhainríon na Sasan agus a bhainfeas uaim í!"

Níor labhair an fear a rabh an *still* ar iompar leis ar chor ar bith, ach d'iarr an t-oifigeach air an *still* a thabhairt do Dhónall go bhfeiceadh siad caidé a bheadh sé ábalta a dhéanamh. Tugadh dó í, agus nuair a chaith sé ar a ghualainn í, chuir sé a lámh ina phóca, agus tharraing sé air an leabhar, agus cá bith a léigh sé d'fhág sé iadsan ina seasamh ansin, agus gach uile fhear acu comh dall le creabhair. D'iarr siad agus d'agair siad é cead a gcinn a thabhairt daofa, agus nach mbainfeadh siad le lucht an phoitín ní ba mhó. Rinn sé sin, agus chuaigh siadsan arais go Srath an Urláir an lá sin gan *still* ar bith. Choinnigh Dónall é féin an *still*.

Bhí go maith agus ní rabh go holc. Seal ina dhiaidh sin smaointigh Dónall é féin go ndéanfadh sé braon cruaidh. Bhí fuath ag na daoine air, agus ba mhaith leofa dá mbeirtí air. Rinneadh spíodóir-eacht air, agus eadar an dá am tháinig oifigeach úr go Srath an Urláir, agus shíl seisean go ndéanfadh sé féin gaisciúlacht mhór, agus thug sé leis a chuid fear go mbeireadh seisean air. Chuala sé fán fhear a bhí roimhis, agus shíl sé nach rabh ins an scéal ach amaidí. Bhí sé chóir a bheith sa mhullach ar Dhónall sula bhfaca sé ag teacht é, ach mar sin féin bhí faill aige giota a léamh as an leabhar. Tháinig an t-oifigeach agus a chuid fear, agus nuair a chuaigh siad isteach chun an sciobóil an áit ar hinsíodh dó a rabh an téiteán dá reachtáil, ní rabh le fáil ná le feiceáil acu ansin ach na trí bearaigh a ba bhreáichte a chonaic siad ariamh.

"Beannú ar do chuid bearaigh!" arsa an t-oifigeach, "tá siad coite go maith agat!"

"Tá," arsa Dónall.

Níor dhúirt siadsan níos mó, agus phill siad thart ar a gcois, agus bhain siad an baile amach. Bhí fhios acu nach rabh maith daofa a bheith leis, agus chríochnaigh sé a bhraon poitín gan duine ar bith cur isteach ná amach air.

had been making poteen. Dónall asked them where they got it and they said it was from a certain man who was about to distil a drop on the hill.

"He was a poor man to let you take it!" said Dónall.

"If you had been in his place yourself you would have had to let us take it!" said the officer. "I have the best of the Queen's men with me today."

"Well, let me have the still," said Dónall, "and all I ask is that you stand a gun's length away from me, and not all the men under the Queen of England could take it from me!"

The man carrying the still said nothing, but the officer told him to give the still to Dónall so that they could see what he was able to do. It was given to him and he slung it over his shoulder, put his hand in his pocket and pulled out the book and whatever it was he read, he left them there as blind as clegs. They implored him to let them go free and promised that they would not interfere any more with the poteen-makers. He did what they asked, and they returned to Stranorlar that day without the still. Dónall kept it for himself.

Well and good. A little while later Dónall thought he would make a drop of the hard stuff. The people hated him and would have liked him to be captured. He was spied upon, and in the meantime a new officer had come to Stranorlar who wanted to perform a great deed so he set out with his men to capture Dónall. Dónall heard the news of his coming but thought it was only nonsense. They were almost upon him before he saw them coming, but all the same he had time to read a bit from his book. When the officer and his men came into the barn where they had been told the poteen was being made there was nothing to be seen but three fine heifers.

"Blessings on your beasts!" said the officer. "You have them well housed.!"

"I have indeed," said Dónall.

They said no more, but turned on their heels and went home. They knew they could not get the better of him, and he finished making his poteen without interference from anyone.

120. CIAPÓGAÍ AN AISTIR AISTIGH

Bhí fear ann fad ó shin, agus bliain amháin bhí mórán arbhair curtha aige. D'éirigh sé mall air le baint an arbhair, agus d'iarr sé meitheal fá choinne an tSathairn a bhí ag teacht. Ní tháinig leis na fir a theacht ar an tSatharn, agus thosaigh siad a theacht ar an Luan agus gan iad réidh fána gcoinne. Ní rabh a sáith aráin déanta acu; agus arán mine coirce uilig a bhí ag gabháil san am. Ní rabh an t-uisce féin istigh, agus d'iarr an cailín ar fhear an toighe a ghabháil amach agus stópa uisce a thabhairt isteach chuici as an tsileán a bhí ag teacht anuas fá ghiota den teach.

Chuaigh an fear sin amach, agus nuair a chuir sé an stópa faoin tsileán, sheas sé go mbeadh an stópa lán agus nuair a d'amharc sé uaidh síos bhí an fharraige ag tarraingt air aníos, agus an coite beag báid uirthi a ba deise a chonaic sé ariamh. Bhí seandúine beag ribeach rua ina shuí i ndeireadh an bháid, agus éadach breacdearg air; trí *bhall* bheaga bhuí leis, agus é dá gcaitheamh san aer agus dá gceapadh arais. Tháinig an bád isteach aníos go rabh sí ag cosa fhear an stópa. Thosaigh an bád á bhualadh ins na loirgneacha, agus chuir sí mothú feirge air, agus thóg sé a bhróg, agus thug sé iarraidh cic uirthi. Níor luaithe sin déanta aige ná tógadh isteach chun an bháid é, agus ar shiúl leis an bád chun na farraige arís. Chuaigh an bád ar aghaidhe léithi, agus nuair a bhí an tráthnóna dubh dorchá ann bhuail sí talamh ar an taoibh eile den fharraige.

Bhí go maith agus ní rabh go holc. Chuaigh sé i dtír anseo. Bhí áit an-áimhréiteach ann, agus ba bheag an siúl a bhí déanta aige go dtug sé fá dear go rabh rud inteacht dá chreapall. D'amharc sé síos air féin, agus caidé a bhí air ach éadach mná. Cá bith mar bhí, shiúil sé leis. Chonaic sé solas beag i bhfad uaidh, agus tharraing sé ar an tsolas. Chuaigh sé isteach chun toighe, agus bhí buachaill agus cailín istigh ansin, agus chuir siad caint air. Shíl siadsan, ar ndóiche, gur bean a bhí ann, agus ins an am bhí siad ag gléas le ghabháil chun faire a bhí ar an bhaile. D'fhiafraigh siad an rachadh 'sí' leofa agus dúirt seisean go rachadh.

D'imigh siad leofa chun na faire, agus sí an fhaire a bhí ann bean a fuair bás i ndiaidh linbh. Anonn san oíche chuaigh an leanbh a chaoineadh, agus thóg bean de na mná amach as an chliabhán é. Bhí sé ag gabháil ó bhean go bean, ach ní rabh bean ar bith ábalta

120. THE MARVELLOUS JOURNEY ILLUSION

There was a man long ago and one year he had planted a lot of corn. It was getting late for reaping and he engaged a group of reapers for the following Saturday. The men could not come on Saturday and so they arrived on Monday and nothing was prepared for them. There was not enough bread made for them, and it was all oatmeal bread at that time. Even the water had not been brought in. The maid asked the man of the house to go out and bring in a pail of water from the stream which came down near the house.

The man went out, put the pail under the flow and stood while it was filling. When he looked down the sea was rising up towards him and on it the prettiest little boat he had ever seen. There was a little old red-haired man sitting in the stern of the boat: he was dressed in speckled clothes and juggling with three little yellow balls. The boat came in up to the man's very feet, and began to beat against his shins. In a rush of rage he lifted his foot and made a kick at it. No sooner had he done so than he was taken into the boat which went off to sea and kept going until in the darkness of evening it reached land on the other side of the ocean.

Well and good. He went ashore on very rough ground and had not gone far before he felt something was hampering him. He looked down and what was he wearing but woman's clothes! He walked on, however, until he saw a small light far away and he went towards it. He went into the house and there was a boy and girl inside who spoke to him. They thought, of course, that he was a woman. They were dressing to go to a wake in the townland. They asked if 'she' would go with them and he said he would.

They went off to the wake which was for a woman who had died in childbirth. During the night the infant began to cry and one of the women lifted it out of the cradle. It was being handed from one woman to another, but none of them was able to soothe it. The man

ciall a chur ann ná baint faoi. D'iarr fear an toighe orthu a thabhairt don 'bhean' choimhthíoch. Thug, agus ba ghairid gur chodlaigh an páiste.

Ar maidin lá tharna mhárach nuair a bhí lucht na faire ag scab-adh, dúirt fear an toighe é féin cá bith rud a rinn an bhean choimhthíoch sin a chuir an páiste a chodladh nach gcorróadh sí go dtógadh sí an páiste. Ar an bhomaite ar dhúirt fear an toighe sin rinn an fear eile dearmad den bhaile s' aige féin, agus ó sin amach ní rabh aon dath ag cur bhuartha air ach ag gabháil don leanbh. Páiste girsí a bhí inti, agus ba bheag an aois a bhí sí uilig go dteachaidh sí a shiúl. Bhí sé ann go rabh an ghirseach seacht mbliana.

Bhí sé féin agus an ghirseach amuigh ag siúl aon lá amháin. Chuaigh siad síos a chois na farraige, agus rud nár mhothaigh sé ariamh go dtí sin, bhuaill an-chumhaidh é, agus chuaigh sé ag smaoitiú go corr ar an bhaile. Níorbh fhada dó go bhfaca sé an bád beag chuige ins an chumadh chéanna a bhí uirthi an chéad uair a tharraing sí air. Nuair a tháinig sí chuige bhuaill sé cic uirthi an dóigh chéanna, agus níor mhothaigh sé gur tógadh isteach chun an bháid é féin agus an ghirseach bheag. D'imigh an bád beag, agus bheireadh sí ar an ghaoith a bhí roimpi, agus ní bheireadh an ghaoith a bhí ina dhiaidh uirthi, agus níor mhothaigh sé go rabh sé arais ag an áit a rabh an stópa faoin tsileán. D'fhág sé féin agus an ghirseach an bád, agus nuair a dhearc sé fá dtaobh de bhí an stópa ansin go díreach mar d'fhág sé é. Rug sé ar an stópa, agus thug sé leis chun toighe é.

Bhí an cailín ina seasamh i lár an urláir, agus scála na mine aici go díreach mar bhí sé nuair a d'imigh sé.

"Nach fada a bhí tú amuigh!" a deir sí.

Is ansin a smaoitigh sé gurbh aistíoch an rud a d'éirigh dó agus dar leis go n-imeochadh sé agus nach gcodlochadh sé dhá oíche ar aon leaba go bhfeiceadh sé caidé a tháinig air ar chor ar bith.

D'imigh sé leis, agus bhí ag siúl leis go tráthnóna. Chonaic sé teach beag fá dheireadh istigh i lár caoráin. Nuair a tharraing sé air dar leis gur mhothaigh sé callán mór istigh. Chuaigh sé isteach, agus nuair a chuaigh bhí dhá chliabhán ansin—ceann ar gach aon taoibh den tine, agus bhí cailleach in achan chliabhán. Bhí súgán trasna eadar an dá chliabhán, agus iad ag bogadh a chéile, agus an bheirt ag caoineadh leofa. D'fhiafraigh sé caidé a ba chiall daofa a bheith ag caoineadh.

of the house asked them to give it to the strange woman. They did, and very soon the child fell asleep.

Next morning when people were leaving the wake-house, the man of the house declared that whatever it was that the strange woman had done to put the child asleep, she was not to leave without the child. The moment the man of the house said this, the other man forgot all about his own home and from that on was only concerned with attending to the child who was a girl and was able to walk at a very early age. He stayed there until the girl was seven years old.

He was out walking with the girl one day by the seaside and a great loneliness came over him that he had not felt before and he began to think of his home. Before long he saw the little boat coming towards him the same way as it did the first time. And like the first time when it reached him he gave it a kick and before he realized, he and the little girl were taken into the boat. It went at such a pace it could catch up on the wind before it and the wind behind it could not catch up with it, and in no time he was back where his pail was under the flow of the stream. He and the little girl got out of the boat, and when he looked about him, the pail was just exactly as he had left it. He caught hold of it and brought it into the house.

The maid was standing in the middle of the floor with the measure of meal, just as she had been when he left. "Isn't it long you have been out!" she said.

It was then he thought that it was a very strange thing that had happened to him and he decided that he would set out and that he would not sleep two nights on the same bed until he understood what had happened.

He set out and was walking until night fell. At last he saw a little house in the middle of a moor. As he approached it he thought he could hear great noise inside. He went in and saw two cradles, one on each side of the fire, and an old woman lying in each cradle. A straw rope was stretched between the cradles and the old women were rocking each other with it and crying. He asked them why they were crying.

"Tá muid marbh leis an ocras," arsa siadsan. "Tá bóraf amuigh ó mhaidin," arsa siadsan, "agus níor phill sí, le greim a thabhairt dúinn ó d'imigh sí ar maidin."

"Agus cá bhfuil bhur máthair mhór?" arsa seisean.

"Tá sí thíos ar an tráigh ag cur amach feamnaí."

Smaoitigh sé go gcaithfeadh an mháthair mhór a bheith gearraosta nuair a bhí an bheirt a bhí ins na cliabháin comh haosta, agus dar leis go mb'fhéidir dá bhfaghadh sé chun cainte leis an tseanbhean seo go mbeadh sí ábalta eolas ínteacht a thabhairt dó. Tharraing sé ar an fharraige ansin, agus nuair a chuaigh sé ar amharc na trá bhí sí chuige aníos, agus ualach uirthi a mbeadh sáith gearráin ann. Bhuaill sí béal an chléibh a rabh an t-ualach ann faoi, agus shuidh sí ar thóin an chléibh, agus thosaigh an seanchas aici.

"Caidé atá ag cur bhuartha ortsa," a deir sí, "ná caidé a ruaig an bealach seo thú?" arsa sise.

Thosaigh seisean gur inis sé a scéal dí ó thús go deireadh: fán dóigh ar tharraing an fharraige aníos air nuair a bhí an stópa faoin tsileán aige, agus ar tógadh isteach chun an bháid é a rabh an seandúine beag ribeach rua ina shuí ar a deireadh.

"Níor bhog tú ariamh as áit do bhoinn!" arsa an tseanchail-leach. "Shíl tú féin gur bhog, ach cuireadh ciapógaí ort mar cuir-eadh ar go leor eile. Tháinig an slua aerach ort, agus siúd is gur shíl tú gur tógadh isteach chun an bháid thú, mar tá mé i ndiaidh a rá leat, níor fhág tú amach áit do bhoinn. Gabh arais abhaile anois, agus ná luaidh a n-ainm go bráth gan a rá go ndiúltaíonn tú dá gcuideachta, agus ní chuirfidh siad buaireamh ar bith ort níos mó!"

"Bhail, dhéanfaidh mé do chomhairle," arsa seisean, "ach sula bpill mé ba mhaith liom fios a fháil caidé mar d'éirigh leat a leithéid d'fhad saoil a fháil?"

"Tá maise, inseochaidh mé sin duit," arsa sise. "Ní theachaidh mise a luí ariamh go mbínn ag tuitim i mo chodladh, agus níor ith mé aon ghreim go mbínn chóir a bheith réidh leis an ocras; agus chaith mé mo shaol uilig ag obair mar tí tú mé. Níl duine ar bith dá ndéanfaidh sin nach bhfaighidh saol fada."

Phill sé abhaile ansin, agus ón lá sin go lá a bháis níor chuir an dream beag aerach buaireamh ar bith air.

"We are killed with hunger," said one of them. "Granny has been out since morning and she never came back to give us a bit to eat."

"And where is your grandmother?" he asked.

"She is down on the strand spreading seaweed."

He thought that the grandmother must be very ancient when the pair in the cradles were so old, and perhaps if he could speak to her she could give him some knowledge. He went towards the sea and when he came in sight of the strand she was coming towards him carrying a load that would tax a horse. She turned the basket in which she was carrying it mouth down and sat on its bottom, and began to converse with him.

"What is troubling you," she said, "and what sent you this way?"

He told her his story from beginning to end, how the sea had come on him while he was filling the pail under the flow of the stream and how he had been taken into the boat in which the little red-haired man was sitting in the stern.

"You never moved from the place you were standing!" said the old woman. "You thought you did, but you were under enchantment, as many others have been. The airy host came upon you, and as I said, although you thought you were taken into the boat you did not move from where you were standing. Go back home now and never mention their name without saying that you shun their company, and they will never trouble you again!"

"Well, I will follow your advice," said he, "but before I go, I would like to know how you managed to live so long?"

"Musha, indeed, I will tell you that," said she. "I never lay down until I was falling asleep, and I never ate a bite until I was famished with hunger, and I spent my whole life working, as you see me. Anyone who does that will have a long life."

He returned home then and from that day until his death the wee airy ones did not bother him.

121. FEAR INBHEARA AGUS AN BHEAN SÍ

Bhí fear ina chónaí thuas anseo i mbarr pharóiste Inbheara fad ó shin. D'éag a athair agus a mháthair nuair a bhí sé ina bhuachaill, agus fágadh leis féin é. Bhí dóigh leathanasta go leor air ag iarraidh a bheith ag obair amuigh, agus san am chéanna ag coinneáil an toighe istigh.

Lá amháin agus é ag ithe a dhinnéara, chonaic sé cáilín deas dathúil dóighiúil ag teacht thart leis an fhuinneog amuigh. Tháinig sí chun dorais, agus leag sí a dhá huillinn ar an chomhla bhig. Níor bheannaigh sí ná níor mhallaigh sí dó, agus bhí seisean mar a gcéanna léithi. D'imigh sí. Tháinig sí arais an dara lá, agus rinn sí mar a gcéanna, agus níor lig seisean air go bhfacaí sé í. An tríú lá a tháinig sí, chuir sé cuireadh uirthi a theacht isteach ar dhainingeach an toighe.

"Seo é an tríú huair a tháinig tú chun dorais, agus is iontach liom nach dtig tú isteach," ar seisean. "Ní fhéadann tú eagla ar bith a bheith ort romhamsa, agus tá céad fáilte romhat!"

"Ní tháinig liom a theacht isteach go gcuirteá fáilte romham," ar sise, "agus go n-iarrrá orm a theacht isteach."

Tháinig sí isteach ansin.

"Tá tú leat féin anseo!" ar sise.

"Tá," ar seisean, "níl dúil Chríostaí agam ach mé féin."

"Is mór an truaighe fear ar bith a bheith leis féin," ar sise, "agus más mian leat é fanóchaidh mise agat anois, agus dhéanfaidh mé gach uile sheort duit go díreach mar a dhéanfaidh do bhean féin. Ach ar a bhfaca tú ariamh ná lig ort le duine ar bith go bhfuil mo mhacasamhailt fán teach agat, agus in am ar bith a bhfeicfidh mise duine ar bith ag teacht caithfidh mé folach."

D'fhan sí aige ansin seal fada, agus ní rabh aon bhean toighe ariamh in aon teach a bhí comh maith léithi. Bhí na comharsanaí fá dheireadh ag tógáil ceannsonraithe fá comh hinnealta dóighiúil agus a bhí an buachaill seo ag éirí amach Dé Domhnaigh, agus an dóigh a rabh sé ag coinneáil a thoighe fosta.

Nuair a bhí sí seal bliana ná mar sin fán teach aige rugadh mac óg daofa. Choinnigh siad seo ceilte ar na comharsanaí fada go leor, ach is cosúil gur doiligh rud ar bith a fholach ar na mná, agus lá amháin bhí bean ag gabháil thart amuigh, agus chualaí sí an leanbh ag caoineadh. Ó sin amach ní rabh sé ina scéal rúin ní b'fhaide.

121. THE INVER MAN AND THE FAIRY WOMAN

There was a man living up here at the far end of the parish of Inver long ago. His father and mother died when he was a boy and he was left on his own. He had a poor enough way of living through having to work outside and keep house at the same time.

One day when he was eating his dinner, he saw a nice neat pretty girl going past his window. She came to the door and leaned her elbows on the half-door. She did not greet him with a blessing nor with an ill-wish, and it was the same with him towards her. She went away. Next day she came back and did the same thing again, and he did not pretend that he saw her. The third day she came he invited her to come in to the shelter of the house.

"This is the third time you have come to the door and it is a wonder to me that you do not come in," said he. "You cannot have any fear of me, and you are most welcome!"

"I could not come in until you welcomed me and asked me to come in," she said.

She came in then.

"You are alone here!" she said.

"I am," he said, "I have no Christian here but myself."

"It is a great pity for a man to be alone," she said, "and if you like I will stay with you now, and I will do everything for you just as your wife would do. But, for all that you have ever seen, do not let anyone know that you have such a one as me in your house and any time that I see anyone coming I must hide."

She stayed with him for a long while, and there never was a housewife in any house as good as she was. At length the neighbours began to notice how well dressed the boy turned out every Sunday and how neatly his house was kept as well.

After about a year or so a son was born to them. They concealed this from the neighbours for long enough, but, sure, it is hard to hide anything from women; one day a woman was passing and heard the child crying. From that on it was a secret no more.

Bhí deartháir don bhuachaill seo pósta ins an pharóiste a ba neise dó, agus bhí an bheirt acu ariamh anall comh mór le chéile le cinn caiple. Tharlaigh go rabh aonach in áit inteacht fá na fritheacha, agus casadh na deartháracha ar an aonach. Ní rabh aon am ariamh ar casadh le chéile iad nach mbeadh an bheirt ina rith chuig a chéile agus craithheadh láimhe eatarthu, agus d'íosadh siad agus d'ólfadh siad le chéile. Ach an lá seo nuair a rachadh seisean sfos ar thaoibh amháin den tsráid, rachadh an deartháir suas ar an taoibh eile, agus ní amharcóchadh sé fiú ar an taoibh den tsráid a rabh an fear eile. Spreag sé é in áit na mbonn go gcaithfeadh sé go gcualaí an deartháir rud inteacht, agus dar leis go rachadh sé chun cainte leis go bhfaghadh sé amach caidé an rud é. Chuaigh sé trasna na sráide roimhis, agus chuir sé ceiliúr air.

"A dheartháir dhílis," arsa seisean, "is mór an t-athrú ort a rá go bhfuil tú ag fágáil an bhealaigh agam ó tháinig mé isteach chun aonaigh inniu, agus nach mb'fhiú leat an t-am de lá a bheannú domh! Ba mhaith liom fios a fháil caidé an fáth a bhfuil sin amhlaidh."

"Cé a labhairfeadh leatsa!" arsa an deartháir. "Nach bhfuil a dtáinig romhat agus i do dhiaidh náiriste agat—bean agat fán teach nach bhfuil fhios cé hí ná cá has a dtáinig sí. Cá bith mar choinnigh tú sin i bhfolach níl sé i gan fhios do na comharsanaí."

"Bhail, tá sin amhlaidh," arsa seisean, "agus níl maith domh a ghabháil á cheilt"—ag inse dó caidé mar tháinig sí, agus gach uile chineál fá dtaobh daoithi. Ní rabh a leithéid de bhean toighe ariamh istigh i dteach, agus anois caidé mar dhíbreochas mé í?"

"Ní bheidh moill ar bith ort," arsa an deartháir, "má ní tú rud a iarrfas mise ort."

"Caidé sin?" arsa seisean.

"Tá, gabh suas anois caol díreach go ceann na sráide, agus tá fear ansin atá ag díol miodamais de gach uile chineál, agus ceannaigh scian coise duibhe uaidh. Anocht, nuair a bheas sibh ag gabháil a luf, cuir an scian eadraibh sa leaba. Aithneochaidh sise in áit na mbonn go bhfuil rud inteacht cearr, agus imeochaidh sí féin."

Rinn sé comhairle an dearthára. D'imigh sé agus cheannaigh sé an scian, agus nuair a bhí a ghnoithe déanta ar an aonach tharraing sé ar an bhaile. Rith an bhealaigh bhí sé ag smaoitiú agus ag meabhrú gur mhór an truaighe an tóir a chur ar dhuine gan choir cosúil léithi, a chuidigh comh maith leis, agus a bhí ina bean toighe

The boy had a married brother in the next parish, and the two of them had always been as fond of each other as brothers could be. It happened that there was a fair in the neighbourhood and the two brothers were at it. Never before had the two met without running towards each other, shaking hands and eating and drinking together. But this day when the boy went down one side of the street, his brother went up the other, and he would not even look at the side of the street the boy was on. It struck the boy immediately that his brother must have heard something, and he decided to go and speak to him to find out what it was. He crossed the street and greeted him.

"Dear brother," he said, "it is a great change in you to say that you are avoiding me since I came into the fair today and that you do not think it worth while to wish me the time of day! I would like to know why."

"Who would speak to you?" said the brother. "Are not all those who went before you and those to come after you shamed by you! You who have in your house a woman there is no knowing who she is nor where she came from! However you tried to hide it, your neighbours are aware of it."

"Well," said the boy, "it is so, and there is no good in my trying to conceal it"—and he told his brother how she had come and everything about her. "There never was a housewife like her in any house, and how can I send her away now?"

"You can do so without delay," said the brother, "if you do what I tell you."

"What is that?" said he.

"Go straight up to the head of the street where there is a man selling all sorts of small goods and buy a black-handled knife from him. Tonight when you go to lie down put the knife between you in the bed. She will know immediately that something is wrong and she will leave."

He followed the brother's advice. He went and bought the knife and when his business at the fair was finished he made for home. On the way he was thinking that it was a very sad thing to banish one without fault such as she was, who had helped him so much and

comh maith. Nuair a bhí sé ag tarraingt ar an bhaile, bhí cuibhreann breá coirce in aice an chasáin a bhí eadar an bealach mór agus an teach, agus nuair a shroichí sé an cuibhreann dheamhan dath a rinn sé ach an scian a chaitheamh fad a urchair isteach i gcuibhreann an choirce! Tharraing sé ar an teach ansin.

"An bhfuil scéal nuaidhe ar bith leat ón aonach inniu?" arsa sise.

"Níl scéal ar bith," arsa seisean.

"An rabh tú ag caint le mórán daoine?"

"Bhail, bhí mé ag caint le baicle mhór de na comharsanaí," arsa seisean.

"Níl maith duit a bheith ag stealladh bréag domhsa. Casadh do dheartháir ort, agus d'iarr sé ort scian coise duibhe a cheannacht agus a cur eadrainn san leaba anocht. Smaoitigh tusa gur bhocht duit sin a dhéanamh, agus nuair a bhí tú ag tarraingt aníos ar an teach, steall tú an scian isteach i gcuibhreann an choirce. Caithfidh mise na bonnaí a bhaint as anois. Níor mhaith liom níos faide a chaitheamh ag fear comh dea-chroíoch leat, agus mar go bhfuil fhios agam go maith nár mhaith leat an tóir a chur orm agus iarraidh orm imeacht, ach tá sé iniarrata agam féin, agus ar an ábhar sin imeochaidh mé, agus ní chuirfidh mé buaireamh ar dhuine ar bith feasta. Bhéarfaidh mé liom ár ngasúr beag. Anois, ní bheidh sé i bhfad uilig go bpósfaidh tusa bean eile, agus sula n-imf mé ba mhaith liom trí achainí a iarraidh ort."

"Rud ar bith ar an tsaol is féidir liom a dhéanamh duit," arsa seisean, "dhéanfaidh mé é agus fáilte!"

"Bhail," arsa sise, "is í an chéad achainí atá dá hiarraidh agam ort, gan tú an teallach a fhágáil a choíche gan tine; an dara ceann gan do theach a fhágáil a choíche gan uisce; agus an tríú ceann, gan do thábla a fhágáil a choíche gan bhia nuair a rachas tú a luí san oíche. Féadaidh sé go dtabharfaidh sinne corr-ruaig ar do theach thall is abhus, agus b'fhéidir go bhfeictheá féin sinn, ach má tí ná h-inis do do bhean é go bráth!"

"Tím," arsa seisean.

D'fhág sí slán is beannacht aige ansin, agus d'imigh sé léithi. Bhí sé leis féin arís agus a chroí briste brónach. D'éirigh sé amach fá dheireadh, agus phós sé bean eile—bean mhaith. Bhí an bheirt ag teacht le chéile go maith, agus iad ag déanamh gnoithe breá, agus neart acu de ollmhathas an tsaol.

who was so good a housewife. As he got near home he came to a fine field of oats beside the path from the main road to his house. As soon as he reached it what did he do but throw the knife as far as he could into the oat-field! Then he went into the house.

"Have you any news from the fair today?" said she.

"No news at all," said he.

"Did you talk to many people?"

"Well, I spoke to a good many of the neighbours," said he.

"There is no good in telling me a lot of lies. You met your brother and he told you to buy a black-handled knife and put it between us in the bed tonight. You thought that was a mean thing to do and when you were coming up to the house you threw the knife into the oat-field. I must take my heels out of here now. I do not wish to stay longer as a burden with so good-hearted a man as you because I know well you would not want to send me away nor ask me to leave, but I must ask it of myself, and so I will go and be a burden no longer. I will take our little son with me. It will not be long until you marry another woman, and before I go I would like to make three requests of you."

"Anything in the world I can do for you," he said, "I will do it gladly."

"Well," said she, "the first request I make to you is never to leave the hearth without a fire; the second request is never to leave your house without water; and the third request is never to leave the table without food on it at night when you go to bed. It may be that we will visit your house now and again and you will see us but if you do never tell it to your wife!"

"I see," said he.

She said farewell to him and left. He was alone again, broken-hearted and sad. At length he went out again and married another woman—a good woman. They got on well together and worked well and had plenty of the goods of this world.

Bhí go maith. Bhí sé i gcónaí ag cur iontais ar an bhean, caidé an t-ábhar nár choigil sé an tine ariamh, agus fán uisce agus fán bhia, agus bhí sí i dtólamh ag gabháil dó, ag fiafraí, agus ag iarraidh fáil amach caidé an fáth a rabh seo amhlaidh. Fá dheireadh sceith sé an rún, agus d'inis sé an scéal uilig daoithi mar a d'inis mise duitse é.

"Bhail," a deir an bhean, "an chéad oíche eile a tifeas tú í, caithfidh tú inse domhsa, agus b'fhéidir go bhfeicfinn féin í."

Seal ama ina dhiaidh sin mhúscaíl fear an toighe anonn i lár na hoíche, agus nuair a d'amharc sé amach caidé a bhí ina suí os coinne na tineadh ach í féin agus an páiste. Bhuaíl sé buille ar an bhean a bhí taobh ba thiar dó sa leaba, agus d'éirigh sí sin aniar—"Sin anois í," a deir sé, "ansin os coinne na tineadh!" Comh luath agus chonaic sise í, rinn sí trí gháire magaidh uirthi. Níor shásaigh seo an bhean a bhí ag an tine, ní nach ionadh, agus chruinnigh sí suas a cuid ceirteacha, agus nuair a bhí sí ag tarraingt ar an doras, phill sí thart ar a cois, agus deir sí:

"Sin na trí gháire is daoire ort a rinn tú ariamh!" D'imigh sí amach ar an doras ansin.

Lá tharna mhárach nuair a chuaigh fear an toighe amach chun an bhóithigh ar maidin, bhí an bhó ab fhearr ina bhóitheach stiúgtha. I ndiaidh am dinnéara thug sé a chliabh leis, agus chuaigh sé chun an phortaigh, agus fuair sé molt breá dá chuid sínte marbh i mbéal na cruaihe. Leis an scéal fhada a dhéanamh gairid ní rabh lá ar bith dá rabh sé ag gabháil amach nach rabh sé ag fáil bó ná caora dá chuid stiúgtha, agus fá dheireadh ní rabh fágtha aige ach an seanchapall bán. Bhí searrach dubh ag an tseanchapall, agus aon lá amháin nuair a bhí an searrach seachtain d'aois, bhí an fear ag tabhairt an chapail amach go luath ar maidin le deoch a thabhairt daoithi, agus caidé a rinn an capall ach sleamhnú, agus bhris sí a leis. B'éigean a scaoileadh in áit na mbonn, agus ní rabh fágtha aige ansin ach an searrach. Ní rabh féar ná forrach aige ansin don tsearrach ná deor bainne, agus ní rabh fhios aige caidé a dhéanfadh sé léithi.

"Tá ár dtrioblóid uilig tharainn inniu," a deir sé le bean an toighe, ar a theacht isteach dó.

"Caidé atá cearr anois?" arsa sise.

Well and good. His wife was forever wondering about why he never smooored the fire and about the water and the food, and she was forever at him, asking him and trying to find out what it meant. At last he revealed the secret and told the whole story to her as I have told it to you.

"Well," said the wife, "the next night you see her you must tell me and perhaps I shall see her myself."

Some time afterwards the man of the house woke in the middle of the night and when he looked out who was sitting at the fireside but herself and the child. He gave a shake to his wife who was on the inner side of the bed and she rose up. "There she is now," said he, "beside the fire!" As soon as the wife saw her she gave three mocking laughs at her. Not surprisingly this did not please the woman at the fireside. She gathered up her garments and when she reached the door she turned on her foot and said:

"Those are the three most costly laughs you ever gave!" Then she went out the door.

Next morning when the man of the house went to his byre the best cow in the byre was dead. After dinner he took his creel and went to the bog and found a fine wether of his flock stretched dead at the butt of the turf-stack. To make a long story short there was no day he went out that he did not find one of his cattle or sheep dead, and in the end all he had left was an old white mare. The old mare had a black foal and when the foal was a week old he took the mare out to give her a drink and what did the mare do but slip and break her hip. He had to kill her and all he had left was the foal. He had neither hay nor fodder for the foal nor a drop of milk for it and he did not know what he could do.

"We have reached the end today!" said he to the woman of the house when he went in.

"What is wrong now?" she asked.

"Ó tá," arsa seisean, "bhris an seanchapall a leis, agus caidé atá mé ag gabhail a dhéanamh leis an tsearrach anois nach bhfuil ach seachtain d'aois?"

"Bhail, níl fhios agamsa caidé atá tú ag gabháil a dhéanamh leis," arsa sise, "mura gcuirí tú amach ar oileán é."

D'imigh sé leis an tsearrach lá tharna mhárach, agus d'fhág sé ar an oileán é. Bhí siad féin fá bhaile, agus iad ionann is a bheith ag stiúgadh leis an ocras. I gcionn bliana ná mar sin, bhí aonach ag thcaet i Leitir Ceanainn, agus dar leis dá mba rud é is go rabh an searrach beo gurbh é a cheart a bheith ina cheann mheasarthá, agus dá dtugadh sé chun aonaigh é go bhfaigheadh sé oiread air agus a choinneadh an beo os cionn an mhairbh acu tamall beag eile. D'fhág sé an baile, agus chuaigh sé chun oileáin, agus bhí sin ansin roimhis beo beitheach, cnapán de chliobóig bhreá. Thug sé leis í, agus shiúil sé leis, agus ar maidin lá tharna mhárach, teacht an lae, bhí sé ag tarraingt isteach ar an aonach i gceann bhaile Leitir Ceanainn. Casadh buachaill breá ábalta dóighiúil dó ansin.

"Cé mhéad atá tú a dh'iarraidh ar an tsearrach?" arsa seisean le fear an tsearraigh.

D'inis sé sin dó.

"Bhail, bhéarfaidh mise cúig phunta duit air anseo in áit na mbonn," arsa an stócach, "agus mur sásaí sin thú tabhair leat isteach go sráid an aonaigh í, agus má thig ceannachóir a bith ort ansin go tráthnóna a bhuailfeas amach mo thairgeansa, tabhair dó é!"

"Margadh déanta é!" arsa an fear.

"Agus rud beag eile de," arsa an stócach, "más rud é nach bhfaghann tú níos mó ná sin air beidh mise romhat ins an bhall céanna talaimh seo tráthnóna, agus bhéarfaidh mé duit an t-airgead céanna atá mé a thairgean duit anois."

"Tá mé an-bhuíoch duit," arsa fear an tsearraigh.

Thiomáin sé an searrach isteach go panc an aonaigh. Tharraing na ceannachóirí air, fear i ndiaidh an fhir eile, agus bhí gach uile fhear ariamh acu ag tairgean cúig phunta dó, ach leithphighin amháin ní rabh fear ar bith acu ag gabháil thairis. Dar leis féin go rabh an buachaill a casadh air ar maidin comh maith le fear ar bith acu, agus ar an ábhar sin go rabh sé comh cortha aige an searrach a fháil le duine. Thug sé leis arais í, agus bhí an buachaill céanna ina sheasamh ag feitheamh air.

"The old mare broke her hip," said he, "and what am I going to do with a week-old foal?"

"Well, I don't know what you can do," said she, "unless you put it out on the island."

Next morning he took the foal and left it on the island. They went on living at home almost dying of hunger. In about a year's time there was to be a fair in Letterkenny, and he thought if the foal had survived it should be a middling beast and that if he took it to the fair he would get as much as would keep them on the edge of life a little longer. He left the house and went to the island and there before him alive and well was a fine lump of a filly. He took her and went on his way, and the next morning at dawn, as he was approaching the fair in the town of Letterkenny, he met a fine handsome able boy.

"How much do you want for the foal?" asked the boy.

He told him the amount.

"Well, I will give you five pounds here now," said the boy, "and if that does not satisfy you take her into the fair and if any buyer between now and evening betters my offer give her to him!"

"That is a bargain!" said the man.

"And moreover," said the boy, "if you do not get more than that I will be here in this same place this evening, and I will give you the same sum I am offering now."

"I am grateful to you," said the man who owned the foal.

He drove the foal into the fair ground. Buyers came to him, one after another, and each one offered him five pounds, but one halfpenny more not one buyer would offer. He thought to himself that the boy he had met that morning was as good as any of them and therefore he deserved to have the foal as well as any of them. He took her back and the boy himself was standing waiting for him.

"Níor dhíol tú!" arsa an buachaill leis.

"Níor dhíol," arsa seisean. "Níor bhuail aon fhear inniu an tairgean a thug tú féin domh ar maidin."

"Agus an bhfuil mise dá fáil anois?" arsa an buachaill.

"Tá, cinnte," arsa seisean, "agus is cruaidh atá a luach a dhíobháil ormsa!"

Rug an buachaill greim adhastair uirthi. "Bí ag teacht liomsa anois," a deir sé, "go bhfaghaidh mé do chuid airgid duit!"

Shiúil an bheirt leofa, agus fá dheireadh casadh isteach iad in áit a rabh caisleán mór. Bhí ceann siopa i gceann den chaisleán, agus ba isteach chun tsíopa a thug an stócach é le luach an tsearraigh a fháil dó. Nuair a bhí an stócach ag síneadh na gcúig bpunta chuige, shiúil a mháthair amach as seomra a bhí i dtaoibh an tsíopa. D'aithin sé ar an bhomaite gurbh í an bhean chéanna í a chaith seal aige féin. Bhuail cineál de leisc é ansin, agus chrom sé a cheann.

"Ná bíodh náire ná faitíos ort amharc ormsa," a deir sí, "bíodh geall leat gur minic ó shin a chaoin do bhean na trí gháire magaidh a rinn sí ormsa an oíche údaf a bhí mé ag téamh mo linbh leis an tine! Tabhair cúig phunta eile anois do d'athair," a deir sí leis an stócach. Thug an mac sin dó. "Tabhair cúig cinn eile dó anois!" a deir sí. Thug. Ba sin cúig phunta dhéag a bhí aige. "Gabh abhaile anois," a deir sí, "agus ceannaigh stoc beag ar an airgead sin, agus cuirfidh mé do rogha geall leat go n-éireochaidh an saol go maith leat ó seo amach. Seo é do mhac féin a cheannaigh an searrach uait, ach is dóiche liom nár aithin tú é. Nuair a cheannóchas tú stoc anois ar an airgead seo an rath nach mbíonn inniu ort beidh sé amárach ort, agus is gairid an t-am go rabh tú i do shuí go te arís. Ní fheicfidh tú mise ná do mhac a choíche arís go dtí an lá a bheas an cogadh mór eadar na Gaeil agus na Gaill, agus nuair a rachas mo mhacsa fríd an scaifte ag marcaíocht ar an tsearrach dhubh seo, beidh an lá leis na Gaeil an lá sin!"

Ní thig liomsa a rá anois cé acu atá an lá sin thart, ná tá sé le theacht.

"You did not sell!" said the boy to him.

"I did not," said he. "No one bettered the offer you made to me this morning."

"And will I get her now?" asked the boy.

"You will indeed," said he, "and I need the price sorely."

The boy seized the halter. "Come with me now," he said, "so that I can get your money for you."

The two of them walked until they came to a place where there was a big castle. There was a shop at one end of the castle, and it was into the shop the boy led the man to get the price of the foal. As the boy was handing over the five pounds his mother came out of the room beside the shop. The Inver man recognized her immediately as the woman who had spent some time with himself. He was overcome with embarrassment and bowed his head.

"Do not be ashamed or afraid to look at me," she said, "although your wife has often wept for the three mocking laughs she gave at me the night I was warming my child at the fire! Give another five pounds to your father," said she to the boy. The son did so. "Give another five pounds to him now!" she said. And he did. That was fifteen pounds he had got. "Go home now and buy a little stock with that money and I pledge you whatever you like that the world will prosper for you from now on. This is your own son who bought the foal from you, but I think you did not recognize him. When you buy stock with this money the luck you have not today you will have tomorrow, and in a short time you will be snug again. You will not see me nor your son ever again until the day of the great war between the Irish (Gaeils) and the Foreigners, and when my son rides through the crowd on this black foal, the Irish will win the day!"

I cannot say now whether that day has gone or is yet to come.



PLATE V. Cois Trá i dTír Chonaill c. 1890
By the shore in Donegal c. 1890

Laurence Collection N.L.I.

MEASCRA SCÉALTA Ó ÁITEACHA ÉAGSÚLA
I dTUAISCEART DHÚN NA nGALL

MISCELLANY FROM VARIOUS PLACES IN
NORTH DONEGAL

122. GABHA DUBH BHEDLAM AGUS AN SLUA SÍ

Bhí gabha dubh ina chónaí anseo i mBedlam fad ó shin ins an áit a bhfuil ceárta An Dálaigh anois. Billy Bui a thugadh siad mar leasainm air. Bhí sé féin agus a bhean ina gcónaí i dteach bheag ar an taoibh thiar den droichead ar thaoibh ná láimhe deise den bhealach. Ní rabh duine ar bith teaghlaigh acu.

Bhíodh siad á rá nach rabh oíche ar bith sa bhliain nach dtigeadh na daoine beaga a dh'áirneál agus a chomhrá le Billy. Bhí siad comh haitheanta air fá dheireadh agus gur ghnách leofa rudaí a chaith-eamh isteach chun tseomra chuige. Cha rabh fhios ag bean an toighe caidé a bhí cearr, ná cha rabh sí ag feiceáil a dhath ar bith, agus cha rabh cor a rabh siad a chur daofa nach rabh Billy a fheiceáil.

Ins an am sin cha rabh bealach mór ar bith thart ins an cheantar, ach casán cúng a bhí suas go barr an ghleanna, agus nuair a bhíodh siad ag tabhairt suas a gcuid leithigh bhíodh an casán seo amhíshásta acu. Bhí binnleac saite amach ins an chasán, agus ba ghnách léithi seo breith ar na feadhnógaí, agus chaithfeadh na daoine giollacht chúramach a dhéanamh le fáil thart ann ar chor ar bith, nó ba mhinic a thiontaíodh sí na lódaí orthu. Chaith siad ar Bhilly an leac seo a bhriseadh go mion minic, de bhrí dó nach rabh aon ord mór ins an cheantar ach an ceann a bhí aige. Ní leagfadh Bill barr méire uirthi. D'abraíodh sé i gcónaí go rabh an bhinn seo uasal, agus go mb'fhéidir go mb'fhearr ligean daoithi ná baint léithi.

Bhí go maith agus ní rabh go holc. Oíche amháin d'imigh siad, agus chuir siad Billy ar meisce, agus thug siad a dhúshlán ansin an leac a bhriseadh. Chuir siad mothú feirge air, agus thug sé leis an t-ord agus rinn sé scilldreacha den leic.

An oíche ina dhiaidh sin cha dteachaidh néall ar a shúile. Tharraing an mhuintir bheaga air, agus líon siad a theach lán salachair agus aoiligh. D'imigh Billy chuig an tsagart an tríú hoiúche, agus d'inis sé dó caidé mar bhí.

"Bhail," arsa an sagart leis, "beidh mise ag gabháil go Gaoth Dobhair Dé Domhnaigh ag léamh Aifrin, agus ar mo bhealach arais cuirfidh mise an tóir orthu, agus más é do thoil é," arsa seisean, "cuirfidh mé iadsan san áit nach ndéan siad dochar do aoinneach beo a choíche arís, ach go gcaithfidh tusa a bheith ar aon intinn liom."

122. THE BLACKSMITH OF BEDLAM AND THE FAIRY HOST

Long ago there was a blacksmith living here at Bedlam, where O'Donnell's forge is now, who was known by the nickname of Yellow Billy. He and his wife had a small house west of the bridge on the right-hand side of the road, and there was no one else in their household.

It used to be said that there was no night of the year that the wee folk did not come in to yarn and chat with Billy. They had become so familiar with him that they used to throw things into the room to him. His wife noticed nothing odd as she could see nothing, but there was none of their tricks that Billy could not see.

At that time there was no road in the district except for a narrow path which went up to the head of the glen, and when people were bringing up sea-wrack this was a very difficult way. There was a sharp rock thrust out into the path which used to catch the panniers and people had to drive very carefully to get past it and often their loads were overturned. Many times they implored Billy to break this rock, since he had the only sledge-hammer in the district, but Billy would not as much as lay a finger on it. He always used to say the rock was gentle and it might be better to leave it than to interfere with it.

Well and good. One night they made Billy drunk and then they dared him to break the rock. They enraged him so that he took his sledge-hammer with him and made splinters of the rock.

The next night he did not get a wink of sleep. The wee folk came and filled his house with filth and dung. On the third night Billy went to the priest and told him how things were.

"Well," said the priest, "I will be going to Gweedore on Sunday to say Mass and on my way home I will banish them, and if it is your wish I will put them in a place where they will never be able to harm a living person any more, but you must be of one mind with me."

Chuaigh Billy chun an bhaile, agus cha rabh sé i bhfad uilig istigh go dtáinig seandúine beag isteach a chaint leis.

"A Bhilly," a deir sé, "tá tú ag brath drochbhail a thabhairt orainne i ndiaidh a dtearn muid duit ariamh."

"Bhail, is oraibh féin atá an locht," arsa Billy. "Dá mbeadh múnadh oraibhse, b'fhada a bheadh sibh ann sula mbaininn daoibh, ach ó tharla nach rabh suaimhneas le fáil agam chaithfinn rud inteacht a dhéanamh."

"Bhail, níl sé ceart agat drochbhail a thabhairt orainn uilig mar mhaith le cupla maistín atá inár measc. Cupla gliúcach óg atá againn a bhí ag tábhach an mhíshuaimhnis uilig duitse, agus má bheir tú cead ár gcinn dúinn an iarraidh seo b'fhéidir go mb'fearrde duit féin é, agus nach mbeithéa a dhath níos measa dá bharr."

"Níl a dhath agamsa in bhur n-éadan," arsa Billy, "agus má bheir sibh cead mo chinn domhsa cha gcuirim an scéal níos faide ná sin."

"Bhail," arsa an seandúine beag, "tá cófra óir curtha thíos údaí ar an Oitir Bhuí, agus tá fear thiar ansin i mBun an Inbheara a bhfuil bád aige, agus bhéarfaidh sé amach thú, agus nuair a rachas sé amach os cionn na hoitreach is é bhfuil le déanamh aige an cromdhubhán a chur amach ag taoibh an bháid, agus comh luath agus a chuirfeas sé go tóin é, rachaidh sé i bhfastó i gcófra an óir."

"Bheadh eagla orm," a deir Billy, "nuair a gheobhadh sibh thíos ansin mé go mbáifeadh sibh mé."

"Ná bíodh eagla ar bith ort!" arsa an seandúine. "Bíodh buidéal uisce choisreaca leat sa bhád, agus cha dtig a dhath i do chóir."

"Cha dtéim," arsa Billy.

"Bhail," arsa an seandúine beag, "tá fear thuas anseo ar an Chaiseal, agus tá a chos ag reachtáil, agus tá luibh ag fás thíos ins an gharraí s' aige féin a leigheasfadh é. Má théid tusa suas rachaidh fear againne leat, agus teiseáfaidh sé an luibh duit, agus ní bheidh a dhath le déanamh agat ach í a chumailt ar an chneá. Leigheasfaidh sin é, agus ó sin amach níl a dhath a n-iarrafaidh tú air nach ndéanfaidh sé duit."

"Cha dtéim suas ar chor ar bith," arsa Billy. "Tá an bealach sin ró-uaigneach."

"Bhail, a Bhilly," a deir an seandúine, "cha dtig liomsa níos mó a dhéanamh duit. Níl fhios agam rud ar bith eile a bheith thart a

Billy went home and he was a very short time indoors before a little old man came in to speak with him.

"Billy," he said, "you are bringing adversity on us after all we have done for you."

"Well, you yourselves are to blame," said Billy. "If you had behaved yourselves it would be long before I would interfere with you, but since I could get no peace, I had to do something."

"Well, it is not right to bring adversity on us all because of a couple of rogues amongst us. It was a couple of our young lads who caused you all the trouble, and if you let us off this time maybe you will be the better for it and not one bit the worse."

"I have nothing against you," said Billy, "and if you let me off I won't go further in the matter."

"Well," said the little old man, "there is a chest of gold buried out on the Yellow Sandbank and there is a man down there at Bun an Inbheara who has a boat. He will take you out and when he is over the sandbank, all he has to do is to put the gaff over the side of the boat, and as soon as it reaches the bottom it will hook the chest of gold."

"I am afraid," said Billy, "that when you had me out there you would drown me."

"Don't be the least afraid," said the old man. "Take a bottle of Holy Water with you in the boat and nothing will come near you."

"I won't go," said Billy.

"Well," said the little old man, "there is a man up here at Caiseal whose foot is festering, and an herb growing in his own garden would cure it. If you go up, one of us will go with you and show you the herb, and all you will have to do is to rub the wound with it. That will cure him and from that on there is nothing you ask that he won't do for you."

"I won't go there on any account," said Billy. "The way there is very lonely."

"Well, Billy," said the old man, "I can do no more for you. I know of nothing else about here that would help you unless it is

chuideochadh leat ach amháin go bhfuil a bheagán ná a mhórán óir thall ansin ar an taoibh thall den abhainn, agus más é do thoil é, gabh anonn agus tabhair leat é. Chan fhiú cuid mhór é, ach mar sin féin má tá toil agat dó tabhair leat é."

An oíche chéanna sin chuaigh Billy anonn agus piocóid leis¹ agus thosaigh sé ag tochailt ins an áit ar inis an seanduine dó a rabh an t-ór. Thochail sé leis, ach dá mbeadh sé ag tochailt ó shin ní rabh dul aige a theacht ar an ór. Nuair a bhí sé seal maith ag tochailt tháinig fear beag go bruach na habhna os a choinne agus scairt sé leis tochailt ar an taoibh eile den ardán ina leithéid seo d'áit, agus go dtiocfadh sé ar an ór ansin. Thochail, agus ba gairid go dtáinig sé ar bhonnaí óir a bhí comh mór le boinn cúig scillinge. Thug sé chun an bhaile leis iad. Seal gairid ina dhiaidh sin bhí peidléir ag gabháil an bealach, agus dhíol sé leis iad ar shé pighne an ceann.

Bhí go maith agus ní rabh go holc. Tháinig an Domhnach ansin, agus nuair a mheas Billy go rabh an t-am ag an tsagart a bheith ar an bhealach arais as Gaoth Dobhair, bhí sé lena fhuireachas, agus nuair a tháinig sé chuaigh sé chun cainte leis.

"A shagairt," arsa seisean, "sílím nach mbainim leis na huaisle beaga seo ar chor ar bith."

"B'fhéidir," a deir an sagart, "nach mb'fhearr ar bith é. Amharc," a deir sé, "ar an bhail a thug siad ormsa. Chaith siad saighead tineadh orm nuair a bhí mé ag teacht aniar Gleann Thualla!"

Lig siad cead a gcinn leofa ansin, agus ón lá sin go dtí an lá a fuair Billy bás char chuir siad a dhath buartha air féin ná ar dhuine ar bith dar bhain dó.

123. TOBAR SÍ NA DUBHCHORADH

Tá tobar beag ar bhaile na Dubhchoradh, ar thaoibh na láimhe clí den bhealach chun An Choimín, a dtugann muintir na háite Tobar Shorcha air. Tobar beag suarach é nach dtabharfadh duine ar bith fá dear, ach ins an tsean-am bhí an tobar seo an-uasal, agus mórán seanchais ag baint leis.

1. MS. leofa.

some gold, a little or a lot, over there on the far side of the river and if you like, go over and take it. It is not worth much, but all the same, if you want it, take it."

That same night Billy took a pick-axe across and began to dig at the place where the old man told him the gold was. He went on digging, but if he had been digging ever since, he could not have found the gold. When he had been digging for some time a little man came to the bank of the river opposite him and shouted to him to dig on the other side of the high ground in such and such a place and there he would find the gold. He did so, and soon he came on gold coins as large as five-shilling pieces. He took them home. A little while later he sold them to a pedlar who came the way for sixpence a piece.

Well and good. Sunday came and when Billy thought it was time for the priest to be returning from Gweedore, he was waiting for him and when he came he spoke to him.

"Priest," said he, "I think I will not interfere at all with the wee gentry."

"Perhaps," said the priest, "it is better so. See what they have done to me. They threw a fiery dart at me when I was coming through Gleann Thualla!"

So they were left undisturbed and from that day to the day he died they gave no trouble to Billy nor to anyone belonging to him.

123. THE FAIRY WELL IN DOOCHARY

There is a little well in the townland of Doochary on the left-hand side of the road going to Commeen. The local people call it Sorcha's Well. It is so small that no one would notice it, but in the old times this was a very gentle well and there was a great deal told about it.

Bhí seanbhean ins an cheantar fad ó shin arbh ainm daoithi Peigí Bhrocach. Duine beag scaite a bhí inti, agus mar sin féin bhí modh agus urram agus meas mór ag na comharsanaí uirthi. Bhí sí an-fheidhmiúil ina ham. Ba bhean ghlún acu seo í, agus ar an ábhar sin bhí sí ina ceann an-mhaith do pháistí.

Bhí fear bocht anseo ar an Dubhchoraidh, agus fuair a bhean bás. Bhí muirín lag pháistí aige, agus thug sé leis an bhean seo le haire a thabhairt do na páistí. Bhí páiste gasúr ar an mhuirín, agus mar is gnách i muiríneacha go leor, ní rabh sé seo comh láidir leis an chuid eile. Tháinig scroth amach ar a chraiceann, agus ní rabh suaimhneas oíche ná lae le fáil uaidh.

Lá amháin, bhí Peigí Bhrocach seo amuigh, agus an gasúr beag seo léithi ar ghreim láimhe. Bhí sé iontach cianach, agus é i gcónaí i gcónaí ag streangántacht chaointe. Bhí sí dá bhlandar ar gach uile dhóigh dá mb'fhéidir daoithi é, ach cá bith a dhéanfaidh sí leis ní thiofadh léithi baint faoi. Bhí sí ina suí ar ghruaimhín an bhealaigh mhóir, agus fá dheireadh agus fá dheoidh chonaic sí an fear beag ribeach rua ag tarraingt chuici anuas taobh an chnoic. Tháinig sé chuici, agus siúd is nach bhfaca sí ariamh é thuit sí chun seanchais leis. Thug sé fá dear, ar ndóiche, an dóigh a bhí ar an pháiste, agus d'fhiafraigh sé daoithi caidé a bhí cearr leis. D'inis sí dó.

"Bhail, má ní tú mo chomhairlesa anois," arsa an fear beag rua, "ní bheidh luach na leithphighne ar an pháiste fán am seo amárach."

"Maise, dhéanfaidh mé rud measartha ar bith," arsa Peigí, "a bhéarfais faoiseamh don ghasúr."

"Bhail, gabh anonn ansin," arsa an fear rua, "chun na coilleadh sin thall, agus ar thaoibh na láimhe clí den bhealach ag gabháil soir duit gabh isteach in imeall na coilleadh, agus ansin tiocfaidh tú ar thobar bheag a chois carraige. Nigh an páiste in uisce an tobair sin, ach ar a bhfaca tú ariamh ná lig aon deor amháin den uisce a thuitfeas den pháiste arais isteach sa tobar! Cuirfidh mé do rogha gheall leat nach mbíonn sé i bhfad ina dhiaidh sin go rabh do ghasúr leigheasta."

Thug Peigí léithi an gasúr, agus shiúil sí léithi trasna an droichid, agus nuair a chuaigh sí go himeall na coilleadh chuartaigh sí léithi go dtáinig sí ar an tobar bheag. Rinn sí mar d'iarr an fear beag rua uirthi, agus níor luaithe a nigh sí an gasúr leis an uisce ná thúsáigh an scroth a thuitim de ina bhlaoscacha. Ón lá sin go bhfuair sé bás ina sheandúine chríon chaite ní tháinig greim den scroth amach ar a chraiceann.

There was an old woman in the district by the name of Peggy Bhrocach.¹ She was a wizened little person, but even so, the neighbours had a great regard and respect for her. She was in great demand in her time as a midwife, and because of her calling she was very good with children.

There was a poor man here in Doochary whose wife died, leaving a family of young children, and he had Peggy come to take care of them. As happens in many families there was one little boy who was not as strong as the rest. A rash broke out on his skin and there was no peace to be had with him day or night.

One day Peggy was out and had the little boy by the hand. He was very fretful and continually whining and crying. She tried every way she could to soothe him, but it was of no avail. She was sitting by the edge of the road when finally she saw a wee red-haired man coming down the hill towards her. He reached her, and although she had never seen him before she began to converse with him. He noticed the way the child was and asked her what was wrong with him. She told him.

"Well, if you follow my advice now," said the wee red-haired man, "there won't be a ha'p'orth wrong with the child this time tomorrow."

"Musha," said Peggy, "I will do any reasonable thing that would give relief to the child."

"Well," said the red-haired man, "go over to that wood and go in by the edge of the wood by the left-hand side of the road as you go east, and you will come to a small well by a rock. Wash the child in the water from that well, but for all you ever saw do not let one drop of it that falls from the child get into the well again. I promise you anything you like that it will not be long until your child is cured."

Peggy took the child, walked across the bridge, and when she reached the edge of the wood she searched until she found the little well. She did as the wee red-haired man had told her and no sooner had she washed the child with the water than the rash fell off in flakes. From that day until the day he died as a worn wasted old man no speck of the rash came out on his skin.

1. Pockmarked Peggy.

D'éirigh an gháir amach ansin fá na tíolaicí a bhí sa tobar seo, agus ní rabh duine ar bith a mbíodh a dhath cearr leis nach rabh ag tarraingt air.

Bhí seanbhean anseo tá seal de bhlianta ó shin, agus bhí mac dá cuid sa chogadh. Ní rabh aon seachtain nár ghnách leis scríobh chuici, ach fá dheireadh stad sé go tobann, agus ní rabh a thásca ná a thuairisc le fáil aici. D'éirigh sí go luath maidin amháin, agus dar léithi go rachadh sí ionns ar Thobar Shorcha, agus go mb'fhéidir nuair a déarfadh sí a cuid urnaithe, go bhfaigheadh sí leideadh ar dhóigh inteacht caidé a d'éirigh dó. Ar shiúl léithi, agus a gúna fána ceann, agus gan snáithe bróg uirthi. Chuaigh sí i gcionn a hurnaí, agus creidim gur dúirt sí sin urnaí dhúthrachtach. Ba ghairid a bhí sí ag guí gur mhothaigh sí, dar léithi, torann na ngunnaí móra thuas os a cionn, agus ní rabh ann ach é gur bhain sí an baile amach beo. D'aithin sí go maith gur marbh a bhí a mac. B'fhíor daoithi. Ní rabh sé seachtain ón lá sin go dtáinig cuntas a bháis.

I dtráthaibh an ama chéanna seo, ná, b'fhéidir, seal roimhis, thigeadh fear as na Gleanntaí thart fríd an cheantar le snáth bain-ríona. Bhí cuid acu seo a rabh orthu a theacht na mílte trasna na gcnoc. Bhaineadh siad daofa na bróga, agus níor ghnách leofa a gcur orthu go dtigeadh siad go Tobar Shorcha. D'abraíodh siad uilig paidreacha anseo, agus ansin chuireadh siad orthu na bróga. Ach is cosúil go dtáinig créatúr inteacht chun an tobair aon lá amháin a bhí i ndiaidh cuid mhaith sléibhe a chur i gcrích. Bhí sí ina habar suas fhad lena glúine, agus caidé a rinn sí ach a cosa a chur síos ins an tobar go níodh sé iad! Níor luaithe sin déanta aici ná thriomaigh an tobar, agus bhléasc an t-uisce aníos in áit úr. Dúirt an seanduine beag rua le Peigí Bhrocach go rabh an tobar uasal, agus b'fhíor dó, agus ba é sin an fáth ar thriomaigh sé nuair a níodh na cosa ann.

124. CÚNAMH NA mBAN SÍ AG SNÍOMH

Ba léar leis an tseanmhuintir fad ó shin go dtigeadh mná na ndaoine beaga agus go gcuidíodh siad leis na mná a mbíodh an-deifre orthu ag sníomh ábhar gréasán.

Chualaf mise trácht ar bhean a bhí ina cónaí thíos anseo i nDroim na Creige sa tsean-am agus bhí siad dá chur ina leith nach

The fame of the virtues of this well spread so that there was no one with any complaint at all that did not visit it.

Some years ago there was an old woman here whose son had gone to the wars. No week passed without his writing to her, but suddenly the writing stopped and she could get no news of him. She rose early one morning with the thought that if she went to Sorcha's Well and prayed there she might get some kind of sign as to what had happened to him. She set off walking with her gown over her head and no shoe to her foot. She began to pray and you may believe that she prayed earnestly. She was praying a short time when she heard, as she thought, the sound of great guns overhead, and it was all she could do to get home alive. She knew well then that her son was dead. And so it proved. In less than a week the news of his death came.

About the same time, or perhaps a little before it, a man from Glenties used to go through the district with yarn from the Queen.¹ Some of those who came for it had to come for miles across the hills. They used to carry their boots until they came to Sorcha's Well. There they would say prayers and then put on their boots. It seems that one day a poor creature came to the well after crossing a great stretch of mountain. She was mud to her knees, and what did she do but put her feet in the well to wash them! No sooner had she done this than the well dried up and the water burst out in another place. The wee red-haired man had told Peggy Bhrocach that the well was gentle. So it was, and that is why it dried up when feet were washed in it.

124. FAIRY HELP WITH SPINNING

Long ago the old people were convinced that women from the wee folk would come to help women who were hard-pressed spinning yarn to be woven.

I have heard tell of a woman who was living down here at Droim na Creige in the old days: it was said of her that no other woman in

1. Yarn supplied by the government in Queen Victoria's time.

rabh aon bhean ins an tír a bhí ábalta oiread báinín a chur chun margaidh léithi agus gan aici ach a cheithre cnámha féin. Shuofodh an bhean seo an-mhall san oíche, ach mar sin féin, dar le mná na comharsan gur chuma caidé ari saothar a dhéanfadh sí, nach mb'fhéidir daoithi oiread a chur dena láimh gan cuidiú ó thaoibh inteacht!

Oíche amháin, shocraigh cupla bean acu go rachadh siad chun na fuinneoige go bhfeiceadh siad an rabh. D'fhan siad go rabh achan duine fá chónaí, agus nuair a chuaigh siad chun na fuinneoige chonaic siad an tseanbhean bheag seo istigh ag sníomh, agus bean an toighe ag cárdáil daoithi. Bhí an tseanbhean ag ligean siar an tsnáth comh tapaídh agus go rabh obair ag bean an toighe rollógáí a choinneáil léithi. Níor aithin siad an tseanbhean bheag seo, ná cha rabh a leithéid ariamh fá na bailte. Bhí siad cinnte dearfa de gur bean den mhuintir bheaga a bhí ag cuidiú léithi. Bhí screig os cionn an toighe a rabh an bhean seo ina cónaí ann, agus ba ghnách leis an taos óg a bhíodh ag buachailleacht fá bhun na screige a bheith ag éisteacht leis an túirne ag gabháil istigh ins an screig. Ba léar leofa gurbh iad an mhuintir bheaga a bhíodh ag sníomh istigh sa bhinn.

125. "BINN ÉADAIN AR THINE"

Is mór an t-athrach a tháinig ar an tsaol ó bhí mise i mo chailín óg. Chá rabh snáithe éadaigh dá rabhtar a chaitheamh istigh ná amuigh nach rabh na mná toighe iad féin a shníomh agus á fháil fite ag na fíodóirí a bhí anseo in achan bhaile talaimh ins an am.

Chualáí mé scéal beag fá bhean a rabh gréasán eadar lámha aici, agus bhí mná na comharsan uilig comh gnoitheach agus nach rabh faill ag bean ar bith acu lámh chuidithe a thabhairt dí mar ba ghnách leofa a dhéanamh. Chuir sí a rabh den tsnáth sníofa aici chuig an fhíodóir, ach dúirt sé léithi go mbeadh intreamh¹ mór uirthi, agus go gcaithfeadh sí tuilleadh dlúth a shníomh.

Oíche amháin, shuidh sí go mall ag sníomh, agus anonn i dtráth-aibh an mheán oíche, tháinig an tseanbhean bheag seo isteach chuici. Char chuir sí cuid mhór suime ansin, siúd is nár aithin sí í, ach ins an

1. Gann sa tsnáth.

the countryside could send as much bawneen to the market, and she had no one to help her but her own four bones. She used to sit up working very late at night, but even so the neighbour women thought no matter how she worked she could not turn out so much without some kind of help!

One night a couple of these women decided to go to her window to see if she had help. They waited until everyone was indoors. When they went to the window they saw a little old woman inside spinning and the woman of the house carding wool for her. The old woman was passing the yarn so quickly that the woman of the house had all she could do to have rolls ready for her. They did not know the old woman and she was not from the townlands near by. They were certain that she was one of the wee folk. There was a crag near this house and children herding cattle at the foot of the crag used to hear the sound of spinning inside it. They were sure that the wee folk were spinning inside the hill.

125. "BINN ÉADAIN ON FIRE!"

Life has changed greatly since I was a young girl. At that time there was not a thread of clothing for underwear or overwear that the housewives themselves did not spin and get woven. There was a weaver in every townland.

I heard a story of a woman who was preparing wool for weaving. The neighbour women were all so busy that they could not give her a helping hand as they would usually do. She brought what yarn she had spun to the weaver, but he said that it was far too little and that she would have to spin more for the warp.

She sat up late spinning, and about midnight a little old woman, whom she did not recognize, came in. This did not trouble her

am bhfodh lucht siúil ar an bhealach achan am go maidin. Shuidh an tseanbhean bheag síos i gcois na tine, agus thuit an bheirt chun combráidh le chéile. Chuaigh siad a chaint ar an bháinín, agus ar an tsníomhachán, agus d'inis bean an toighe daoithi fán phriacall a bhí uirthi leis an intreamh.

"Bhail," arsa an tseanbhean bheag seo a tháinig isteach, "bhéarfaidh mise liom a bhfuil le sníomh agat, agus beidh an t-iomlán réidh agam duit fán am seo san oíche amárach, ach mur rabh fhios agat m'ainm agus mo shloinneadh nuair a phillfeas mé, caithfidh tú an gréasán uilig a thabhairt domh!"

"Margadh déanta é!" arsa bean an toighe.

Chuir sí oiread olla isteach ina sac daoithi agus a mheas sí a dhéanfadh an méid snáth a bhí a dhíobháil uirthi, agus d'imigh sí léithi.

Ní nach ionadh, char chodlaigh sí cuid mhór an oíche sin. Bhí sí ag smaointiú nach dtiocfadh dó gur bean shaolta a bhí sa bhean a dtug sí an olann daoithi. Ar maidin lá tharna mhárach, tharraing sí ar bhean a bhí ina cónaí sa chomharsantacht a rabh fios aici—Cailleach na gCearc a thugadh siad uirthi. D'inis sé daoithi fán bhean a bhí istigh aici an oíche roimhe, agus gur bhagair sí a gréasán uilig a choinneáil mur mbeadh fhios aici a hainm agus a sloinneadh.

"Bhail," arsa Cailleach na gCearc léithi, "tráthnóna anocht le coim na hoíche, gabh thusa anonn ansin chuig Binn an Eidhin, agus suidh faoi bhéileic, agus b'fhéidir go bhfaightheá amach ar do shuaimhneas cá hainm í."

Nuair a tháinig an t-am, chuaigh bean an ghréasáin go bun na binne, agus shuidh sí ansin. Ba ghairid go gcualaí sí an callán agus an gleo agus tormán na dtúirní istigh, agus an tseanbhean dá mbrosalú istigh, agus gan amach as a béal ach:

"Sníomhaigí, sníomhaigí

Is beag a shíleas an bhean

A bhfuil sibh ag sníomh daoithi

Gur Cailleach¹ Abhras m'ainmsa!"

Bhí go maith agus ní rabh go holc. Chuaigh sí chun an bhaile ansin, agus í ag gabháil don ainm ar fad ar eagla go ndéanfadh sí dearmad de. Lá tharna mhárach, tháinig an tseanbhean sí chuici, agus an snáth sníofa léithi.

1. MS coileach, *et pass.*

because at that time there were travelling people on the road at all hours. The little old woman sat down beside the fire, and the two of them began to talk. They talked about cloth and spinning, and the woman of the house told her of the pressure she was under to make up what was needed.

"Well," said the little old woman, "I will take away what you have to spin and have it all spun for you by this time tomorrow night, but if you do not know my name and surname when I return you must give me the whole makings of the web."

"It is a bargain!" said the woman of the house.

She put as much wool into a sack as she thought would make the thread that was needed, and the old woman went off.

Not surprisingly, the woman of the house did not sleep much that night. She was thinking that it could not be one of this world she had given the wool to. In the morning she went to see a wise woman who lived in the neighbourhood who was known as the Henwife. She told her about the woman who had come in the night before, and of her threat to keep the whole makings of the web if she did not know her name and surname.

"Well," said the Henwife to her, "go you down to Binn an Eidhin at nightfall and sit under the rock, and perhaps you will find out easily what her name is."

When the time came she went to the foot of the rock and sat there. Soon she heard the sound of voices and the whirring of spinning-wheels. The old woman was hustling those inside, and repeating all the time:

"Spin ye, spin ye!

Little knows the woman

For whom ye spin

My name is the Spinning Hag!"

Well and good. She went home, saying the name over and over for fear she might forget it. Next day the old fairy woman came with the yarn all spun.

"An bhfuil fhios agat m'ainm anois," a deir sí, "sula mbainf mé mo lámha amach as an ualach seo?"

"Cailleach Abhras d'ainm agus do shloinneadh!" arsa sise.

"Cé d'inis duit é?" arsa an tseanbhean.

"Char inis duine ar bith domh é," arsa bean an toighe. "Le mo dhá chluais féin a chualáí mé é!"

"Bhail, cha dtugamsa duit an snáth seo anois," arsa an bhean sí, "go ndéanfaí tú dinnéar mór domhsa agus do mo chuid cailín a chuidigh liom an sníomhachán a dhéanamh!"

D'imigh an bhean sí amach ar an doras, agus thoisigh bean an toighe ar an dinnéar. Cha rabh sé i bhfad ná gearr gur phill an bhean sí, agus dhá chlaigeann déag léithi de na cailíní a ba bhreáichte ar leag bean an toighe súil ariamh orthu. Shuidh siad thart, ach char mhair an dinnéar i bhfad, ná cha rabh leath a sáith ins an méid a bhí réidh ag bean an toighe. Bhí mealldar mine coirce i dtaoibh an toighe, agus thoisigh siad ag ithe na mine, agus ba é an chosúlacht a bhí orthu nach bhfágfadh siad aon ghráinín ina ndiaidh daoithi. D'fhág sí an teach acu ansin, agus d'imigh chuig Cailleach na gCearc. D'inis sí daoithi caidé mar bhí.

"Bhail, má ní tú mo chomhairlesa anois," arsa Cailleach na gCearc, "cuirfidh tú an tóir orthu gasta go leor. Nuair a bheas tú ag tarraingt ar an teach anois, tóg an-ghleo agus callán, agus bí ag scairtí go bhfuil Binn Éadain ar thine! Imeachaidh siadsan ansin, agus chomh luath is gheobhas tú amuigh iad, cuir an bolta ar an doras, agus ansin ceangail achan rud dá bhfuil istigh faoi bhallaí an toighe ach thú féin. Cuirfidh an bhean sí trí ribe isteach chugat faoi bhun an dorais, ach in áit thú féin a cheangal leofa cuir suas an similéir iad!"

Chuaigh sise chun dorais ansin agus an callán agus an gleo léithi go rabh Binn Éadain ar thine. Chomh luath is a chualáí siadsan seo amach leofa an méid a bhí ina gcorp, agus iad ag scairtí:

"Tá ár gcuid páistí dóite! Tá ár gcuid páistí dóite! Tá ár gcuid páistí dóite!"

Leis an deifre a bhí orthu d'fhág siad an snáth uilig ina ndiaidh. Chuaigh siad giota ar aghaidhe, agus chonaic siad gur bréaga uilig a bhí bean an toighe a inse daofa, agus phill siad arais, ach bhí an doras boltáilte aicise. Bhuaill siad cnagán ar an doras.

"Foscail an doras, agus lig isteach muid, a fhear an toighe!" arsa an bhean sí.

"Do you know my name now," she asked, "before I take my hands off this load?"

"Your name and surname is the Spinning Hag!"

"Who told it to you?" asked the old woman.

"No one told it to me," replied the woman of the house, "with my own two ears I heard it!"

"Well, I will not give this yarn to you," said the fairy woman, "until you make a big dinner for me and the girls who helped with the spinning!"

The fairy woman went out the door and the woman of the house began to cook the dinner. In due time the fairy woman returned with twelve of the most beautiful girls the woman of the house ever laid eyes on. They sat down, but the dinner did not last them long, they were not half satisfied with what the woman of the house provided. There was a store of oatmeal at one side of the house and they began to eat the meal and it looked as if they would not leave a grain uneaten. She left them in the house and went to the Henwife and told her what was happening.

"Well, if you follow my advice," said the Henwife, "you will get rid of them quickly enough! When you approach the house, keep shouting loudly that Binn Éadain is on fire! They will rush out and as soon as you get them outside, bolt the door and then tie up everything inside the walls of the house except yourself. The fairy woman will put three hairs under the door for you, but instead of tying yourself with them let them up the chimney!"

She went to the door then shouting and calling out that Binn Éadain was on fire. As soon as those inside heard this, every one of them rushed out screaming:

"Our children are burnt! Our children are burnt! Our children are burnt!"

In their haste they left all the yarn behind them. They had gone some distance before they saw it was a lie the woman of the house had told them. They came back, but she had the door bolted. They knocked on the door.

"Open the door, man of the house, and let us in!" said the fairy woman.

"Is bog réidh atá do chraiceann ort," arsa fear an toighe, "agus mé ceanglaiste eadar chosa is lámha."

"Lig thusa isteach muid!" arsa sise leis an túirne.

Bhí an scéal céanna ag an túirne.

"An bhfuil tú féin ceanglaiste?" arsa sise le bean an toighe.

"Níl," arsa sise.

"Bhail, tá mé ag cur trí ribe gruaige isteach ar bhun an dorais chugat," arsa sise, "agus ceangail thú féin leofa!"

Smaoitigh sise ar an rud a dúirt Cailleach na gCearc léithi, agus rug sí ar na ribeacha, agus chaith sí suas an similéir iad.

"An bhfuil tú ceanglaiste go fóill?" arsa an bhean sí léithi.

"Tá," arsa sise.

"Teann, teann, a ribe!" arsa an bhean sí.

"Is doiligh domh sin," arsa an ribe, "agus mé thuas ins an tsimiléir!"

"Mo bheannacht ort féin," arsa an bhean sí, "ach mo mhallacht do bhéal do mhúinte, agus ní fearrde dí!"

D'imigh an t-íomlán acu ansin, agus iad ag gol agus ag caoineadh. Scaoil sí achán seort dár cheangail sí, agus thug sí cead a choise d'fhear an toighe comh maith le rud eile. Chuir sí an snáth chuig an fhíodóir lá tharna mhárach gur chríochnaigh sé an gréasán, agus ón lá sin go dtí an lá a chuaigh sí i dtalamh, chá dtáinig an bhean sí dá cóir.

126. CONTÚIRT SNÍOMHACHÁIN

Bhí sé ina ghnás ag seanmhná i dtólamh, nuair a bhíodh siad réidh leis na túirní in am luí go mbaineadh siad na sreangacha de na rothaí. Bhí sé canta mura ndéanadh siad sin go mbeadh na daoine beaga ag sníomh orthu go maidin.

Ar ndóiche, tá sé ariamh crosta ar bhean túirne a thabhairt amach as an teach i ndiaidh na hoíche. Deirtear fosta an bhean a bhéarfadh amach olann nó snáth gan sciúradh go mbeadh sí i gcontúirt seachrán sí a theacht uirthi.

"How soft and easy that seems to you," said the man of the house, "and I bound hand and foot!"

"Let us in!" she said to the spinning-wheel.

The spinning-wheel had the same story.

"Are you bound?" she asked the woman of the house.

"I am not."

"Well, I am putting three hairs under the door for you. Bind yourself with them!"

She remembered what the Henwife had told her and took the three hairs and threw them up the chimney.

"Are you bound yet?" asked the fairy woman.

"I am," said she.

"Tighten, tighten, hair!" cried the fairy woman.

"That would be hard for me," said the hair, "and I up the chimney."

"My blessing on you," said the fairy woman, "but my curse to the one who instructed you and she will be the worse for it!"

They went away then, all of them, crying and weeping. The woman of the house loosed everything she had bound, her husband as well as all the other things. Next day she sent the yarn to the weaver and he finished the web. From that day until the day she went into the ground the fairy woman did not come near her.

126. SPINNING DANGERS

It was a custom of the old women always when they had finished with the spinning-wheel at bed-time to take the wheel-bands off the wheels. If they did not do so, it was said the wee folk would be spinning on them until morning.

Of course it is always banned for a woman to let the spinning-wheel out of the house after night-fall. It is also said that if a woman gave out unscoured wool or yarn she would be in danger of being set astray by the fairies.

127. IASC GOIRT

Bhíodh siad ag rá an rud chéanna sfos anseo fá na cladaigh, fá bhean a bhéarfadh amach iasc úr i ndiaidh na hoíche—mura gcuireadh sí crathán beag salainn air sa teach, bheadh sí i gcontúirt seachrán a theacht uirthi ar a ghabháil amach daoithi.

Bhí cuid mhór amaidí mar sin ag cur as don tseanmhuintir, ach, chan fhuil an mhuintir óga ag smaoitiú siar ar a leithéid anois.

128. AN TINE CHOISREACHTA

Fad ó shin nuair a bhíodh seandaoine na mbailte seo amuigh ar shiúl oíche ag áirneál, chan fhágfadh siad an teach a mbeadh siad ann gan beo aibhleoge a thabhairt leofa ar bior. Nuair a bheadh sin leofa cha rabh contúirt ar bith ann go ndéanfadh na daoine beaga imeartas ar bith orthu, ná go gcuirfeadh siad ar seachrán iad mar ba ghnách leofa a dhéanamh le daoine ins an am.

Dá mbeadh an oíche ró-gheal agus náire orthu aibhleog a thabhairt leofa, bhí sé ina ghnás ag na fir a bpíopa a dheargadh sula bhfágadh siad toithe an áirneáil. Bhíodh an tine choisreactha ar iompar leofa ar dhóigh eile ansin.

Bhí intinn ag daoine ins an am údaí fosta go mbíodh na daoine beaga ina rith thart in amannaí i gcosúlacht coinín, agus an mhuintir seo a bhíodh ag gabháil daofa dá dtrapáil ba mhaith leofa a bpíopa a bheith dearg leofa nuair a rachadh siad isteach i ndumhaigh ná in áit ar bith a rachadh siad.

Bhí fear thuas anseo ar an Bhealtaine, agus bhí sé ina cheird aige ag trapáil na gcoinín seo, agus sula rachadh sé sfos go srath na habhna san áit a mbíodh sé ag gabháil daofa, bhí sé ina ghnás aige a ghabháil isteach ionns ar sheanduine a bhí ina chónaí ar íochtar an bhaile, agus a phíopa a dheargadh agus toit a chaitheamh. Chuaigh sé isteach an lá seo, agus dhearg sé a phíopa, agus shín sé chuig an tseanduine é, agus nuair a shín, thosaigh an sceamhlach mhillteanach ag na coiníní thart fán doras amuigh, mar shíl sé féin. Bhí a phíopa ag an tseanduine rith an ama, agus cha rachadh sé amach ar a n-amharc ná ar a n-éisteacht gan an píopa dearg a bheith leis. Ach nuair a fuair sé an píopa agus a chuaigh sé amach,

127. UNSALTED FISH

It used to be said around these shores that if a woman gave out fresh fish after night-fall without shaking salt on it inside the house she would be in danger of being set astray by the fairies.

The old people were concerned with a lot of foolishness of that kind, but the young people have no thought at all for it.

128. FIRE IS BLESSED

Long ago when people of this townland went out at night a-visiting they would not leave the house without taking a live ember on a spit. When they had that, there was no danger that the wee folk would make game of them or set them astray as they often did in those days.

If the night was very bright and they were ashamed of carrying an ember, the men would redden their pipes before leaving the house they were visiting. This was another way of carrying with them the blessed fire.

People at that time had the belief that the wee folk sometimes went around in the guise of rabbits, and those who were trapping rabbits liked to redden their pipes before they went into the sandhills or elsewhere to trap them.

There was a man here in Bealtaine whose occupation was trapping rabbits and before he would go down to the river-bottom where he laid his traps, he used to go into an old man who lived at the back of the townland to redden his pipe and have a smoke. This day he went in and reddened his pipe and handed it to the old man. As he did so it seemed to him a terrible screaming of rabbits began outside the door. The old man had the pipe while this was going on, and the trapper would not go out to look for them nor to listen to them without his reddened pipe. And when he got the pipe

cha rabh coinín amháin le feiceáil aige. Phill sé chun an bhaile ansin, agus cha dteachaidh sí sa tóir ar aon choinín ina dhiaidh sin go dteachaidh sé i dtalamh.

Bhíodh siad ag rá go rabh uaislíneacht de chineál inteacht ag baint le coiníní na Bealtaine ar scor ar bith.

129. "ÍOCFAIDH TÚ ! ÍOCFAIDH TÚ !"

Thóg fear as Ros Goill teach in áit uasal d'ainneoin chomhairle na gcomharsannaí. Tháinig na daoine beaga i lár na hoíche, agus thóg siad an dubh-racán fán teach aige. Nuair a chuaigh sé amach ní rabh le cluinstitín aige ach:

" Mhill tú ár n-áras, ár gcónaí is ár bpárlús,
Ach íocfaidh tú ! Íocfaidh tú ! Íocfaidh tú ! "

B'éigean dó an teach a fhágáil seal ina dhiaidh sin.

130. PLANDAÍ SÍ

Deirtear nach ceart bó bhainne a bhualadh leis an chuileann, leis an ruideogach ná leis an bhuafallán bhuí. Plandaí an-uasal iad. Deir siad an té a bhuaileas a bhó leis an chuileann go bhfuil contúirt mhór ann go gcuirfidh sé mún fola uirthi.

Níl sé maith ná sona bó a bhuaileadh leis an bhuafallán bhuí ach oiread—le ceann an bhláth de ar scor ar bith. Deirtear go bhfuil sé uasal, agus go bhfuil sé comh dóiche ag an mhuintir bheaga a cuid baine a thabhairt leo.

Crann beag an-uasal an ruideogach, agus cha mbuaileadh duine ar bith thart anseo, a mbeadh fhios aige fá dtaobh daoithi, bó le tor daoithi. Deir siad gur ruideogach a bhí san adhmaid a bhí sa chroich ar céasadh Ár Slánaitheoir uirthi, agus ón lá sin go dtí an lá inniu tá meath ag teacht ar an chrann sin, agus chan fhásann si níos mó ná cupla troigh ar airde.

and went out, there was not a single rabbit to be seen. He went home and from that day to the day of his death he never went hunting rabbits again.

They used to say anyhow that the rabbits of Bealtaine had some kind of enchantment.

129. "YOU WILL PAY ! YOU WILL PAY !"

A man of Ros Goill built a house in a fairy place in spite of his neighbours' advice. The wee folk came in the middle of the night and raised a row all over the house. When he went out all he could hear was:

" You destroyed our house, our dwelling, our parlour,
But you will pay ! You will pay ! You will pay ! "

He had to leave the house soon afterwards.

130. FAIRY PLANTS

They say it is not right to hit a milch cow with the holly, the yellow ragweed, or the bog myrtle. They are very fairy plants. If one hits a cow with holly, it is said there is great danger of its causing bloody urine.

It is neither good nor lucky to hit a cow with the yellow ragweed, with the flower-head anyhow. It is said to be a fairy flower and the wee folk would be certain to take the cow's milk.

The bog myrtle is a very fairy little tree, and no one of this neighbourhood who knew about it would hit a cow with a clump of it. It is said that it was myrtle-wood was in the cross on which Our Saviour was crucified, and from that day to this the tree is declining and does not grow more than a couple of feet high.

131. BÓ SÍ LOCH AN IÚIR

Tá baile ins an pharóiste seo a dtabharann siad Loch an Iúir air, agus sé an dóigh a bhfuair an baile an t-ainm de thairbhe na loiche—loch atá thíos faoin bhaile, agus Loch an Iúir a hainm. Tá oileán uirthi a dtabharann siad Oileán an Iúir air. Tá crann ag fás ar an oileán seo, agus de réir na gcuntas tá sé ar chrann comh haosta agus atá i dTír Chonaill.

Bhí fear ina chonaí i Loch an Iúir a rabh Ruairí Ó Baoill air. Tá sin tamall maith ó shin. Bhí sé pósta, agus ní rabh teaghlach ar bith aige. Bhí sé féin agus a bhean ina gcónaí i dteach bheag ceann tuí a chois an bhealaigh mhóir. Bhí siad bocht sa tsaoil. Ní rabh bólacht ar bith acu, agus aon bhliain amháin, ar an ceathrú lá de na Faoillí—bhí lá iontach garbh ann—agus bíonn aonach i gcónaí ar an Chlochán Liath ar an cheathrú lá de na Faoillí—bhí lá iontach garbh ann—agus bíonn aonach i gcónaí ar an Chlochán Liath ar an ceathrú lá den mhí, agus bhí aonach ann an lá seo fosta. Tráthnóna lá an aonaigh, chuaigh bean Ruairí amach fá choinne bacóg mhónadh le tine a chur síos, agus nuair a bhí sí ag teacht isteach, lean maol bhuí í, bó iontach bhreá. Bhí gabhal bainne léithi comh mór agus a tifeá le bó ar bith. Bhí Ruairí ina luí suas ar chobha na leapa, agus scairt sé leis an bhean an bhó sin a chur amach. Chuir a bhean an bhó amach ar an doras. Chuir sí síos an tine, agus tamall eile ina dhiaidh seo arís chuaigh sí amach fá choinne bucóid uisce. Nuair a bhí sí ag teacht isteach lean an bhó isteach arís í.

“Caithfidh sé,” arsa Ruairí, “gur sin bó a d’imigh ón aonach.”

D’éirigh sé amach as a leaba, agus chuaigh sé a chur amach na bó, ach bhí sé ag déanamh go rabh an bainne ag goillsteán uirthi, ná bhí sí ag siúl an-spréite.

“Bhail, ba mhór an grá Dia,” ar seisean, “an bhó a bhlí ar scor ar bith.”

Thug sé isteach an bhó ansin, agus rinn sé adhastar daoithi agus cheangail sé don doras druidte í. Bhlig siad an bhó ansin, agus baineadh lán copán bainne daoithi.

Chuaigh Ruairí suas go taobh an bhealaigh mhóir ina dhiaidh sin, agus bhí sé ag cur seanchais ar achan duine ar casadh dó ar mhothaigh siad duine ar bith a chaill bó ar an aonach, ach ní rabh duine ar bith ábalta a dhéanamh ní b’eolaí ná bhí sé. Choinnigh sé an bhó go maidin.

131. THE FAIRY COW OF LOCH AN IÚIR

There is a townland in this parish called Loch an Iúir. It got its name from the lake below in which there is an island known as Oileán an Iúir,¹ from a tree growing in it, and it is said this is as old a tree as there is in Tír Chonaill.

Some time ago there was a man named Rory O’ Boyle living in Loch an Iúir. He was married but had no children. He and his wife lived in a small thatched house beside the road. They were very poor and had no cow at all. One fourth of February, when there was a fair at Dungloe—the fair there is always on the fourth—there was a great storm. Towards evening Rory’s wife went out for an armful of turf to start the fire and when she was coming in she was followed by a very fine hornless yellow cow. She had an udder as big as you would ever see. Rory was lying on the side of the bed and he called out to his wife to put the cow out, which she did. She lit the fire and some time later she went out again for a bucket of water. The cow followed her inside again.

“That must be a cow that left the fair,” said Rory.

He rose from his bed and went to put it out, but he could see by the cow’s spread-out walk that the milk was fretting her.

“Well, it would be a charity to milk the cow anyhow,” said he.

He brought the cow inside, made a halter for it and fastened it to the closed door. They milked the cow and got many a cupful from her.

Rory went out on the road after that, and he asked everyone he met if there was any word of a cow being lost at the fair, but no one could make him any the wiser and he kept the cow until morning.

1. The Island of the Yew Tree.

Ar maidin lá tharna mhárach chuaigh sé siar chun an Chlocháin Léith chuig an tsagart, agus d'inis sé don tsagart go dtáinig bó aréir chuige agus go gcaithfeadh sé gur chaill duine ínteacht an bhó ar an aonach, agus go mbeadh sé buíoch dó dá ndéanadh sé a fhuagairt Dé Domhnaigh fán bhoin, agus é scéala a thabhairt do shagart Cheann Caslach mar an gcéanna. Rinneadh na fuagraíochas Dé Domhnaigh, ach ní tháinig duine ar bith fá thuairisc na bó.

Choinnigh sé an bhó ar feadh thrí mhí. Chuaigh sí chuig an tarbh, agus chuaigh sí chun laoi, agus bheir sí gamhain buí baineann dó. Ach le scéal fada a dhéanamh gairid, in am ghairid bhí naoi gcinn callaigh ag Ruairí agus a gclann agus an bhó. Choinnigh sé an t-iomlán nó níor mhaith leis scarúint leofa ar eagla go dtiocfadh duine ar bith ar a lorg.

Lá amháin earraigh, bhí sé amuigh sa pháirc, agus é ag toghadh poll préataí, agus an t-eallach amuigh sa pháirc fosta. Níor luaithe ceann acu díbrihte amach as ceann de pholl na bpréataí ná a bhí ceann eile istigh sa cheann eile den pholl. Ins an deireadh chuir siad oiread feirge air agus gur chuir sé a sheacht mallacht ar cá bith duine a chuir chuige í, agus d'iarr sé air a dtógail amach as amharc.

D'éirigh neach istigh ar Oileán an Iúir, agus scairt an neach:

"Teich, teich," ar seisean,

"Ón mhaol mhór

Go dtí an mhaol bheag,

Agus ón mhaol bheag

Go dtí an gamhain!"

D'imigh an tseanbhó ar tús síos go dtí an loch, agus lean an chuid eile í go dtí an gamhain. Chuaigh siad ar an tsnámh isteach chun oileáin, agus níor mhothaíos iomrá ariamh ina dhiaidh sin ar an eallach.

132. CRANN FAOI GHEASA AR OILEÁN AN IÚIR

Tá Oileán an Iúir seo ariamh faoi gheasa, agus tá an crann atá ag fás ar an oileán faoi gheasa. Tá an crann an-úsáideach de thairbhe go bhfuil adhmaid maith ann a dtiocfadh mórán rudaí a dhéanamh as, agus go háirid gnoithe curach. Bhí siad ag rá go rabh

Next day he went west to Dungloe and told the priest about the cow coming to him the night before and that someone must have lost it at the fair and that he would be thankful if the priest would make an announcement about the cow on Sunday and ask the priest of Kincasslagh to do the same. The announcements were made on Sunday but no one came to claim the cow.

He kept the cow for three months. Then it went to the bull, came in calf, and gave birth to a yellow heifer-calf. To make a long story short it was not long before Rory had nine head of cattle between the cow and its progeny. He kept them all because he did not want to part with them lest someone would come to claim them.

One spring day he was out in his field at his potato pit and the cattle were all about. No sooner had he hunted one of them from the pit than another would be at the other side of it. In the end they made him so angry that he called down seven curses on whoever had sent him the cow and asked him to take the lot of them out of his sight.

A being rose in the island and called out:

"Come, come, all of ye," said he,

"From big moiley¹

To small moiley,

From small moiley

To the calf!"

The old cow led the way to the lake and all the others followed her. They swam over to the island and that was the last that was heard of them.

132. THE ENCHANTED TREE OF OILEÁN AN IÚIR

Oileán an Iúir has always been an enchanted island and the tree which grows in it is enchanted also. There is very good wood in the tree which could be used to make many things and specially the gear of a curach. It used to be said that the best curach ribs

1. A hornless cow, from the Irish word *maol*.

na heasnacha curaigh ag fás ar an chrann ab fhearr a bhí i dTír Chonaill. Ní rabh uchtach ag duine ar bith ariamh a dhath den chrann a ghearradh.

Tháinig iascaire de chuid Ghabhla amach aon uair amháin, agus é ar a bhealach suas go barr Ghaoithbeara fá choinne easnacha curaigh. Bhí fear muinteartha dó i Loch an Iúir, agus d'fhan sé oíche go maidin aige, agus d'inis sé caidé an turas a rabh sé ag gabháil ann.

"Bhail," arsa an fear seo leis, ar seisean, "tá crann thoir anseo ar oileán atá ar an loch, agus tá easnacha maithe curaigh ann, ach ní maith le aon duine de bhunadh an bhaile seo baint de," ar seisean. "Tá sé crosta orthu"—ag inse dó go rabh an crann uasal ná faoi gheasa.

"Bhail," arsa fear Ghabhla, "má tá easnacha an churaigh ag fóirstean domhsa," ar seisean, "ní chreidim ina leathbhreac sin maith, olc ná dona, agus bhéarfaidh mé liom iad."

Ar maidin lá tharna mhárach thug sé leis bád a bhí ag an fhear seo, agus chuaigh sé isteach chun oileáin, agus d'amharc sé ar an chrann, agus thúsáigh sé a bhaint easnacha an churaigh den chrann, agus de réir mar bhí seisean ag baint na n-easnacha den chrann. thúsáigh an loch a dh'éirí, agus ins an deireadh bhí na tonnaí ag gabháil glan thairis istigh ar an oileán. Bhí fear ag buachailleacht ar an taoibh eile den loch, agus scairt sé trasna leis ón taoibh eile lena thoil na crainn a ghearr sé a chaitheamh isteach ag bun an chrainn arís, nó mur gcaitheadh go mbeadh daor air, agus go mbáifí é sula bhfágadh sé an t-oileán ar chor ar bith. Scanraigh sé, agus bheir sé ar na heasnacha a bhí gearrtha aige, agus chaith sé isteach iad ag bun an chrainn. Níor luaithe a rinn sé seo ná shocair an loch síos arís go dtí go rabh sí mar bheadh duilleog leabhair ann. Thug sé leis an bád, agus d'fhág sé an t-oileán, agus ní theachaidh aon duine chun oileáin a bhaint easnacha curaigh.

D'fhág sé Loch an Iúir ar maidin lá tharna mhárach, agus chuaigh sé go barr Ghaoithbeara, agus bhain sé easnacha an churaigh ann, agus thug sé isteach go hOileán Ghabhla iad.

133. BEAN SNÍOMH NA HOITREACHA MÓIRE

Lá amháin bhí beirt fhear as an Ghlaisí, i bparóiste Ghaoth Dobhair, amuigh ag iascaireacht le dorgaí láimhe ar an Oitir Mhór. Níorbh fhada gur baineadh sroicheadh as fear acu, agus shíl sé gur

in Tír Chonaill could be made from the tree, but no one ever had the courage to cut a bit from it.

A fisherman from Gola Island was on his way once to Gweebarra to get ribs for his curach. He stayed overnight with a kinsman who lived at Loch an Iúir and told him the purpose of his journey.

"Well," said his kinsman, "there is a tree here in the island in the lake which has good curach ribs but none of the people of this place would touch it: it is forbidden to them," and he went on to say that it was a fairy or enchanted tree.

"Well," said the Gola man, "I don't hold with that kind of belief, good, bad, or indifferent, and if there are ribs there to suit me I will take them."

In the morning he took his kinsman's boat and went to the island. He looked at the tree and began to gather ribs for his curach from it. According as he gathered the ribs, the lake rose until at last the waves were going clean over the island. A man herding on the other side of the lake shouted across to him to throw the rods he had cut by the foot of the tree or if not he would pay dearly for them and would be drowned before ever he left the island. Fear seized him and he took the ribs he had cut and threw them down at the foot of the tree. No sooner had he done so than the lake calmed down until it was as smooth as the page of a book. He took the boat and left the island, and no one has ever gone back to gather curach ribs there.

He left Loch an Iúir next morning and went to Gweebarra for his curach ribs and brought them to Gola Island.

133. THE SPINNING WOMAN OF THE GREAT BANK

Two men from Glaisí in the parish of Gweedore were out fishing with hand-lines one day on the Oitir Mhór.¹ Before long one of them felt a jerk and thought it was a fish biting. He pulled in his line

1. A big undersea bank.

broideadh ó bheathach éisc a bhí ann. Tharraing sé aníos a dhorga, agus caidé a nocht chuige ach túirne bheag! Níor luaithe a nocht an túirne ná chuir bean rua a ceann aníos os cionn an uisce fá ghiota bheag daofa, agus scairt sí leis an fhear a bhí i bhfastó ins an túirne a gléas beo a ligean uaidh, nó mur ligeadh go mbeadh daor air!

Bhí scian bhaoití ag a thaoibh ar an tafta, agus tharraing sé air í. Ghearr sé an dorga, agus lig sé an túirne go tóin. Leis sin féin chuir an bhean rua a ceann aníos as an fharraige arís, agus arsa sise leis:

"Níor bhacam duit gur lig tú mo ghléas beatha liomsa," arsa sise, "nó achab é gur lig ní fheicfeadh ceachtar agaibh talamh ná tráigh go bráth!"

Chorn an bheirt na dorgaí ansin, agus tharraing siad ar an bhaile, agus ón lá sin go dtí an lá a chuaigh siad i dtalamh ní thearn siad aon lá iascaireachta ar an Oitir Mhóir.

134. BÁC SÍ AGUS LUCHT BAINTE LEITHIGH

Bhí triúr dearthár as an bhaile seo síos fán chladach ag baint dubhleithigh. Bhí beirt acu ag gearradh agus an tríú fear ag cur aníos an méid a bhí siad a bhaint i gcliabh. Cha rabh siad i bhfad ag obair go bhfacá siad bád ag tarraingt orthu isteach ón fharraige, agus char stad sí go dtáinig sí aníos a chois cloiche an áit a rabh siad ag baint an leithigh. Bhí lucht iomláin caorach dearg ins an bhád. Bhí siad ansin ina seasamh ag coimhead ar an bhád, agus gan fear ná foireann inti, agus d'aithin siad go maith nár chineál ar bith báid í ach ceann sí. Dúirt fear an chléibh go rachadh sé ar bord uirthi agus go gcuirfeadh sé amach cupla ceann de na caoirigh dearga seo ó tharla nach rabh duine ar bith ag amharc ina ndiaidh. Chá ligfeadh an bheirt eile dó baint ar bith a bheith aige leofa. Fá dheireadh léim sé isteach chun an bháid d'ainneoin na beirte, agus char luaithe a rinn ná d'imigh an bád léithi amach chun na farraige arís ar an dóigh chéanna a dtáinig sí isteach, agus chan fhacthas aon amharc ar an fhear sin ón lá sin go dtí an lá inniu. Thug siad leofa é cá bith áit a rabh a n-áras féin, agus bhíthea a rá go bhfacthas é thart fá bheanna na farraige go minic ó shin, ach chá dtáinig sé ariamh a chóir an bhaile.

and what come up but a little spinning-wheel! No sooner did the spinning-wheel appear than a red-haired woman put her head out of the water a short distance from them. She cried to the man whose line had caught in her spinning-wheel to release her means of livelihood or he would pay dearly for it.

He caught hold of a bait-knife which was beside him on the thwart, cut the line, and let the spinning-wheel go to the bottom. With that the red-haired woman put her head out of the sea again and said to him:

"We did not harm you because you released my means of livelihood, but if you had not done so neither of you would have seen land or shore again!"

The two men wound in the lines and made for home. From that day until the day they were buried they never fished a day on the Oitir Mhór.

134. THE FAIRY BOAT AND THE SEAWEED GATHERERS

There were three brothers from this townland down on the shore gathering black seaweed. Two of them were cutting and the third was putting what they cut into a basket. They were not long at work when they saw a boat coming in towards them from the sea and it did not stop until it came in beside the rock where they were gathering the seaweed. There was a full cargo of red-faced sheep¹ in the boat. They stood looking at the boat which had no man in it, and they knew well it must be a fairy boat. The basket man said he would go aboard and put out a couple of the sheep since no one was minding them. The other two would not allow him to touch the sheep but in the end he jumped into the boat in spite of them and no sooner had he done it than the boat went out to sea the same way it had come in, and that man was never seen from that day to this. He had been taken away to wherever their dwelling was. It used to be said he was seen often about the sea cliffs, but he never came near his house.

1. An old breed of sheep in north Donegal.

135. CÓFRA NA MINE A BHÍ DOFHOLMHAITHE

Oíche Shamhna amháin, bhí Peigí Néill ag Bun Binne ag dioscáir-eacht fán teach. Bhí Niall é féin ina shuí ar shaoisteoig chocháin sa chlúdaigh, a dhroim leis an bhac aige agus é ag smalcáil thobaca. Bhí sé ag drandán cheoil nó bhí a intinn fá shuaimhneas. Bhí an préata deireannach faoi scriath aige an tráthnóna sin, agus bhí sé ag meabhrú ina intinn ar an tsócúl a bhí i ndán dó go dtigeadh lá an earraigh. Bhí pota uisce ag goil ar an tine, agus i ndiaidh na soithigh a ní agus a chur in eagar ar an drisiúr, thóg Peigí an clár den phota agus sháith an maide ann. Thug sí léithi cupán a bhí ar crochadh ar an doras druidte, agus chuaigh fhad le cófra a bhí i gceann an toighe ina gcuirte mealldar na mine gach bliain nuair a thugtaí as an mhuileann é.

"M'anam, a Néill," arsa Peigí, agus í ag dearcadh isteach sa cófra, "cé gur thoirteach an mealldar gur furast an fúleach a chruinniú anois. Ní mó ná go bhfuil ábhar brachán na hoíche seo ann."

"Bhail, a bhean údaí," arsa Niall, "is deacair don bhonnachán mairstean nuair a bítheair ag tarraingt as go minic."

"Is fíor an focal, a Néill," arsa Peigí, "ach crothnóchaidh sinn an mhin. Is maith na préataí ann, ach is sobhlasta go mór spanóg bhracháin in am suipéara."

"Ní bhfaighimid bás ón ocras!" arsa Niall. "Má théid cruaidh orainn, buailfidh mé tordán de mhaoín an fhómhair seo, agus gheobhaidh mé meilte é. Is beag an dornán mine a choinneochas brachán le seanphéire gan síolrach mar sinne go Féil Pádraig."

Chrom Peigí sa chófra, agus chuaigh sí a thógáil na mine ina goipíní isteach sa chupán.

"Fan ort, a bhean!" arsa Niall. "Chan ag gabháil a dhéanamh bracháin as an fúleach sin a bheithéa, cinnte. Ar ndóiche, ní ansin ach deannach, agus char mhór liom é bheith lán fíonóg."

Thaom Peigí a rabh sa chupán isteach arais, agus ar sí:

"Seo, bhail, ach caithfidh tú dornán préataí thabhairt as an scioból agus dhéanfaidh mé tráth brúitíní."

"Arú," arsa Niall, "dhéanfaidh teallachán cúis bhreá. Tá oiread préataí sa mhéis sin thiar agus a dhéanfas sinne"—agus shocair sé é féin níos sócúlaí ar an tsaoisteoig. Bhí an duine bocht tuirseach ó lá.

135. THE INEXHAUSTIBLE MEAL-CHEST

One Samhain Eve Peggy Néill of Bun Binne was tidying the house. Niall himself was sitting on a straw seat by the fire with his back against the wall. He was puffing at his pipe and humming because his mind was content. He had pitted his last potato that afternoon and was thinking of the comfort he would have until the first day of spring. There was a pot of water heating on the fire and after Peggy had washed the dishes and set them on the dresser she lifted the lid of the pot and thrust a stick in. She took a cup which was hanging on the closed door and went to a chest in the corner into which the oatmeal was put every year when it was brought back from the mill.

"By my soul, Niall," said Peggy, looking into the chest, "although it was a large store of meal it would be easy to gather up what remains now! There is just about what will make tonight's stir-about."

"Well, woman dear," said Niall, "it is hard for a store to last when it is often drawn upon."

"That is a true saying, Niall," said Peggy, "but we will miss the meal. Potatoes are good, but a spoonful of stir-about is much tastier for supper."

"We won't die of hunger!" said Niall, "if it goes hard on us I will thresh a heap of this harvest's grain and get it ground. It is a small fistful of meal that will make stir-about for a childless old couple like ourselves from now until Patrick's Feast."

Peggy bent over the chest and began to take the meal bit by bit to fill the cup.

"Stop, woman!" said Niall, "surely you are not going to make stir-about of those leavings! There is nothing there but dust, and I would not want it full of straws!"

Peggy emptied the cup back into the chest and said:

"Very well, but you will have to get a fistful of potatoes from the barn and I will make a meal of mashed potatoes."

"Aroo," said Niall, "a few baked in the ashes would do fine. There are enough in yon vessel to do us." And he settled himself more comfortably on the seat. The poor man was tired after the day.

"Tá go breá," arsa Peigí, "ach tá an éanlaith le bia a fháil, agus beidh siad ar an ghannchuid ar maidin mur mbruithimid préataí daofa."

D'éirigh Niall go leathfhadalach agus dúirt:

"Cib orthu mar éanlaith! Caith chugam na bróga sin!"

Chuir sé air na bróga, agus thug sé leis ciseog agus coitheán ina láimh leis. Chuaigh Peigí ar aghaidhe le gnoithe an toighe. Chrom sí a bheoú na tine leis an phota, agus shín sí siar an maide briste le fód mónadh ná dhó a thabhairt as faoin leaba, ach rinneadh stangaire daoithi nó chonaic sí le ruball a súl lán doirn de sheanmhnaoi bhig ina seasamh ag taoibh an bhalla bhig. Mar dúirt Peigí í féin, agus í ag scéalaíocht ina dhiaidh sin: "Ní rabh toirt circe goir inti, ach, a Mhuire, dá bhfeicteá na súile loinnireacha a bhí aici agus iad ag damhsa ina ceann faoi mhálaíocha dubha dorchá. Bhí aghaidh chríon chasta uirthi, tarranta fada agus cab a d'fhéadfá a chur fríd chró snáthaide, agus dheamhan fiacal a bhí ina carbad ach na géaránaigh. Ar m'uacht, gur bhain sí an t-anam asam!"

Nuair a fuair Peigí an anál léithi, bheannaigh sí don tsamhailt, agus thug cuireadh daoithi suí sa chlúid agus a goradh a dhéanamh. Dhiúltaigh sí cuireadh Pheigí go maordha macánta, agus dúirt:

"Chan é an fuacht a chuir fá theach mé, ach le hiasacht a éileamh ort." Chuir sí a lámh fána heochras, agus thug amach copán daraí, agus dá shíneadh ionns ar Pheigí, deir sí:

"Líon sin le min na bliana anuraidh nó tá béal ag fanacht air!"

"Coisreacadh Dé orainn, agus an Chroich-Chéasta eadar sinn agus an urchóid! Cé thú féin?" arsa Peigí, agus ins an am chéanna í ag déanamh Comhartha na Croiche uirthi féin.

"Mise Maireog Mhór," arsa sise, "Banríon slóite na Binne Buí agus Pollán an Raithnigh!"

"Maise, is tú a bhuail ár ndoras ar an drochuair!" arsa Peigí.

"Tá ár mealldar reaithe, agus ní féirín an fúleach, ach más ní go ndéan sé maith duit, tá an deannach le fáil agat agus fáilte, os mise atá in áit na garaíochta."

Bheir¹ sí ar an chopán agus líon é. Nuair a shín sí an mhin chuig an bhean sí, tharraing sí uirthi slat a bhí crochta ar sringa a bhí fána coim, thóg os cionn an chófra é, agus í ag rá deilín inteacht i gcanúint nár thuig Peigí, agus bhuail sí buille beag ar an chófra agus

1. MS. Bhí.

"That is very fine," said Peggy, "but the fowl have to be fed and there will be little for them in the morning if we do not boil potatoes for them."

Niall rose reluctantly and said:

"Pip on the same hens! Throw me over those boots!"

He put on his boots and took a basket and a lighted stick in his hand. Peggy went on with her household tasks. She began to liven the fire under the pot and stretched out with the tongs to get a sod or two of turf from under the bed. But as she did so her heart stopped when she saw out of the corner of her eye a little old woman standing by the wall. Peggy herself used to say when telling about it afterwards: "She wasn't as big as a broody hen but, o wirra, if you could have seen the bright eyes she had dancing in her head under black bushy eyebrows! She had a worn wrinkled face, a long chin and a nose that would go through the eye of a needle, and she had not a tooth in her head but her eye-teeth. I can tell you, the life nearly left me!"

When Peggy caught her breath she greeted the apparition and invited her to sit at the fire and warm herself. She gently declined Peggy's invitation and said:

"It is not the cold that sent me in, but a loan I want to ask of you."

She put her hand under her bosom and took out an oak cup and said while she handed it to Peggy:

"Fill that with last year's meal, for there is a mouth waiting for it!"

"God's blessing on us and the Cross between us and harm! Who are you?" said Peggy, and at the same time she made the Sign of the Cross.

"I am Maireog the Great, Queen of the Hosts of Binn Bhuí and of Pollán an Raithnigh!"

"Musha, you knocked on our door in an evil hour," said Peggy. "Our meal has run out and the leavings is a poor gift but if it is any good to you you may have it and welcome since I would like to oblige you."

She took the cup and filled it. The fairy woman took it and drew out a rod that was hanging by a string from her waist, raised it above the chest and spoke a charm in some language Peggy did not understand. Then she struck the chest lightly and said: "From

dúirt "Ón lá seo amach ní bheidh an cófra seo folamh ó mhín, ach ná lig do neach beo a lámh a chur ann ach thú féin, nó má ligeann beidh briste ar mo chumhachtaísa, agus beidh tusa níos boichte lena linn!"

Leis sin chuir sí fochtar a cóta fána huachtar, agus chuaigh amach ar an doras mar bheadh splanc ann. Nuair a d'imigh sí uaithi, thuit a lámh fána leis ag Peigí, agus shuidh sí sa chluí, agus í i riocht a ghabháil i laige. Ní rabh inti éirí nuair a tháinig Niall isteach, agus maoiseog na bpréataí eadar lámha leis. Thug sé fá deara go rabh claoiteacht ar Pheigí, agus d'fhiafraigh sé di caidé a bhí ag caitheamh uirthi anois. "Shílfeá," a deir sé, "gur tais a chonaic tú ó chuaigh mé amach, tá tú comh snoite bán sin!"

"Tais, dáiríribh," arsa Peigí, ag toiseacht agus ag inse dó mar d'inis mise duitse.

Bhléasc na gáirí ar Niall.

"Tí Dia sinn!" arsa seisean. "Bhuail cleasaí inteacht boc ar Pheigí Néill anocht! Craith do chleiteacha, a chailleach, agus cuir gráinnín den mhín mhiorbhailtí sin ar an phota go bhfeicfidh mé caidé an lámh atá ag an dream beag na Binne Buí ar chasadh na bróna!"

"Níl sé maith baint le geis!" arsa Peigí.

"Ná buair mé le do chuid píseog!" arsa Niall. "Cuirfidh mé féin cumhacht na caillí bréige chun fiachála!" agus leis sin féin tugáí sé iarraidh ar an chófra. Ach ba mhaith an mhaise sin do Pheigí é, bhí sí ansin roimhe, agus an clár den chófra aici, agus caidé an t-iontas a bhí ar an phéire nuair a fuair siad an cófra boglán den mhín a ba deise agus a ba glaine dár fhág bróin ariamh.

"Dia ár gcumhdach!" arsa Niall, "is í seo oíche na n-iontas, gan bhréig!"

"Nach bhfuil fhios agat," arsa Peigí, "gurab í seo Oíche Shamhna, agus go bhfuil na huaisle ar a gcois?"

"M'anam, nár smaointigh mé cé an oíche den bhliain í!" arsa Niall. "Is cuma cé acu sin, fuair tusa malairt dáiríribh. Tá súil agam go rachaidh seo chun sochair dúinn."

Chuaigh. Bhí Peigí comh cúramach fán chófra is dá mba taisce óir a bhí ann. Chuir sí glas is eochair air, agus dheamhan duine a chuir a lámh ann ar feadh chúig mbliain ach í féin. Rith an ama sin níor laghdaigh an mhín sa chófra, agus chan ionann sin, ach is iomaí mála maith trom a roinn Peigí ar an chomharsain san am. Bhí sí

this day forward this chest will never be without meal, but do not let any living being except yourself put a hand in it: if you do, my charm will be broken and you will be the poorer!"

With this she put her petticoat over her head and went out the door like lightning. When she was gone, Peggy's hands dropped to her sides and she sat down by the fire as if she was going to faint. She was not able to rise when Niall came in with a handful of potatoes. He noticed that Peggy was in a weakness and asked her what was wrong with her. "You would think you had seen a ghost since I went out, you are so white."

"A ghost, indeed," said Peggy, and she told him what I have told you.

Niall burst out laughing.

"God look down on us!" said he. "Some joker played a trick on Peggy Néill tonight! Shake your feathers, old woman, and put a little of this wonderful meal into the pot until I see what kind of a hand the wee folk of Binn Bhuí make of turning the quern-stone!"

"It is not good to meddle with magic!" said Peggy.

"Don't bother me with your pishrogues!" said Niall. "I will see for myself the power of your lying old woman!" and with that he went towards the chest. But well for Peggy, she got there before he did and lifted the lid of the chest, and great was the surprise of both when they saw the chest well filled with as nice, clean meal as was ever ground.

"God protect us!" said Niall, "this is truly a night of wonders!"

"Don't you know," said Peggy, "that this is Samhain Eve and that the gentry are going about?"

"By my soul, I never thought what night of the year it was!" exclaimed Niall. "Whatever about that, you got a good exchange. I hope that this will be to our advantage."

It was. Peggy was as careful of the chest as if it had been a golden treasure. She put a lock and key on it and for five years no one put a hand in it except herself. During that time the meal in the chest never lessened, and not alone that, but Peggy gave many a good heavy bagful of it to the neighbours. She was so generous and gave away so much meal that the neighbours remarked it. They did

comh fial sin, agus í ag tabhairt an oiread sin mine uaithi in ascaí, gur chuir an chomharsa gron sa cheist. Ní thugadh siad fá dear Niall ag gabháil chun an mhuilinn le coirce, ná mála mine ag teacht chun an toighe, agus ba é an deireadh a bhí air go rabh cuid acu ag rá go rabh an eala dhubh ag Niall is ag Peigí.

Bhí go maith agus ní rabh go holc. Oíche bheag leatromach amháin eadar an dá Nollaig, bhí Peigí i ndiaidh an chófra a fhoscal le gráinnín mine a chaitheamh chuig na cearca sula dtéadh siad ar an aradh. Leis sin féin tigí buachaill as an bhaile isteach ar an doras, agus a anáil i mbarr a ghoib le scéala go dtáinig taom thobann tinnis ar a mháthair, agus go rabh sí ag fáil bháis. Bhí Peigí ariamh garach, agus níor fhan sí leis an dara focal a chluinstean, ach amach ar an doras léithi ina spalptha reatha, agus le méad a deifre rinn sí dearmad an cófra a dhrod.

Bhí Niall fán bhóitheach ag tabhairt fodair don eallach san am, agus tháinig sé isteach agus stópa leis le deoch bhán a fháil déanta don ghamháin óg. Ní bhfuair sé Peigí roimhe, agus char shíl sé dadaí de lámh a chur sa chófra agus dornán den mhín a chur sa stópa. Chuaigh sé amach ansin, agus chuaigh i gcionn a chuid oibre.

Phill Peigí arais agus an scéala léithi go rabh bean Shéamais an Pholláin marbh. Chuir Niall paidir lena hanam, agus shuidh an péire ag scéalaíocht ar Mháire Shéamais ar feadh tamaill. Níor shonraigh siad dadaí gur éirigh Peigí le steall tae a dhéanamh, agus go dtug sí fá deara an cófra foscaillte. Thug sí rása anonn lena dhrod, ach nuair a d'amharc sí ann ní rabh ann ach fuíleach deannaigh mar bhí an oíche a tháinig sióg na Binne Buí ar cuairt chucu.

"Char b'fhéidir, a Néill," arsa Peigí, "gur chuir tú do lámh sa chófra?"

"Ó, nár fheicí mé athrach Dé gur thóg mé cuid an ghamhna as!" ar seisean.

"Níl neart air," arsa Peigí. "Níl leigheas air anois!"

Ón lá sin go lá a mbáis, ní rabh rath ar bith ar an chófra.

not see Niall going to the mill with grain nor coming home with a sack of meal, and the end of it was that some said that Niall and Peggy had the black magic.

Well and good. One gloomy night between Christmas and Little Christmas, Peggy had opened the chest to throw a handful of meal to the hens before they went to roost when a boy from near by came in breathless with news that his mother had been suddenly stricken with illness and was dying. Peggy was always an obliging woman and she did not delay to hear the second word but ran out the door and in her haste she forgot to close the chest.

Niall was in the byre at this time giving fodder to the cattle. He came in with a pail to get a drink of gruel for a young calf. He did not find Peggy in the house and without thinking he put his hand in the chest and took a fistful of meal for the pail. He went out then about his work.

Peggy came back with the news that Séamas of Pollán's wife was dead. Niall said a prayer for her soul, and the pair of them sat for a while talking about the dead woman. They noticed nothing until Peggy rose to make a cup of tea and then she saw the open chest. She raced over to close it and when she looked inside there was nothing in it but dusty leavings just as on the night when the fairy of Binn Bhuí had come to visit her.

"It is not possible, Niall," said Peggy, "that you put your hand in the chest?"

"O, may I not see God's dwelling if I didn't take a bit of it for the calf!"

"It cannot be helped!" said Peggy. "There is no mending it now!"

From that day until the day they died there was no luck with the chest.



PLATE VI. Gleann Geis, c. 1890
Glengesh, c. 1890

Lawrence Collection N.L.I.

SCÉAL DEIRIDH Ó NA CRUACHA GORMA

CONCLUDING STORY FROM THE BLUESTACK
MOUNTAINS

136. TURAS GO NUA EABHRAC OÍCHE SHAMHNA

Bhail, i bhfad ó shin, bhí i bhfad níos mó daoine in Éirinn ná atá ann anois. Bhí na gabhaltas beag, agus, leoga, ins an taoibh s' againne den tír ní rabh an talamh ar an chuid ab fhearr, agus ní rabh sé furast teaghlaigh mhóra a thógáil ar na spleotáin bheaga a bhí acu.

Bhí beirt bhuachaill anseo fad ó shin, agus d'oibir an bheirt go han-chruaidh ar a ngabhaltas beag talaimh, go rabh fear acu bliain agus fiche agus an fear eile ocht mbliana déag. Pádraig agus Seán ab ainm daofa, agus ba é Pádraig a ba sine. D'éirigh siad tuirseach den obair a bhí orthu, agus smaoitigh siad go bhfágfadh siad an tír féachailt an ndéanfadh siad ní b'fhearr in áit inteacht eile. Oíche amháin, bhí siad ina suí a chois na tine, agus rinn an scéal a chaibidil eatarthu, agus shocraigh siad nach rabh rud ar bith ab fhearr daofa a dhéanamh ná an fear a ba sine acu—Pádraig—imeacht go Meiriceá, agus cead ag Seán fanacht fá bhaile.

Bhí go maith agus ní rabh go holc. D'imigh Pádraig, agus dhíol sé a bhealach go New York—ní rabh sé ach trí phunta san am. Cheannaigh sé culaith úr, agus d'fhág sé slán agus beannacht ag an bhaile. Ní rabh sé i bhfad ar bith thall go bhfuair sé neart oibre. Bhí Éireannaigh go leor ina chuideachta, agus ba ghairid an t-am gur éirigh sé an-mhór le fear—Connachtach—a dtugadh siad Máirtín Mór air. Ní rabh deartháracha ar bith ariamh comh ceanúil ar a chéile agus a bhí siad. Ní thiocfadh le fear acu a ghoil coiscéim in áit ar bith gan an fear eile a bheith leis. Ní rabh foghlaim ar bith ag Pádraig bocht, ach ba ghnách le Máirtín Mór litreacha a scríobh dó a chuireadh sé abhaile, agus cuntas ar bith a bhíodh aige le cur in áit ar bith eile.

Nuair a bhí siad amach is isteach ar dheich mbliana ag obair le chéile, labhair Máirtín Mór le Pádraig aon lá amháin.

"A Phádraig," arsa seisean, an bhfuil fhios agat cá hair a rabh mé ag smaoitiú?"

"Níl fhios agam," arsa Pádraig. "Caidé mar bheadh fhios agamsa cá hair a rabh tú ag smaoitiú."

"Bhail," arsa Máirtín, "títheas domh gur sinn an dá amadán is mó ar an tsaol. Má dhearcann tú thart fá dtaobh dínn, níl muintir tíre ar bith eile ag obair comh cruaidh linn. Ní bhíonn siad i bhfad anseo go bhfaghaí tú istigh i siopaí iad de gach uile chineál, agus is

136. A SAMHAIN EVE TRIP TO NEW YORK

Long ago there were many more people in Ireland than there are now. The holdings were small and, indeed, in our part of the country the land was not of the best and it was not easy to raise big families on the small plots people had.

There were two boys here long ago and both worked very hard on their small holding until the elder boy was twenty-one and the other eighteen. Pádraig and Seán were their names, and Pádraig was the elder. They grew tired of the work they had to do and thought of leaving the country to see if they could do better elsewhere. One night they were sitting beside the fire talking it over and they decided it would be best for Pádraig to go to America and Seán to stay at home.

Well and good. Pádraig went and bought his passage to America—it was only three pounds then. He bought a new suit of clothes and bade farewell to his home. He was not long over there until he had plenty of work. There were other Irishmen with him and soon he became very friendly with a Connachtman called Máirtín Mór. No brothers were ever more fond of each other than they were: one of them wouldn't go a step without the other being with him. Poor Pádraig had no learning and Máirtín Mór used to write the letters for him to send home, and keep his other accounts.

When they had been working together for ten years or so, Máirtín Mór said to Pádraig one day:

"Pádraig, do you know what I am thinking?"

"No," said Pádraig. "How could I know what you are thinking?"

"Well," said Máirtín, "it seems to me we are the two biggest fools in the world. If you look around, the people of no other land work as hard as we do. They are not long here until you find them in shops of one kind or another and in no time they have their

gairid an t-am uilig go mbíonn a bhfortún déanta acu. Tá aithne mhaith againne ar a chéile anois, agus beagán airgid sábháilte againn, agus slíim dá n-amharcaíodh sinn fá dtaobh dínn féin go rachadh againn déanamh níos fearr ná bheith i gcionn na dubh-oibre seo ar feadh ár saoil."

"Tá sin ceart," arsa Pádraig, "agus tá mise fíorshásta má tá tusa."

Bhí go maith. Ar an tSatharn a bhí ag teacht, dhearc Máirtín Mór fá dtaobh de, agus d'éirigh leis teach mór tábhairne a fheiceáil a bhí le suí. Chuaigh sé chun cainte leis an fhear ar leis é, agus rinn siad an margadh ar chíos mhór go cionn bliana. Ní rabh pighin ar a dtús ná ar a ndeireadh nár chuir siad isteach san áit seo, agus líon siad suas an teach. Bhí aithne ag an bheirt ar mhórán daoine, agus tharraing siad uilig orthu, agus bhí siad ag déanamh gnóithe breá. Rinn siad cúis comh maith agus gur ghairid an t-am go mb'éigean daofa tuilleadh cuidithe a fhostó. D'oibir siad leofa go cruaidh ar feadh fhichid bliain.

Lá amháin d'amharc Pádraig thart, agus dar leis féin go rabh an stoc ins an tsiopa ag éirí beag, agus chuir sé iontas anseo, nó ba ghnách le Máirtín Mór an siopa a choinneáil líonta lán. Chuir sé an tóir ar bheirt de na buachaillí fosta seal gairid roimhe sin. D'éirigh sé imníoch i gceart fá seo. An oíche Shathairn ina dhiaidh seo tháinig Máirtín Mór chuige.

"A Phádraig," arsa seisean, "tá eagla orm gur gairid go gcaithfidh muid an áit seo a fhágáil."

"Cad chuige seo?" arsa Pádraig.

"Ó, tá," arsa Máirtín, "tá muid i bhfiacha, agus dá luas a bhfágfaidh muid an áit is amhlaidh is fearr é!"

"An é seo mar atá anois?" arsa Pádraig.

"Sin mar atá, faraor!" arsa Máirtín.

"Is iontach nár lig tú ort gur mar sin a bhí roimhe seo," arsa Pádraig. "Shíl mise go rabh achan seort ag gabháil i gceart, agus dá mbeadh fhios agam caidé mar bhí, bheinn ar shiúl amach as an áit fad ó shin. Tá deireadh cailte againn anois, agus caidé atá muid ag gabháil a dhéanamh?"

Chuir Máirtín Mór an glas ar an doras, agus shiúil an bheirt amach agus síos an tsráid. Thug siad cúl a gcinn dá chéile gan fear acu slán ná beannacht a fhágáil ag an fhear eile.

fortunes made. We know each other well now and we have saved a little money, and I think if we looked around, we could do better for ourselves than spending our lives at this hard labour."

"That is so," said Pádraig. "I am agreeable if you are."

Well and good. The following Saturday Máirtín Mór looked about and succeeded in finding a big tavern to be rented. He got into talk with the man who owned it and they made the bargain for a big rent for one year. They put every penny they had into the place and filled it with stock. They both knew plenty of people who all came to them and they were doing very good business. They were doing so well that before long they had to hire extra help. They worked on steadily for twenty years.

One day Pádraig looked at the stock and it seemed to him it was getting very low. This surprised him because Máirtín Mór used to keep the shop well stocked. He had dismissed two of the hired boys shortly before that. Pádraig became very worried over this. The following Saturday Máirtín Mór came to him.

"Pádraig," he said, "I am afraid we will have to leave this place soon."

"Why?" asked Pádraig.

"Because," said Máirtín, "we are in debt, and the sooner we leave this place the better."

"Is that how it is now?" said Pádraig.

"That is how it is, alas!" said Máirtín.

"It is strange you did not pretend that is how it was before this," said Pádraig. "I thought everything was going well and if I had known how things were I would have walked out of the place long ago. We are at rock bottom now and what are we going to do?"

Máirtín Mór locked the door and both walked out and down the street. They turned their backs on each other and parted without saying good-bye.

Ar maidin Dé Luain, chuaigh Pádraig amach ar lorg oibre, agus d'éirigh leis obair agus páighe mhaith a fháil, agus bhí sé breá sásta. D'oibir sé leis ins an obair chéanna seal fada blianta, agus chruinnigh sé *trifle* maith airgid. Bhí sé ag gabháil anonn i mblianta ansin, agus dar leis go rabh sé comh maith aige cá bith a bhí aige a thabhairt leis, agus tarraingt arais ar an bhaile go hÉirinn.

Rinn sé réidh, agus chruinnigh sé suas a bhagáiste, agus dhíol sé a bhealach go hÉirinn. Níor stad sé ariamh go dtáinig sé go baile a athara. Tháinig athraíocha móra ar an bhaile eadar an dá am: bhí an t-athair agus an mháthair marbh, agus bhí a dheartháir Seán pósta, agus seachtar ná ochtar clainne aige. Bhí an t-am go measartha cruaidh san am, agus bhí streachailt mhór ag an deartháir ag iarraidh an teaghlach a thógáil, agus nuair a chonaic Pádraig caidé mar bhí, shín sé an lámh chuige. Ach ní rabh rún ar bith aige fanacht aige.

Lá amháin an t-earrach ina dhiaidh sin, bhí Pádraig ar a bhealach chun aonaigh, agus chonaic sé páipéar in airde ag inse go rabh a leithéid seo d'áit le díol. Bhí an méid seo acraí talaimh ins an ghabhaltas agus é fá shiúl chúig mbomaite den bhaile mhór. Dar le Pádraig go bhfóirfeadh an áit seo dó féin i gceart, agus smaoitigh sé nuair a thiocfadh an lá go bhféachfadh sé lena cheannacht. Nuair a tháinig lá an cheaint tharraing sé air. Bhí scaifte mór daoine ann, agus thosaigh an ceant. Bhí na comharsanaí ansin, agus ní rabh tairgean ar bith dá rabh siad a dhéanamh nach rabh siad a chur suas cúig phunta agus deich bpunta, agus thosaigh Pádraig á dhaoradh orthu, agus fá dheireadh rinn siad amach nach rabh maith daofa a bheith leis an stráinséar seo ar chor ar bith, agus stad siadsan ar fad.

Caitheadh an gabhaltas ar Phádraig. Dhíol sé a luach in áit na mbonn, agus tharraing sé arais ar an bhaile. Nuair a d'amharc sé fá dtaobh dó féin ansin tharraing sé ar an áit úr. Bhí teach breá ansin, agus gabhaltas breá talaimh. D'imigh sé ansin, agus cheannaigh sé bó agus chuir sé barr, agus d'oibir sé leis go cruaidh, ach go fóill bhí sé leis féin.

Lá amháin bhí sé istigh ar an bhaile, agus nuair a bhí sé ag tarraingt arais ar an bhaile, tí sé an cailín breá seo ag siúl amach roimhis. Bhrostaigh sé a chos gur bheir sé uirthi. Labhair sé léithi, agus siocair nach bhfaca sí aon amharc ariamh air níor mhaith léithi barraíocht dánachta a dhéanamh air ar feadh tamaill.

Next Monday Pádraig went to look for work and succeeded in getting it, with good pay, and he was well content. He kept on at the same work for years and gathered a nice trifle of money. He was getting on in years now and he thought he might as well take what he had and go back home to Ireland.

He got ready, packed his baggage, and bought his passage to Ireland. He made no delay in going to his father's home. There were great changes there: his father and mother were dead and his brother Seán was married and had seven or eight children. The times were hard enough and the brother had to struggle to raise his family. Pádraig gave a helping hand when he saw how things were but he had no intention of staying there.

One day the following spring Pádraig was on his way to a fair and saw a placard announcing that a certain place was for sale. There were so many acres in the holding and it was within five minutes' walk of the town. Pádraig thought it would suit him well and he decided he would try to buy it. When the day came he went to the auction. There was a big crowd at it and the auctioning began. Neighbours were bidding and no offer was made that they did not increase it by five or ten pounds, and then Pádraig began to raise the bidding and finally the neighbours saw they could not compete with the stranger and they stopped.

The holding fell to Pádraig. He paid the price immediately and went home. As soon as he had things ready he went to the new place. It was a fine holding of land with a good house. Then he went and bought a cow and planted crops and worked away, but for the present he was alone.

One day when he was returning from the town he saw a fine girl walking in front of him. He quickened his step and caught up with her. He spoke to her, but since she had never seen him before she was shy with him at first.

"Bhail, a chailín chóir," arsa Pádraig léithi fá dheireadh, "an bhfuil fhios agat cá hair a rabh mé ag smaoitiú?"

"Níl fhios agam," arsa sise.

"Bhail, tá mé i ndiaidh a theacht abhaile as Meiriceá, agus cheannaigh mé teach agus gabhaltas breá talaimh ansin tá gairid ó shin, agus tá gach uile rud ann anois ach aon rud amháin, agus sé sin bean, agus títheard domh go llongfása an bhearnaí sin go maith."

"Ó, bhail," arsa sise, "tháinig tú orm tobann, agus caithfidh tú am a thabhairt domh smaoitiú, agus ina chuideachta sin cead mo mhuintire a fháil."

"Tá tú seanchríonna go leor, thú féin, anois," arsa Pádraig, "le fios a bheith agat caidé is cóir duit a dhéanamh, agus ba mhaith liom freagar a fháil uait an áit na mbonn."

"Bhail, b'fhéidir go dtiocfadh liom fiche rud ní ba mheasa a dhéanamh," arsa sise.

Shocraigh siad lá pósta, agus d'imigh siad agus ghléas siad gach uile chineál, agus pósadh iad ar an tseachtain ina dhiaidh sin.

Bhí go maith agus ní rabh go holc. Bhí bó bhán ar cheann den eallach a bhí aige, agus gach uile lá, comh luath agus a scaoileadh sé amach iad, tharraingíodh an bhó bhán seo ar thom aiteanadh a bhí thíos in íochtar na páirce, agus ní rabh oiread fear an bhaile agus a bhéarfadh uirthi an áit sin a fhágáil go mbeadh an oíche ann. Bhí sé ag obair mall tráthnóna fómhair, agus ag gabháil ó sholas dó, thug sé leis cuaille bata, agus d'imigh sé ar lorg na bó báine. Chuartaigh sé thall is abhus í, agus fá dheireadh tháinig sé uirthi ins an aiteanach. Bhí cineál feirge air léithi, agus tharraing sé buille den bhata uirthi: "Go dtógaí an cat mara thú amach as m'amharc," arsa Pádraig, "murab é mo chroí atá briste leat!"

Thiomáin sé leis í, agus é ag caint leis féin fán rud a dhéanadh sé léithi nuair a thiocfadh an t-aonach a bhí ag teacht.

"Dara leabhra, mura bhfaghainnse ort ach punta amháin, cuirfidh mise de mo láimh thú, a allas an diabhaile!"

"A Phádraig," arsa an glór leis amach as an toim, "ná déan sin go rugaí ár mbó féin, agus má ní tú sin, ná bíodh eagla ar bith ort nó bhéarfadh sinne luach do shaothair duit!"

Bhí fhios ag Pádraig gurbh áit uasal a rabh sé ann, agus dar leis gur shábháilte dó agus go mb'fheárr dó na 'teanantaí beaga' a bhí ann a choinneáil leis, ach mar sin féin chuir sé i gcéill daofa go ndéan-

"Well, good girl," said Pádraig to her at last, "do you know what I was thinking?"

"No," said she.

"Well, I am after coming home from America, and I bought a house and a fine holding of land a short while ago, and it has everything in it but one thing only, and that is a wife, and it seems to me you would fill the gap well."

"O, well," said she, "you have come on me suddenly, and you must give me time to think and as well as that to get my family's consent."

"You are old enough yourself now," said Pádraig, "to know what is best for you to do, and I would like to get an answer from you immediately."

"Well," she said, "perhaps there are twenty worse things I could do."

They settled on the wedding day and got everything ready and were married the following week.

Well and good. Among his cattle there was a white cow and every day when he let them out the white cow would make for a furze bush at the bottom of the field and not all the men of the townland could make her leave it until evening. He was working late one autumn evening and when dark fell he took a stick and went to look for the white cow. He searched for her here and there, finally found her in the furze. He was vexed with her and struck her a blow with the stick: "May the mischief take you out of my sight," said he, "you have my heart broken!"

He drove her on, muttering to himself what he would do with her at the coming fair:

"By the Book, if I get no more than a pound for you I'll get rid of you, you sweat of the devil!"

"Pádraig," said a voice from the bush, "do not do that until after our own cow has calved, and if you do what we ask you need have no fear that we will not reward you well!"

Pádraig knew he was in a gentle place and that he would be safer and better off if he kept in with its "wee tenants", but all the same he let them know he would do what he liked with his own cow.

fadh sé a rogha rud lena bhó féin. Thiomáin sé chun an bhaile f an oíche sin, agus chaith sé sop féir chuici, agus rún aige á thabhairt chun aonaigh lá tharna mhárach.

Bhí go maith agus ní rabh go holc. D'inis sé do Nansai caidé mar bhí agus caidé an rún a bhí aige. Chuaigh an bheirt fá chónaí go luath an oíche sin ar scór éirí teacht an lae. Mhúscaíl siad ar maidin go luath, mar shíl siad féin, ach nuair a d'amharc Pádraig ar an am bhí an meán lae lá ann. Shíl sé gur liaspáin a bhí ar a shúile nuair a d'amharc sé ar an am, agus tharraing sé ar an doras le cinntiú dó féin nárbh ea.

"A Nansai a chroí," arsa seisean, "éirigh agus caith ort do chuid éadaigh go hachmair. Tá an lá caite, agus caithfear an bhó bhán a bhí inniu agus fanacht go dtí an t-aonach seo chugainn."

D'éirigh Nansai, agus rinn réidh an bricfeasta, agus nuair a bhí an bricfeasta caite, chuaigh sí amach go mblíodh sí an bhó. Thosaigh sí á bliogan, ach dá mhéad a rabh sí a bhaint de bhainne ón bhó, ní rabh a bleacht ag laghdú deor amháin. Ní rabh aon tobán ná aon soitheach fán teach nach rabh uilig go léir lán aici fá dheireadh agus bainne go fóill ins na balláin. Choinnigh sé an bhó bhán ansin.

Tráthnóna troscadh Oíche Shamhna a bhí ag teacht, bhí Pádraig ag baint phréataí, agus bhí an lá ins an am sin gairid, agus bhí sé ag obair gearrmhall. Bhí an tae ná cá bith a bhí ag gabháil ins an am réidh ag Nansai fána choinne, agus nuair a bhí dioscaireacht bheag an tráthnóna déanta acu, shuidh an bheirt isteach chun na tineadh agus thosaigh an comhrá acu.

"An bhfuil fhios agat," arsa Pádraig le Nansai, "cá hair a rabh mé ag smaoitiú?"

"Níl fhios agam," arsa Nansai.

"Tá, maise," a deir sé, "is í seo Oíche Shamhna, agus ag Dia atá fhios cé a bheas beo bliain ó anocht, agus bhí mé ag smaoitiú a ghabháil isteach ansin chun an bhaile mhóir agus rud inteacht a thabhairt amach a chuirfeadh subhachas beag orainn ar an oíche atá ann."

"Déan do rogha rud," arsa Nansai. "Nach cuma liomsa caidé a dhéanfas tú!"

D'éirigh Pádraig ina sheasamh, agus nigh agus ghlan sé é féin suas, agus chuir air a chulaith Dhomhnaigh, thug leis an trí agus sé pighne de airgead briste, agus d'imigh leis ag tarraingt ar an bhaile mhór. Nuair a chuaigh sé síos fiche slat óna dhoras chuaigh sé

He drove her home that night and threw her some hay with the full intention of taking her to the fair next day.

Well and good. He told Nancy about it and what his intention was. They went to bed early that night so as to rise at dawn. They awakened early, as they thought, but when Pádraig looked at the time it was already noon. He thought there must be something wrong with his sight and made for the door to make sure it was not so.

"Nancy dear," said he, "rise and dress yourself quickly. The day is spent and we will have to milk the white cow and wait for the next fair."

Nancy rose and prepared breakfast, and when breakfast was eaten she went out to milk the cow. She began milking, and however much she drew from the cow, its milk was not diminishing by a single drop. There was not a tub or a vessel in the house she did not fill and there was still some in the teats. He kept the cow after that.

Next Samhain Eve Pádraig was lifting potatoes. The day at that time is short and he was making haste. Nancy had his tea or whatever was going at that time ready, and when the little evening chores were finished, the two sat down by the fire and began to talk.

"Do you know," said Pádraig to Nancy, "what I am thinking?"

"No," said Nancy.

"Well, musha," said he, "this is Samhain Eve and God alone knows who will be alive a year from tonight, and I am thinking of going in to the town and bringing back something to give us a little cheer for the night that is in it."

"Do as you please," said Nancy. "Sure I don't mind what you do."

Pádraig stood up, washed and cleaned himself, put on his Sunday suit and took three or six pence of small money with him and started out for town. Twenty yards from his door he went out on

amach ar an bhealach mhór agus shiúil leis. Ní theachaidh sé i bhfad gur mhothaigh sé an marcach ag teacht ina dhiaidh, agus an capall ar cos in airde. Sheas sé isteach ar thaoibh an bhealaigh lena ligean thairis, ach nuair a tháinig marcach an chapall dhuibh chuige sheas sé agus chuir ceiliúr ar Phádraig.

"A Phádraig," ar seisean, "ar mhiste domh fiafraí cá bhfuil do thriall?"

"Ní miste, leoga," arsa Pádraig, "tá mé ag gabháil isteach anseo chun an bhaile mhóir fá dhéin cineál beag don oíche atá ann."

"Bhail, gabh aníos anseo ar mo chúlaibh," arsa an marcach, "tá mise ag gabháil an bealach céanna."

"Arú, ní fiú domh é," arsa Pádraig, "ar ndóiche, níl ann ach siúl chúig mbomaite!"

"Is cuma," arsa an marcach. "Deir siad gurb olc an mharc-afocht nach fearr ná an dubhchoisíocht, agus tar aníos anseo ar mo chúlaibh!"

Chuaigh Pádraig suas ar a chúlaibh, agus nuair a chuaigh thug sé na spoir don chapall agus ar shiúl leo mar bheadh an ghaoth Mhárta. Bhí an marcach an-charthannach, agus chan sé ar gach uile sheort ar an tsaol. Ina dhiaidh sin ní rabh dul ag Pádraig a aithne, agus dar leis nach bhfaca sé é ariamh. Bhí sé ag tiomáint leis, agus rinn Pádraig dearmad den bhaile mhór, agus ba chuma leis cé an áit a stopfadh sé. Fá dheireadh sheas an capall dubh.

"Anois," arsa an marcach le Pádraig, "féadfaidh tú tuirling anseo. Tá muid ag bun na scríbe."

Thuirling Pádraig, agus comh luath géar agus a chuir sé a chos ar an tsráid d'aithin sé go maith nach ar an bhaile bheag s' aige féin a bhí siad. Bhí siúl mór daoine agus soilse agus carranaí agus achan seort san áit ar casadh é. Bhí an-iontas air fá seo.

"Tá muid anseo anois," arsa seisean leis an mharcach, "agus tá iontas an tsaol orm nach n-aithnínm an áit, ná duine ar bith dá bhfeicim."

"Bhail," arsa an marcach, "is iontach liom sin—fear a chaith fhad leatsa ins an tír seo, agus nach bhfuil fhios agat cá bhfuil tú. Tá tú i gcathair New York!"

"Arú, ní féidir sin!" arsa Pádraig.

"Níl smid bhréige ann," arsa an marcach. "Chaith tusa seal fada anseo, agus comrádaí as an taoibh thiar d'Éirinn agat, agus d'imigh seisean agus trí chéad punta do do chuid airgid sa leis, agus

the main road and walked on. He had not gone far when he heard a rider galloping behind him. He stood back at the side of the road to let him pass, but when the rider on a black horse came along he stopped and spoke to Pádraig.

"Pádraig," he said, "may I ask where you are going?"

"You may indeed," said Pádraig. "I am going into the town to get something for the night that is in it."

"Well, get up behind me," said the rider. "I am going the same way myself."

"Aroo, it is not worth while," said Pádraig, "sure it is only a five-minute walk."

"No matter," said the rider. "It is said it is a bad ride that is not better than a hard walk, so get up behind me."

Pádraig got up behind him and as soon as he did the rider gave the spurs to the horse and away with them like the March wind. The rider was very friendly and talked of everything under the sun, but Pádraig could not recognize him and thought he had never seen him before. They kept going and Pádraig forgot about the town and did not mind where they would stop. At last the black horse came to a halt.

"Now," said the rider to Pádraig, "you may dismount. We have come to the end of our run."

Pádraig dismounted and as soon as he had his foot on the ground he knew it was not in his own small town he was. There were lights and a great many people passing and cars and everything in the place. He was amazed.

"We are here now," he said to the rider, "and I am amazed that I do not know the place nor anyone I see."

"Well," said the rider, "that surprises me—a man who spent as long as you did in this land and you don't know where you are. You are in the city of New York!"

"Aroo, that is impossible!" said Pádraig.

"It is not the least bit of a lie," said the rider. "You spent a long time here with a comrade from the west of Ireland, and he went off with three hundred pounds of your money, and that would

is fiú céad eile an tsuim sin anois. An bhfuil fhios agat cá bhfuil Máirtín Mór seo ina chónaí anois? "

" Níl fhios agam, leoga," arsa Pádraig.

" Bhail," arsa an marcach, " tá sé ina chónaí ins an tábhairne sin thall os ár gcoinne ar an taoibh eile den tsráid, agus gabh ann anois díreach agus iarr air do cheithre chéad punta a thabhairt duit isteach i gcúl do dhoirn."

" Creidim gurab é sin a mbeidh ar a shon agam," arsa Pádraig.

" Bhail, mur rabh sé sásta," arsa an marcach, " b'fhéidir go mbeadh sé míshásta. Bhéarfaidh mise gléas duit a chuirfeas múnadh air! "

Chuir sé a lámh ina phóca, agus tharraing sé amach cnapán mar bheadh ceirtlín shnáth.

" Anois," arsa seisean, " má chuireann sé suas den airgead a thabhairt duit caith an cheirtlín seo trasna an chuntair air, agus ní mhóitheochaidh sé go rabh caorthacha tine fá dtaobh de, agus bíodh geall gur gairid go bhfaghaí tú do chuid féin uaidh ansin! Nuair a gheobhas tusa do chuid uaidh ní bheidh agat ach a rá leis an tine a ghabháil as, agus dhéanfaidh sí sin in áit na mbonn."

Rinn Pádraig mar hiarradh air. Chuaigh sé trasna na sráide agus isteach chun an tábhairne. Bhí an teach lán daoine san am. Bhí Máirtín Mór istigh fosta, agus comh luath géar agus a chonaic sé Pádraig d'aithin sé é. Rinn sé craitheadh láimhe leis, agus má b'fhíor bhí lúcháir mhór air roimhe.

" Chualáí mé," a deir sé, " gur fhág tú an tír seo, agus ní rabh mé ag dúil le d'fheiceáil arais anois go deo."

" Bhail, creidim nach dtiocfainn arais comh luascanach," arsa seisean, " achab é aon rud amháin. Caidé fán tsuim mhór airgid sin de mo chuid a choinnigh tú? Bhí fhios agat cé an áit in Éirinn a rabh mé i mo chónaí, agus níor chuir tú scríob an pheanna chugam ón lá a scar mé leat, agus nuair nár chuir dar liom go mb'fhearr domh féin a theacht agus amharc fá dtaobh de! "

" An é seo brí do shiúil? " arsa Máirtín Mór.

" Is é cinnte," arsa Pádraig.

" Caithfidh sé nach bhfuil fhios agat mórán fá dlíodh na tíre seo," arsa Máirtín Mór. " Dá luas a rachaidh tú amach ar an doras is amhlaidh is fearr duit féin é, agus mur dtéi tú amach cuirfidh mise fá dhéin na bpéas! "

be worth another hundred pounds by now. Do you know where Máirtín Mór is living now? "

" Indeed I don't," said Pádraig.

" Well," said the rider, " he is living in that tavern over there on the opposite side of the street. Go right in and ask him to hand you your four hundred pounds."

" I think that is all the good it would do me," said Pádraig.

" Well, if he is not happy to do it," said the rider, " maybe he will be unhappy. I'll give you something that will teach him! "

He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a thing like a ball of wool.

" Now," said the rider, " if he refuses to give you the money throw this ball across the counter at him and he won't know until there are flames all round him, and you may be sure it won't be long before you get your money from him. When you get it, all you have to do is tell the fire to go out and it will be extinguished immediately."

Pádraig did as he was told. He crossed the street and went into the tavern. It was full of people. Máirtín Mór was there too, and as soon as he saw Pádraig he recognized him. He shook hands with him and said he was very glad to see him.

" I heard you had left this country," he said, " and I never expected to see you back again."

" Well, I wouldn't have come back so quickly but for one thing. What about that big sum of money of mine you kept? You knew where I was living in Ireland and you never wrote a line to me since the day we parted, and since you didn't I think it is better for myself to come and see about it."

" Is that the reason for your journey? " asked Máirtín Mór.

" It is surely," said Pádraig.

" You mustn't know much about the law of this land," said Máirtín Mór. " The sooner you get out that door the better for you. If you don't go I'll send for the police."

"Ní dhéanfaidh tú dadal den tseort," arsa Pádraig. "Tá ceithre chéad punta de mo chuid agat, agus go bhfagháí mise an phighin bheag agus an phighin mhór, ní fhágfaidh mé áit mo bhoinn!"

"Pighin rua ní bhfaighidh tú uaimse!" arsa Máirtín Mór.

"B'fhéidir go bhfaighinn!" arsa Pádraig.

Chuir sé a lámh ina phóca, agus chaith sé an cheirtlín seo trasna an toighe, agus fhad is bheithéa ag bualadh do dhá bhois ar a chéile, bhí an teach go huile ina chaor thine. Bhí an hullach-hallach ann ansin. D'fhéach an mhuintir a bhí istigh an doras a bhaint amach, ach bhí an tine comh tréan agus nach dtiocfadh leo fáil fríd an bhlaighre gan a bheith bruite dóite. D'agair Máirtín Mór ar Phádraig an tine a chur as agus go bhfaigheadh sé rud ar bith a bhí sé a dh'iarraidh. Rinn sé sin, agus fuair sé a cheithre chéad punta, agus oiread agus a dhíolfadh a bhealach arais go hÉirinn. Tharraing sé ar an tsiopa ab fhearr ar an bhaile ansin, agus cheannaigh sé culaith ghalánta dá bhean, agus péire deas bróg, agus hata galánta, agus culaith dheas dó féin. Chuaigh sé isteach i dteach tábhairne ansin, agus cheannaigh sé buidéal biotáilte, agus áran agus tobaca. Nuair a bhí sin uilig déanta aige bhí an marcach agus an capall dubh ina seasamh san áit chéanna ar fhág sé iad ag fanacht leis.

"Caidé mar d'éirigh leat?" arsa an marcach leis.

"Go han-mhaith," arsa Pádraig, "agus tím gur fíor an seanfhocal go dtiocfaidh an té atá ionraice ina chuid féin."

"Gura mar sin duit!" arsa an marcach.

"Cuir aníos an bhagáiste sin chugam, agus gabh féin aníos anseo ar mo chúlaibh arís!"

Rinn Pádraig sin, agus thug an marcach na spoir don chapall dhubh, agus bhéarfadh sé ar an ghaoith a bhí roimhe, agus ní bhéarfadh an ghaoith a bhí ina dhiaidh air. Bhí an marcach ag iarraidh a bheith ag comhrá le Pádraig, ach bhí an anál á baint de, agus ní rabh sé ábalta freagar a thabhairt air. Ba ghairid uilig a bhí siad gur shroichí siad an baile beag a rabh Pádraig ag tarraingt air nuair a casadh an marcach air.

"Anois," arsa an marcach leis, "tá tú ag bun do chasáin féin, tuirling den chapall agus beir uaim ar an bhagáiste seo."

Thuirling Pádraig, agus chaith an marcach a bhagáiste anuas chuige, agus caidé a rinn sé ach an beartán a rabh an buidéal ann a chaitheamh in aghaidhe an chlaidhe, agus shíl Pádraig go rabh sé ina ghliogar aige, ach nuair a d'amharc sé air dheamhan dath a bhí

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said Pádraig. "You have four hundred pounds of mine and until I get every penny of it I won't stir from here."

"Not a red penny will you get from me!" said Máirtín Mór.

"Maybe I will," said Pádraig.

He put his hand in his pocket and threw this ball across the house, and as quickly as you would clap hands the whole house was in flames. Then there was the hurly-burly. Those inside tried to reach the door but the fire was so strong they couldn't get through the blaze without being burnt. Máirtín Mór implored Pádraig to put out the fire and promised him anything he'd ask for. He agreed and got his four hundred pounds and as much as would pay his passage to Ireland. Then he went to the best shop in the city and bought a beautiful dress and a nice pair of shoes for his wife, and a fine hat and a good suit for himself. He went into a tavern and bought a bottle of whiskey and bread and tobacco. When he had done all that the rider and the black horse were waiting for him at the same place where he had left them.

"How did it go for you?" asked the rider.

"Very well," said Pádraig, "and I see the proverb is true that says the honest man will get what belongs to him."

"May it be so with you!" said the rider. "Hand me up that baggage and get up behind me."

Pádraig did so and the rider gave the spurs to the black horse. It went so fast that it could catch up on the wind before it and the wind behind it could not catch up with it. The rider tried to converse with Pádraig, but his breath was blown away from him and he was not able to answer him. In a very short time they reached the little town to which Pádraig was going when he first met the rider.

"Now," said the rider to him, "you are at the foot of your own path, dismount from the horse and catch the baggage."

Pádraig dismounted and the rider threw the baggage down to him and what did he do but throw the parcel containing the bottle against the wall and Pádraig thought it must be in smithereens but when he looked at it there was nothing wrong with it. He turned

air. Thug sé thart a cheann ansin le buíochas a thabhairt don mharcach, ach ní rabh marcach ar bith aige. D'imigh sé mar bheadh ceo an chnoic. Chreathnaigh sé rud beag, ach nuair a tháinig sé chuige féin chruinnigh sé suas a bhagáiste agus tharraing sé ar an teach.

"Bhail," arsa Nansaí, nuair a chuaigh sé isteach, "an féidir go bhfuil tú arais ón bhaile mhór cheana féin! Ní rabh mé ag dúil leat go cionn fada go leor go fóill!"

"Ó, dar Dia!" arsa Pádraig, "níor sheas mé ar an bhaile sin anocht."

"Agus cá rabh tú?" arsa sise.

"Bhí mé thall i New York!" arsa seisean.

"Bhí, maise!" arsa sise, "agus an ciotal a d'fhág tú ar an tine ag imeacht duit nach bhfuil sé ag goil go fóill!"

"Bhí, leoga," arsa seisean, "agus má tá meas bréige agat orm tabhair leat scian agus gearr an sreangán de na beartáin sin thíos, agus beidh fhios agat nach bhfuil mé ag déanamh bréige leat!"

Rug sí ar an scin, agus ba é an chéad rud a nocht chuici amach as an bheartán a culaith shíoda, agus buidéal na biotáilte, agus bhí sí ag cur amach gur fhoscail sí amach deireadh.

"Tím," arsa sise, "go bhfuil tú ag inse na ffrinne domh."

"Níor inis mé aon bhréag ariamh duit," arsa Pádraig. "D'inis mé duit fá Mháirtín Mhór agus an dóigh ar choinnigh sé mo chuid airgid, ach tá mo chuid féin uilig arais liom anocht agus go leor lena chois. Tá cuimhne agat ar an oíche a ghread mé an bhó bhán amach as tor na haiteanadh, agus ar scairt na huaisle beaga liom gan a díol go rugadh a mbó féin?"

"Tá cuimhne mhaith," arsa Nansaí, "ach ní thug mé aird ar bith ar do chuid cainte an oíche sin. Shíl mé dáiríribh gur braon beag a bhí agat."

"Bhail, ba mhór an gar domhsa agus duitse gur chodlaigh muid an mhaidin sin a bhí rún agamsa an bhó a thabhairt amach chun aonaigh, achab é an bhó ní fheicfinnse aon phighin de mo chuid airgid go deo. Dúirt siad liom an tráthnóna sin dá gcoinnínn an bhó go ndéanfadh siad mo chúiteamh lá ab fhaide anonn. Tá mé cinnte gurab iad a thug go New York mé anocht."

Rug sé ar an bhuidéal, agus bhain sé cupla sloig mhaith as, agus bhí sin ann scoith na biotáilte. Rinn siad réidh suipéar maith ansin, agus d'ith siad agus d'ól siad. Bhí lá saoire ann lá tharna mhárach,

round then to thank the rider but there was no rider to be seen. He had vanished like the mist of the hill. Pádraig was a little shaken, but when he came to himself he gathered up the baggage and went to his house.

"Well," said Nancy, when he came in, "are you back already from the town! I wasn't expecting you for a while yet!"

"O, by God, I wasn't in that town tonight!" said Pádraig.

"And where were you?" said she.

"I was over in New York!" said he.

"You were, musha!" said she, "and the kettle that was on the fire and you going hasn't begun to boil yet!"

"I was, indeed," said he, "and if you think I am lying get a knife and cut the string off these parcels and you will know I am telling the truth!"

She grabbed a knife and the first thing out of the parcel was her silk dress, and then the bottle of whiskey, and she kept on until all was unpacked.

"I see you are telling me the truth!" she said.

"I never told you a lie," said Pádraig. "I have told you about Máirtín Mór and the way he kept my money, but I have got it all back tonight and much more. Do you remember the night I drove the white cow out of the furze bush and the wee gentry called out to me not to sell her until their own cow calved?"

"I remember," said Nancy, "but I didn't pay much attention to your talk that night. I thought indeed you had taken a wee drop."

"Well, it was lucky for you and for me that we slept that morning I intended to take the cow to the fair. But for the cow I would never have seen a penny of my money. They told me that evening they would reward me some day if I kept the cow. I am certain it was they who took me to New York tonight."

He lifted the bottle and took a couple of good drinks out of it and it was the best of whiskeys. They prepared a good supper then and ate and drank. Next day was a holiday and Nancy wore the

agus chuir Nansaf uirthi an chulaith shíoda a thug Pádraig chuici. Bean iontach chráifeach a bhí inti, agus ba ghnách léithi a ghabháil suas go dtí an suíochán tosaigh i dtoigh an phobail gach uile Dhomhnach, agus nuair a chuaigh sí suas an lá seo bhí iontas ar na mná uilig fán éideadh ghalánta a bhí uirthi—an cóta agus an hata. Ní rabh aon bhean bodaigh i dtoigh an phobail a bhí gléasta comh fiúntach léithi.

Ar maidin lá tharna mhárach chuaigh Pádraig isteach chun an bhainc, agus d'fhág sé an t-airgead i dtaisce. Bhí a saith acu ansin, agus chaith siad saol neambuartha.

Tá mé ag éisteacht leis ariamh canta go dtig leis na huaisle seo cuidiú leis an té a chuideochadh leo, agus an té a bhainfeadh leo ar dhóigh ar bith gurab é a bheadh thíos leis.

silk dress Pádraig had brought for her. She was a very devout woman and she used to go to the front bench in the church every Sunday. When she went up this day all the women were wondering at the fine clothes she was wearing, the coat and the hat. No rich man's wife in the church was as well dressed as she was.

Next morning Pádraig went to the bank and lodged his money. They had plenty from that onward and lived an untroubled life.

I have always heard it said that the gentry can help those who help them and that anyone who interfered with them in any way would be at a loss.

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130. Ibid., No. 38, *Béaloides* XXVII, p. 34.
131. Ibid., No. 35, *Béaloides* XXVII, pp. 31-2.
132. Ibid., No. 36, *Béaloides* XXVII, pp. 32-3.
133. Ibid., No. 40, *Béaloides* XXIII, p. 181.
134. Ibid., No. 22, *Béaloides* XXVII, p. 20.
135. Ibid., No. 46, *Béaloides* XXIII, pp. 188-91.
136. *Béaloides* XXVIII, pp. 79-86.

Instead of Nos. 33 and 34 of 'Sídhe-Scéalta', *Béaloides* XXIII, pp. 172-5, both versions of 'The knife against the wave', I chose the version in 'Seanchas Iascaireachta agus Farraige', No. 92 in this collection, as being on balance the best; all three are close. Instead of No. 83, *Béaloides* XXIII, pp. 221-2, a version of 'The fairy island', I chose the version in *Gaeilge Theilinn*, No. 90 in this collection. Two other items in 'Sídhe-Scéalta' have been omitted in this translation because they were not properly fairy legends,

viz. No. 38, *Béaloideas* XXIII, pp. 178-9 (infant deaths in family cease when surname changed), and No. 30, *Béaloideas* XXVII, p. 29 (diabolic cat disturbs woman at prayer).

In *Béaloideas* XXIII, p. 137, the following corrections of attribution of items by number to storytellers should be made: Máire Ní Bheirn, 22 not 12; Séamas Mac Amhlaoigh, 24 not 14, and omit 66; Cathal Ó Baoill, add 65.

STORYTELLERS

SOUTH-WEST DONEGAL (TEELIN AND HINTERLAND)

Dónall Mac mBriartaigh, Ceapach Uachtarach, 63, 64.
 Pádraig Mac Seáin, fisherman, Ceapach Uachtarach, 3, 16, 32, 73, 89.
 Seán Mac Seáin, fisherman, Leirg an Dachtaín, 77, 88.
 Bríd Ní Bheirn, Ceapach Uachtarach, 66.
 Máire Ní Bheirn, sister of Conall, 9, 12, 33, 37, 50, 68.
 Máire Ní Eochaidh, Cruachlann, 5.
 Bríd Ní Mhíocháin, Leirg an Dachtaín, 69.
 Cathal Ó Baoill, farmer, Mín an Aodhaire, 11, 14, 18, 20, 21, 22, 24, 25, 31, 35, 39, 40, 42, 43, 45, 46, 49, 52, 53, 54, 55, 57, 61, 62, 65, 72.
 Conall Ó Beirn, fisherman, Iomaire Mhuireanáin, 1, 2, 15, 28, 29, 30, 34, 41, 44, 47, 48, 56, 58, 60, 67, 70, 74, 80, 81, 84, 87, 92, 93.
 Peadar Ó Beirn, brother of Conall, 13.
 Seosamh Ó Beirn, fisherman, Ceapach Uachtarach, 8, 26, 51, 71, 76.
 Joseph O'Boyle, teacher, Malinmore, 27.
 Seán Ó Cuinnigeáin, Iomaire Mhuireanáin, 7, 79, 82, 85.
 Conall Ó hEochaidh, fisherman, Rann na Cille, 59, 83.
 Seán Ó hEochaidh, 4, 27, 75, 90.
 Mícheál Ó hIghne, Atharach, 86, 91.
 Seán Ó hIghne, tailor, Ceann na Coilleadh, 10, 78.
 Máire (bean) Uí Cheallaigh, An Baile Mór, 6, 17, 23, 36, 38.

TORY ISLAND

Aodh Dixon, fisherman, 94, 98, 99, 103, 104.
 Jimí Dixon, fisherman, 95, 96, 97, 100, 101, 102, 105.

BLUESTACK MOUNTAINS

Séamas Mac Amhlaoibh, Na Saileasaí, Inbhear, 114, 121, 136.
 Seán Mac an Bhaird, Cruach Thobraid, 115, 116.
 Mícheál Mac an Luain, Na Cruacha, 110.
 Mícl Mhicheáil Mac an Luain, Na Cruacha, 111.
 Pádraig Mac an Luain, Na Cruacha, 112.
 Pádraig Eoghain Phádraig Mac an Luain, Na Cruacha, 106, 113.
 Peadar Rua Mac an Luain, An Dubh-Chruach, 118, 119.
 Anna Nic an Luain, Cruach Thobraid, 107, 108, 109, 117, 120.

NORTH DONEGAL

Séamus Mac Giolla Chomhghaill, An Loinnigh, Gweedore, 133.
 Sábha (bean) Mhic Eiteagáin, Downings, Rosgill, 129.
 Seán Mac Phaidín, Machaire Rabhartaigh, Gortahork, 130.
 Eibhlín Ní Dhubhlaigh, An Bhealtaine, Gortahork, 126, 127, 128.
 Máire Nic Fhionnlaoich, Machaire Loisce, Gweedore, 125.
 Máire Ní Luóg, An Dubhchoraidh, Gweebarra, 123.
 Donnchadh Ó Baoill, teacher, Gortahork, 135.
 Mícl Sheáin Néill Ó Baoill, Rann na Feirste, 131, 132.
 Dónall Ó Ceallacháin, shopkeeper, Kindrum, Fanad, 124.
 Peadar Ó Dónaill, smith, Bedlam, Gortahork, 122.
 Seán Ó Siáil, Baile Uí Bhoireascaigh, Fanad, 134.

The stories were recorded over the period 1935-1955. The narrators, with but two or three exceptions, were born in the nineteenth century. Some were children, some were young adults, and some had reached the middle decades of life when the twentieth century began.

The numbers after the narrators' names refer to the stories in this collection.

NOTES

The aim in these notes is to point out certain implications and matters of interest in the fairy legends. To have attempted to give full references to other printed or recorded versions would have added enormously to the length of the book and, at this stage of Irish folklore research, would have been superfluous. Fruitful studies of aspects of Irish fairy belief can now be pursued only in the archives of the Department of Irish Folklore in University College, Dublin, where the sources are at hand. In a few instances the reader is directed to the ample references in *Leabhar Shéidin í Chonaill* by Séamus Ó Duilearga and to reference works by Seán Ó Súilleabháin. Where other local versions of stories are in print, either in the collections of Seán Ó hEochaidh himself or in the earlier collection by León Ó Baoighill, indications to them are given.

STORIES FROM SOUTH-WEST DONEGAL

1. This account of the fairies introduces themes, most of which occur in the stories.

Fairy origin and hope of salvation. The explanation that fairies are angels banished by God from heaven after Lucifer's rebellion was the general Irish belief. It is sometimes embodied in an anecdote in which the Archangel Michael implored God not to empty heaven and God's immediate decision to leave everything as it was at that moment left the falling angels in different elements, as here, giving different categories of other world beings. No. 106 in this collection deals with the fairies hope of salvation. Cf. S. Ó Duilearga: *Leabhar Shéidin í Chonaill*, pp. 291, 434-5, 484; S. Ó Súilleabháin: "Scéalta Cráibhtheacha", *Béal*. XXI, pp. 323-4. Incidentally a mis-reading of Ó Súilleabháin's summary has led to a wrong entry in the *Motif-Index* under F251.3. *Unbaptised children as fairies*, and there is no basis for the Irish reference under this motif. Scandinavian traditions of fairy origin and hope of salvation may be compared, R. Th. Christiansen, *Migratory Legends*, Nos. 5050 and 5055 *Folktales of Norway*, pp. 87-92 and "Some Notes on the Fairies and the Fairy Faith", *Béal*. 39-41, pp. 95-111.

Fairies and week-days. Curiously enough fairy sensitivity to the names of certain week-days has been evidenced from only a few regions in Ireland. Seán Ó hEochaidh gives the following information for southwest Donegal: *Bhí sé de nós ag na seandaoine nuair a bhíodh siad ag trácht ar na huaisle beaga sin a rá: 'Inniu an Luan, ní chluinfidh siad sinn!' Agus an rud ab iontai ná sin ba chuma ceocu ba é an Luan a bhí ann nó nárbh é* (When the old people were talking of these wee gentry they used to say: "Today is Monday, they won't hear us!") And the strangest thing is that it did not matter whether it was Monday or not). On the north Mayo coast on the opposite side of Donegal Bay, S. Ó Duilearga recorded a charm against fairies from an old woman which begins *Inniu Dé Máirt* (Today is Tuesday), Tuesday being the day on which it was recorded, *Béal*. XVII, p. 112. Lady Gregory, who collected in the Slieve Aughty district in south Galway in the early years of the century, gives examples of the custom of naming a week-day specially Monday, when speaking of the fairies, *Poets and Dreamers*, 1903, pp. 108, 110; *Visions and Beliefs*, 1920 ed., I, p. 86; II, pp. 175, 178; 1970 ed., pp. 239, 241. Allied to Sunday, the belief was recorded of the Cavan-Meath border country by P. J. Gaynor: "In days gone by the old people held the belief that the fairies could hear what they were saying on every night of the week except Sunday night. They were afraid to talk about the fairies on any other night. And on Sunday night if anybody went to talk about the fairies, he or she would say: 'This is Sunday night and they won't hear us talking about them.'" IFC. MS. 815, p. 149.

The belief, allied to Friday, was known in Scotland: *An diugh an Aona's cha chluin iad sinn.* (Today is Friday and they cannot hear us), A. Carmichael; *Carmina Gadelica* II, p. 272; and see also *Ibid.* V, pp. 250-1. Carmichael also says: "They are never allowed out on Thursday, that being Columba's day, nor on Friday, that being the son's day, nor on Saturday, that being Mary's day, nor on Sunday, that being the Lord's day." *Ibid.* II, p. 353.

That they should be believed sensitive to Sunday is easily understood, but the aversion to or tolerance of other named week-days requires further study. For further comment see the note to No. 62 *The Two Hunchbacks*.

Fairies' dependence on a human agent. This is a widespread belief but in this collection only two stories clearly affirm it, Nos. 11 and 105.

Fairy physique and dress. The description of fairy physique and dress, while specific, is not often corroborated in actual encounters except in the one particular of red hair. The association of red hair with fairies is strong in Irish tradition and occurs often in this collection. Fairies are often taken to be ordinary adult mortals by those who meet them: they are often described as small but not so small at first sight as to arouse suspicion of their not being human.

3. *Aine of Cnoc Áine.* At first reading this seems to be a simple fairy abduction story of a herd-girl on the hillside but there is no doubt that Áine was a mythological person. The two succeeding items and the references to her hill, Cnoc Áine, make that clear. Teelin traditions of Áine are in print also in *Béal*. XXXI pp. 72-3, 86-7, and in the song "Sliabh Liag", in É. Ó Muirghéasa: *Dhá Chéad de Cheoltaibh Uladh*, pp. 402-6. There is a close similarity between the tradition of Cnoc Áine near Teelin and Cnoc Áine near Slieve Gullion, Co. Derry. Áine, as a local fairy queen is attested from widely scattered places in Ireland, cf. M. MacNeill: *Festival of Lughnasa*, pp. 65, 151, 186, 206, 307, 408. For references to Áine in older Irish literature see O'Rahilly's *Early Irish History and Mythology*, pp. 288-9. In this collection references to Áine or Cnoc Áine occur in Nos. 4, 5, 6, 108.

The father's rash objuration *Tairbhím thú do chnoic agus do mhullaigh!* (I offer you to the hills and the heights!) is closely paralleled in No. 73 of this collection. A father's rash command to his daughter is a feature of two abduction stories from east Donegal recorded by L. McClintock, *Dublin University Magazine*, February, 1877, p. 241, and *Cornhill Magazine*, 1877, pp. 174-6. See also *Béal* XXXI, p. 73.

5. *Áine's advice to the discontented wife.* A variant of this stave-anecdote is recorded from Cape Clear Island off the Cork coast, C. Ó Síocháin: *Seanchas Chléire*, pp. 112-13. The advice is given by Saint Ciarán and the diet he recommends, *plúr mín gléigeal* (fine white flour) and *siobhainne caorach* (overboiled sheep's milk) served cool after heating, is interpreted as nourishing, not damaging, and therefore frustrating the wife's intention.

6-9. These stories, like No. 3, have as emotive condition the danger of being lost while herding or taking a short-cut through the hills. A story similar to No. 6 appears in León Ó Baoighill's collection, *Béal*. VIII, pp. 160-1.

10. *The stolen girl rescued from the fairies.* There are several story-types of rescue of women from the fairies. This belongs to the type "rescue from fairy cavalcade". It is often told of a stolen wife, but in this instance of a girl about to be married. See S. Ó Duilearga: *Leabhar Shéidin Í Chonaill*, pp. 291-2, 435, for an example and a list of printed versions. No. 39 in this collection refers to the danger of bethrothal-time. The storytellers use of the form *liopracháin* is curious since the normal Donegal word for a fairy shoemaker is *lochromán*. The narrator spent some time in the U.S.A. and this may have had some bearing on his usage.

11. *The three sneezes.* Another frequent rescue-type told always of a bride and a wedding. Dumbness as a result of fairy abduction curable by a certain herb occurs frequently in rescue stories.

12. *The woman dropped from the air.* In this story a pious exclamation breaks the fairy spell; in No. 13 it is the power of iron (nails). No. 95, a Tory version, has both prayer and iron (tongs). Gerard Murphy, in his review in *Eigse*, drew attention to early medieval versions of this legend in the "Wonders of Ireland". In *The Types of the Irish Folktale* it has been allotted the number 990*.

13. *How the shoemaker saved his wife.* See preceding note. It is usually in childbirth that wives were abducted.

14-16. Variants of the widespread legend of *the midwife called to attend a fairy childbirth*, Christiansen's *Migratory Legends*, No. 5070. Versions are listed under 836 F* in *Types of the Irish Folktale*, and a rather untypical (for Ireland) version is given in S. O'Sullivan's *Folktales of Ireland*, No. 26. To the versions noted in these reference books, add: *Dublin Penny Journal*, 1833, pp. 270-1; Evans-Wentz: *Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries*, 1911, pp. 54, 136, 140, 175, 182; *Béal*. I, pp. 127, 267; *Béal*. XVII, p. 220. See also T. Gwynn Jones: *Welsh Folklore and Folk Custom*, p. 71; K. Briggs: *Folktales of England*, pp. 38-9; R. Th. Christiansen: *Folktales of Norway*, pp. 105-10. No. 16 brings out the interesting fact that the woman in labour is a stolen human.

17. *The stolen woman's lullaby.* A Donegal example of one of the most poignant of Irish fairy traditions, the stolen woman who appeals for rescue while singing a lullaby in fairy captivity. The song in this version is somewhat obscure, may not be complete and the verses might be given a more logical order. The appeal for rescue is implied in verse 8 in which the singer says she has not yet

eaten fairy food, and in verse 7 when she begs for iron to be thrown at her, but verses 6 and 9 seem to imply that her fate is sealed, and verses 3 and 5 sound like a warning that her sister is in danger of being "taken".

18. *The battle of Gleann Bholcáin.* Legends of the "taking" of young children at hay-making are common: it was one of the danger times. Having to pick out one's own wife or child from amongst a number (often identical in appearance) is a feature of some rescues from fairyland. The traces of a fairy battle seen next morning follows a usual pattern, and occurs also in No. 118 of this collection. It seems to be inconsistent with the belief in fairy bloodlessness (see Nos. 1 and 106).

19. *The fairy house at the short cut through the hills.* *Aichearra an Ghearráin Bháin* (literally, "the white gelding's short-cut") is to the north of Leahan mountain. *Gearrán Bán* occurs in many place-names: it has been said it means the moon, and has probably a mythological significance. Contrary to the usual belief, the humans in this story are free to leave after eating food in the fairy dwelling.

For a close parallel to the stolen woman's living on human food see Curtin's *Tales of the Irish Fairies*, p. 26, and O'Sullivan's *Folktales of Ireland*, No. 29. Munster versions of a lullaby with the same story setting but no similarity in wording were printed in *An Claidheamh Soluis*, 20/7/1901, p. 295; *Irisleabhar na Gaedhilge* XV, 1905, pp. 3-4; Donal O'Sullivan: *Songs of the Irish*, pp. 18-20.

FAIRIES AND CATTLE

Nos. 21-26 from the Teelin area reflect the importance of cattle. No. 97 from Tory, Nos. 109, 110, 111 and 136 from the Cruacha, and No. 131 from Rannafast have also this pre-occupation.

21. *Calamity meat.* The belief embodied in this tale was widespread. A Kerry version appears in Curtin's *Tales of the Fairies*, p. 121. The fairy darts of Nos. 22 and 23, and the "air-shots" of No. 97 were old stone arrow-heads believed by the people to be fairy objects. The Mary Candle (*Coinneal Mhuire*) was blessed on the feast of Candlemas, 2nd February. In Nos. 22 and 25 there are examples of the universal belief that an alien population-group has

occult powers or practices: in Donegal among the old Catholic stock the knowing ones were the Protestants. The anecdotes in Nos. 24 and 25 are not strictly fairy anecdotes: they deal with witchcraft, but they also contain fairy beliefs.

26. *The fairy cow and her progeny.* Another version of this widespread story is No. 131 in this collection, and No. 111 is probably an imperfect replica of it.

FAIRIES AND CORN

27. *The gruagach in Malinmore.* This story, recorded in English, of the fairy who does the household's work by night and leaves when rewarded, is interesting as an example of the distinctiveness of cultural traditions. It is rare in Ireland and, where found, can be assumed to be of English or Scottish origin. An example from Wicklow is cited in Keightley's *Fairy Mythology*, p. 368. Kennedy gives a Co. Kildare version where the fairy helper is called a pooka and described as a big grey ass although the tasks it performs are inappropriate to an ass-like creature, *Legendary Fictions*, 1891, p. 114. P. Ussher gives a Co. Waterford reference, *Folklore*, Vol. 25, 1914, p. 120. The term *gruagach*, the simple meaning of which is "hairy", is used in Irish tradition for a quite different kind of being, an ogre-like warrior or magician. In Scottish Gaelic it is used to describe a girl in the complimentary sense of her having long beautiful hair. The legend in English tradition was attached to the *brownie*, and Wilde says that "The belief in the *brownie* still remains among the superstitious Presbyterians of the mountains of Derry and Antrim, who leave bread and milk for him on the hearth at night," *Irish Popular Superstitions*, p. 126. In Scandinavian tradition it is attached to the *nisse*, *tomte*, etc., cf. R. Th. Christiansen, *Migratory Legends*, No. 7015, and *Folktales of Norway*, pp. 138-9. Irish traditions of fairies and corn can be seen in Nos. 58, 113, 114 and 135 of this collection.

FAIRIES AND HOUSES

In Seán Ó Súilleabháin's *Handbook of Irish Folklore*, pp. 8-15, there are many pointers to the concern felt about the luck of a house and this was associated with its siting and the places from which building material was taken. Nos. 28-31 illustrate this concern,

as does No. 115 from the Bluestack Mountains. Generally the fairies are regarded as resentful of human intrusion on their territory, but No. 33 tells of a house which was co-habited peacefully by both fairies and humans. In León Ó Baoighill's collection there is an anecdote of a fairy neighbour attending a funeral, *Béal*. VIII, p. 162.

FAIRIES AND HOUSE WATER

Taboos about the disposal of used household-water were common in Ireland and always associated with the fairies. Nos. 34-6 illustrate the belief and custom in south-west Donegal.

FAIRIES AND SPINNING

37. *The spinning-wheel and the wee folk.* When spinning was a necessary part of the household economy success or failure with it was of keen concern and so notions of luck and fairy intervention were bound up with it. Illustrations of the belief in north Donegal can be seen in Nos. 124-6 and 133.

FAIRIES LEAD ASTRAY

38. Fairies were much feared by those who had to be out alone in lonely places at night. A great many legends of encounters with them spring from and feed this fear. Losing one's sense of direction and whereabouts is one of the unpleasant or eerie experiences caused by them. The risk was intensified by being out on Samhain Eve, the most eerie night of the year. Nos. 67, 126 and 127 also deal with being led astray.

39. In south-west Donegal the time between betrothal and wedding (*eadar ddíl agus pósadh*) was usually only one week. The agreement to marry (*ddíl*) was often made on the Sunday before the wedding, so Seán Ó hEochaidh has informed me. Cf. No. 136.

FAIRIES AND POTEEN

As the making of poteen (illegal whiskey) had to be concealed from law enforcement officers it was made in remote places difficult of access and often at night. It is not surprising that it was associated with fantastic experiences. The tradition of the fairies' love of whiskey and the custom of offering them the first libation probably goes back far beyond the days when private distilling was made illegal.

No. 40, in spite of its beginning and end, is not a fairy legend but a tale of magic with a clear suggestion of the source of magic being evil and may be compared with No. 119 in this collection. As to the phrase *Frid an rideall*, "through the riddle", Seán Ó hEochaidh assures me that this is what the storyteller said. It occurs to me, however, that *rideall* may be a euphemism for *ruball*, "tail", in which case the episode might be akin to Motif G243.1.1. Witches kiss devil's tail. No. 41, also, is a tale of a diabolic not a fairy visitor. Nos. 42 and 43, however, have the typical fairy legend combination of illusion and realistic circumstance. Versions of Nos. 40 and 41 appear in León Ó Baoighill's collection, *Béal*. VIII, pp. 164-5.

Other stories concerning poteen in this collection are Nos. 100, 101, 118 and 119.

FAIRIES MET AT NIGHT

Nos. 44-8 illustrate the inter-play of fairy experience and everyday life. Although the adventures are nocturnal and represented, in some instances, as frightening they are not really frightful. Indeed No. 47 is imaginatively appealing; a somewhat similar anecdote appears in León Ó Baoighill's collection, *Béal*. XII, p. 156.

LONE FAIRIES MET BY DAY

Besides Nos. 49 and 50 there are many instances in this collection of fairy encounters in daylight: they appear under other headings. Almost invariably they involve a meeting with one fairy only in contrast to nocturnal experiences in which, so often, a human encounters the fairy host. No. 49, while impressively told, seems to have no *raison d'être*: possibly there was formerly a fuller narrative. No. 50 illustrates pleasingly the co-existence of humans and fairies.

POWERS CONFERRED BY THE FAIRIES

51. Several families in Ireland were believed to have hereditary powers of curing. The Ó hIghne (O'Heney, Heeney) family was one of these. See O'Sullivan's *Folktales of Ireland* No. 32 for a comparable tradition of how a Lee of Conamara got the gift.

52. Two anecdotes are combined in this story: the loss of the daily coin through telling about it; and the tale of the magic trickster of which No. 53 is another version. Neither 52 nor 53 is well integrated, and the explanation of this may be that both contain faint echoes of the sixteenth century satiric literary tale. *Eachtra an Cheithearnaigh Chaoilriabhagh* adapted to the conditions of peasant life. For a discussion of the tale see Alan Bruford's "Gaelic Folktales and Mediæval Romances", *Béal*. XXXIV. Another version of the magic trickster occurs in No. 119 in this collection.

FAIRY REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS

Nos. 54-6 deal with the "self-returning magic coin" (motif D1602.11.); the first two imply that such gifts are not blessed, in 54, because the smith was induced to work on Sunday, and, in 55, because the recipient feared the gift would make him a drunkard. No. 54 resembles a version from Teelin in O'Sullivan's *Folktales of Ireland*, No. 28. No. 56 has a curious resemblance to the Grimm version (Grimm 182) of "The Gifts of the Little People," and may, accordingly, be regarded as a version of Type 503. An almost identical story appears in León Ó Baoighill's collection, *Béal*. VIII, pp. 148-9.

No. 60 is a good example of the hospitality offered and expected in Irish peasant life, and it also repeats a motif met already in No. 55, the insubstantiality of fairy phenomena.

61. To be noted in this legend, apart from its moral, is the belief that the drowned live on among the fairies and have children.

62. *The two hunchbacks*. Seán Ó Súilleabháin lists 383 Irish versions of this popular story (Type 503) in *The Types of the Irish Folk-tale*. The great majority of them, as in this version, base the fairies' pleasure and displeasure solely on the harmony and disharmony added to their simple week-day jingle. The best form of this story

seems to be the Spanish one wherein the first addition completes a rhyming couplet and the second addition adds "y Domingo siete" (and Sunday seven), the Lord's Day being anathema to the fairies. Hence the proverbial saying "y Domingo siete" for a tactless or malaprop interjection. One Irish version in print, probably from the Meath-Monaghan border, *Béal*. I, pp. 64-5, resembles the Spanish. Two possibilities have to be considered: either the Irish versions are incomplete borrowings from the Romance tradition or, if older in origin, have fossilized in them a similar aversion to certain named days.

FAIRY PHENOMENA

Nos. 63-4 seem to be just cautionary tales about the danger of wandering alone on the hills which would be most likely to happen on Sundays. No religious taboo is involved. In Catholic Ireland Sunday observances are fulfilled by attendance at Mass and abstinence from gainful employment; being a day of leisure, Sunday was traditionally the day for games and outings and it would also have been the one day of the week when a man was free to wander idly on the hills and shores. Rolling stones (or other round masses) and ringing bells (of which the clock in No. 65 may be a modern representative) are among the supernatural phenomena occurring in Irish tradition as noted in *The Handbook of Irish Folklore*, pp. 512-13.

FAIRY AVERSIONS

Nos. 66-8 exemplify the fairy aversion to salt and iron. The aversion to salt is also mentioned in No. 73 and No. 127 of this collection. No. 128 exemplifies the protective power of fire. Fairy fear of iron is implied in Nos. 92 and 112.

VARIA

70. The building (usually a church) built by day and knocked each night is a very common Irish local legend.

71. *The fateful birthhours*. A version of Type 947B*. In *The Types of Irish Folklore* references are given to nine other versions, and a version from Kerry appears in O'Sullivan's *Folktales of Ireland*, No. 375.

FAIRY WOMAN AND MORTAL MAN

Nos. 72-73 deal with the theme Fairy Women and Mortal Men. Other stories of this type in this collection are Nos. 92, 93 and 121; Compare also Nos. 84-6.

While well told, No. 73 "Big Marcas and his Fairy Wife" is a composite tale. It combines the "fairy wife" theme with "shipwreck by witchcraft". Usually in Irish tradition the shipwrecking magic is attributed, not to a fairy, but to a mortal woman, and another version of this story from the same narrator omits the fairy wife introduction (*Béal*. XXXIII, p. 59) as does the version recorded by León Ó Baoighill (*Béal*. VIII, p. 158). Ó Baoighill, however, entitles the story *An Mháthair Síde* (the fairy mother) indicating that his informant's tradition was close to the version printed here. South Donegal tradition has preserved another version of the "shipwreck by witchcraft" story associated with a well-remembered fishing disaster known as *Báthadh Phrochlais* (the Bruckless drowning) which occurred in 1813, for which see *Gaeilge Theilinn*, p. 274, and *Béal*. XXXIII, p. 52, with English summary, p. 90, and references, p. 95. In *Folktales of Ireland*, No. 42, Seán O'Sullivan gives a version, also from Teelin and recorded by Seán Ó hEochaidh, which is almost identical with that in *Béal*. XXXIII, p. 59.

FAIRIES OF SEA AND SHORE

Nos. 74-5 state obliquely a belief prevalent among the fishing communities of the Irish coast that the sea was inexorable and that to attempt to save a drowning person was useless and would only endanger the rescuer. For an account of the superstition in Tory see Eoghan Ó Colm, *Toraigh na dTonn*, 1971, pp. 225-8.

77. A variant appears in León Ó Baoighill's collection, *Béal*. VIII, p. 160.

79. See *Béal*. VIII, p. 151, for another version. The garment Mici was told to turn was a *scaoilteog*, a loose white flannel garment with sleeves which was pulled over the head and had a short opening in front. In No. 118, from the Bluestack Mountains, a fairy man is described as wearing one.

84. *The bochtóg of the MacGinleys* The word *bochtóg* seems to be confined to the south-west corner of Donegal. In *Gaeilge Theilinn*, pp. 30, 141, Seán Ó hEochaidh refers to the belief in connection with another family: "*Bhí bochtóg ariamh ag siubhal leis na Ruaith-iní*" (There was always a *bochtóg* following the Ryans) and translates the word as "fairy guardian". Perhaps "guardian mermaid" would convey the notion better. (I have avoided the word "mermaid" because of its popular connotation of a half-fish woman. I think there is no evidence that the Irish sea fairies were imagined with half-fish bodies.)

85. A version appears also in León Ó Baoighill's collection, *Béal*. VIII, p. 165.

90. *The fairy island off Rathlin O' Birne*. Seán Ó hEochaidh has printed two other almost identical versions of this story recorded from Conall Ó Beirn, Iomaire Mhuireanáin, Teelin, in *Béal*. XXIII, p. 221, and *Béal*. XXXIII, pp. 21-3, to the latter of which S. Ó Duilearga has added, pp. 94-5, informative notes and references. Gerard Murphy also, in *Éigse*, VIII, p. 276, commented on the story.

91. *The enchanted seals*. It is perhaps doubtful that this should be included in a collection of fairy beliefs, as seals were not believed to be fairies but humans under enchantment. In *Toraigh na dTonn* by Eoghan Ó Colm, pp. 235-6, there is an account of the Tory tradition that seals were people from Scotland. See also *Béal*. XXXI, pp. 74-6.

92. *The knife against the wave*. This dramatic story was deservedly one of the most popular in the Irish-speaking coastal districts. There are 150 versions in the Department of Irish Folklore, S. O'Sullivan: *Folktales of Ireland*, p. 275. Two other versions recorded by Seán Ó hEochaidh are in print: one from the same narrator as No. 92 but with a different and less effective meeting with the wounded sea-girl, *Béal*. XXIII, pp. 172-4; and one from Cathal Ó Baoill of Mí an Aodhaire, similar to No. 92 except that the hero lived in Bíoán, Glencolmcille, there is no sea-ride, and the entry to the sea-girl's home is at the base of a nearby cliff, *Béal*. XXIII, pp. 174-5. Another Teelin version appears in León Ó Baoighill's collection, *Béal*. VIII, p. 162-3. A wonderful version of the story is printed in *Leabhar Shedin Í Chonaill*, with English summary on p. 479, and references on p. 430.

93. *The seagirl and Eoin Óg*. Another very popular legend. *Leabhar Shedin Í Chonaill* has a version and ample references, pp. 438-9; and *The Types of the Irish Folktales* has a long list of Irish sources of tales about water-beings, including this one, under Type 1889 H. There is another Teelin version in León Ó Baoighill's collection, *Béal*. VIII, p. 157. Seósamh Laoide in *Cruach Chonaill* (1913), pp. 83-4, 121, prints a version which he credits to Eoin Mhac an Luain, Cruach Mhín an Fheannta, in the Cruacha region: it ends with a lament by the deserted husband.

TORY ISLAND MISCELLANY

Nos. 94 and 95 deal with fairy abductions foiled by human intervention. No. 95 may be compared with the Teelin story, No. 12.

96. *The priest delayed on a sick-call*. This fairly widespread tale is always associated with the song "*Cailín Deas Crúite na mBó*" (The Pretty Girl Milking the Cows).

97. Compare with Nos. 22-3.

99 and 100. Compare with Nos. 40-1.

101. *Night gathering of sea-wrack thwarted by fairies*. Here we are told the fairy objected to the removal of the wrack, but comparing this story with Nos. 76-8, the motive may be a cautionary one against night work on the shore.

102. *The fairy rabbit and the blessed earth of Tory*. The blessed earth of Tory is renowned on the Donegal coast for its protective power. A fuller account is given in E. Ó Colm's *Toraigh na dTonn*, pp. 76-8. For a fairy connection with rabbits see also No. 128 in this collection.

103. *The fairy man in the sea and the ghost boat*. There is a confused suggestion that the recognized men (drowned neighbours?) in the ghost curach were protecting the fishermen (see No. 88) from being "taken". A somewhat similar legend by the narrator's brother is printed in *Béal*. XXXIII, pp. 31-3.

105. *Fairies steal the herrings*. Apparently an important motif in Donegal tradition. Herrings are mentioned also in Nos. 1 and 95.

MISCELLANY FROM THE BLUESTACK MOUNTAINS

106. *The fate of the airy host.* A common story in Irish tradition. A form of the legend has become attached to Crom Dubh, a pagan deity, see M. MacNeill: *The Festival of Lughnasa*, pp. 482-9, for summaries.

109. *The fairy woman's rebuke to the cow-owner.* This item also appears in *Béal*. XXV, p. 27.

III. *The fairy cow bought at Glenties fair.* Cf. Nos. 26 and 131.

112-114. These deal with the widespread belief that sudden whirlwinds at hay-making and harvesting times are caused by fairies. Nos. 113 and 114 connect it with thefts of corn.

No. 114 is told by a noted storyteller who is also the narrator of No. 121. The power of the scapular and of the stoat-skin combine Christian and magical protections as in No. 80.

115. *The offending door.* This corroborates the anxieties and taboos about house-siting and throwing out house-water in Nos. 28 36 of the Treelin tales.

118. *The punishment of the poteen-maker.* Other poteen stories in this collection are Nos. 40-2, 99, 100, and 119. For the blood-marks seen next morning see also 18.

119. *The magic book.* In O'Sullivan's *Folktales of Ireland*, No. 32, there is an instance of a magic book, and R. Th. Christiansen in *The Migratory Legends* gives great prominence to this motif. It is rare in Ireland. The magical transformations in this tale may be compared with those in No. 40 of this collection.

120. *The marvellous journey illusion.* This story has some resemblance to the international folktale Type 726*, "The Dream Visit", and has also "The Change of Sex" of Type 514 and the illusory passage of time of Type 417 A, but it would be forcing attribution to put it under any of these types. Similar motifs also occur in versions of Type 2412B, "The Man Who Had No Story", in the *Types of the Irish Folktales* (Cf. also *Béal*. XXXVII-XXXVIII, pp. 51-64). The extraordinary old woman's explanation of her health is sometimes associated with the *Cailleach Bhéara* (Hag of Beare); extensive references can be found in *Leabhar Shéidin í Chonail*, pp. 428-9. It is clear that the narrative draws on literary tradition,

and it is an interesting example of how fairy belief has been nourished by storytelling. There is one loose end to the story: the little girl who returns with the farmer and is then dropped from the narrative.

121. *The Inver man and the fairy woman.* This tale is the finest in the collection and probably one of the most important. Gerard Murphy commented on it in his review in *Eigse*, comparing it with the Old Irish tale of Macha and the *Ces Noinden*, and with another modern Donegal tale, E. Ó Domhnaill: *Scéal Hiúdaí Shéidinín*, p. 149, which is practically identical with another printed version from the same district (Rannafast), N. Ó Domhnaill: *Scéalta Johnny Shéimisin*, pp. 69-73. In this collection No. 73, "Big Marcas and his fairy wife" may be partially related.

In outline it so resembles the story of the ancestor of the Sweeney family in the sixteenth-century manuscript edited by Father Paul Walsh, *Leabhar Chlainne Suibhne*, 1920, pp. 4-7, that Father Walsh's translation is worth quoting in full:

A son of that Suibhne was Maolmhuire an Sparáin "Maolmhuire of the Purse," and that Maolmhuire is the ancestor of the three Clanna Suibhne. He had a fairy lover, that is, a fairy woman who was his wife, and it was she who bestowed on him the famous purse above mentioned. Of that purse this was a property: every time it would be opened a small penny and a shilling would be found within it. And for a long time Maolmhuire lived thus: but at length his kinsfolk wished to give him another wife, and the one they chose was Beanmidhe, daughter of Toirrdhealbhach Mór Ó Conchubhair. And a great fleet set out for Ireland, and they who brought it rested not until they reached Sligo. They spent two nights in the town and they carried away the lady with them.

One night, after that, Maolmhuire was in Castle Sween, and the fairy woman afore-mentioned had promised to bring him her child, and had told him to remain awake to receive her; but when she came, there was no one awake in the house except the daughter of Ó Conchubhair. And she seated herself by the fire, and asked if Mac Suibhne was awake. Ó Conchubhair's daughter said he was not, and she offered clothes to her to put about the child. And she would not

accept them, but said that that sleep would bring destruction on Mac Suibhne and on his children after him. And she departed in anger then, and has never since been seen. Neither has anyone ever seen her son, that is Fearfeadhá, except whenever he came to render help to Clann Suibhne in battle or necessity.

MISCELLANY FROM NORTH DONEGAL

122. *The blacksmith of Bedlam and the fairy host.* This tale embodies a widespread belief that certain individuals were in contact with the fairies.

123. *The fairy well in Doochary.* The well which moves to another place after desecration is one of the commonest of Irish popular beliefs.

125. "*Binn Eadain on fire!*" This story is a joining of three distinct narrative items, viz. (1) the international folktale Type 500, (2) the well-known migratory legend "The Fairy Hill is on Fire!" which has been allotted the number 501* in *The Types of the Irish Folktale*, and (3) the episode of the hag and the binding hairs from the Irish version of the international folktale Type 303. Because of its three components the logic of the story has had to be forced. Usually a fairy bargain is strictly kept: the breach of faith here comes from the linking of two separate narratives. The binding with hairs, the intrusive element from Type 303, is explicable because a counter-spell binding of household objects is an integral part of "the fairy hill is on fire!" legend. The Henwife (*Cailleach na gCearc*) is a stock character in Irish folktales and belongs to folktale rather than to fairy legend. Another telling of this tale by the same narrator appears in *Béal*. XII, pp. 165-7. León Ó Baoighill gives a Teelin version in *Béal*. VIII, p. 150.

126. *Spinning dangers.* Compare No. 37 from Teelin. In some versions of the preceding story the unbanding of the spinning wheel is a feature. It seems as if the taboos about the spinning wheel and giving out wool have been reinforced by the story.

127. Cf. 67.

128. *Fire is blessed.* Cf. No. 90. There is no reference to fairies going in the guise of rabbits in *The Handbook of Irish Folklore*, but see No. 102. A north Donegal belief?

129. "*You will pay! You will pay!*" Cf. Nos. 28-33 and 115.

130. *Fairy plants.* The belief about the bog myrtle is instanced in *The Handbook of Irish Folklore*, p. 285. It is not the only tree associated with the Cross in Irish tradition; elder and oak also figure in the tradition. The yellow ragweed is the plant used by fairies for transformation into fairy horses, cf. No. 105. Holly is a highly esteemed tree in Irish Tradition

131. *The fairy cow of Loch an Iúir.* Cf. No. 26 in the Teelin Section. Loch an Iúir (the lake of the yew), anglicized Loughanure, is in the Rosses in north-west Donegal. The road from Dungloe to Crolly passes by it. The legend was widespread in Ireland and was also known in Wales. Indeed the fairy call to the cattle has a remarkable similarity to the calls in the Welsh legends, forms of which are given in T. Gwynn Jones: *Welsh Folklore and Folk-custom*, p. 63. Both Irish and Welsh calls seem to be broken down and re-patched versions and the similarity suggests they both go back to an ancient joint tradition.

132. *The enchanted tree of Oileán an Iúir.* This story and the preceding one make it clear that the yew on the island was a sacred tree, and the island a sacred place.

135. *The inexhaustible meal chest.* This narrative is influenced to some extent by the style of the modern printed short story. It is a well-filled out rendering of a traditional legend, the spread of which has not yet been studied. It should be compared with No. 58 from the Teelin area. The fairy queen's name, *Maireog Mhór*, may be related to *Bioróg an tSléibhe* mentioned in Eoghan Ó Colm's *Toraigh na dTonn*, p. 45. Very close to this Gortahork story is one from east Donegal recorded by Letitia McClintock, *Cornhill Magazine*, 1877, pp. 174-6.

CONCLUDING STORY FROM THE BLUESTACK MOUNTAINS

136. *A Samhain Eve trip to New York.* This story by the narrator of Nos. 114 and 121 should have been placed in the Bluestack Mountains miscellany. Through an oversight it was omitted

until after the collection had been arranged, numbered and annotated. Its fortuitous placing at the end of the book, however, turns out to be fitting. Like all anecdotes of fairy belief, it combines realistic setting and fantastic happening, but while the others portray the circumscribed and self-dependent life of the old Irish-speaking districts, this story introduces the important later influence of emigration to North America.

Sean O'Sullivan gives a Kerry version in his *Folktales of Ireland*, No. 38, together with notes and references to other printed versions, to which may be added a Fermanagh version noted in W. Evans-Wentz's *Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries*, p. 73.

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EDITORIAL NOTE ON THE IRISH TEXTS

The former editor of *Béaloideas*, Professor Séamus Ó Duilearga, first edited all but four of these texts. In his capacity as Honorary Director of the Irish Folklore Commission (whose work is now being carried on by the Department of Irish Folklore at University College, Dublin) he too was instrumental in having had Seán Ó hEochaidh collect them, and much more besides of the vast heritage of Donegal tradition now happily preserved for posterity. At various times, and in the wake of various spelling reforms, he has had to grapple with the intricate problem of representing adequately and faithfully the Irish dialect of the recordings, progressively refining his technique and methods through the years. As a consequence, the various collections published in *Béaloideas* differ considerably in spelling. The spelling of the stories taken from Professor Heinrich Wagner's *Gaeilge Theilinn* adds a further dimension to this diversity. Some normalization of the spelling of the various texts was clearly called for in the interest of uniformity and readability. The system adopted adheres fairly closely to that employed by Séamus Ó Duilearga in the texts latterly edited by him in *Béaloideas*, though some additional conformity to *An Caighdeán Oifigiúil* has been introduced wherever it was not felt to seriously interfere with the faithful representation of the dialect.

Professor Tomás de Bhaldraithe, Roinn na Gaeilge, and Professor Proinsias MacCana of Roinn na SeanGhaeilge, University College, Dublin, have given invaluable aid and advice in developing and applying this system of normalized spelling. It may be taken to represent an attempt to establish some of the basic principles for the spelling of folklore texts in Irish, in publications by *Comhairle Bhéaloideas Éireann*.

Obviously any gain in uniformity and readability may involve the risk of rendering the texts less valuable from the point of view of the dialectologist. It should be noted, however, that while the texts are aimed at the folklorist and the general reader in the first instance, great efforts have been made to maintain a high linguistic standard in the edition of the texts, especially in matters relating to morphology and syntax.

The texts originally published in *Béaloidéas* and in *Gaeilge Theilinn* (the latter containing phonetic transcriptions) give scholars ample opportunity to check for spelling variations, etc. while the original manuscripts of all but one of the stories published in *Béaloidéas* are available for consultation in the Department of Irish Folklore. (See manuscript references on page 403).

Interpunctuation and paragraphing have in some cases been altered for the sake of conformity and legibility. The titles of stories of this type are rarely traditional and the translator has sometimes supplied new titles in order to give a better idea of the contents of the stories and also to eliminate duplication. Corresponding Irish translations of these titles have been provided by Seán Ó hEochaidh who also translated Story No. 27, *The Gruagach in Malinmore*, which was originally told in English.

The work of Séamus Ó Duilearga in editing the early manuscript material by Seán Ó hEochaidh containing *inter alia* the various collections of fairy legends made by him, can be seen to have subsequently influenced Ó hEochaidh's various attempts to come to grips with the spelling of his own dialect of Irish. In later manuscripts, Ó hEochaidh frequently introduces spelling changes adopted by Ó Duilearga in his editing of the earlier texts. The number of alterations made at any time by either party, however, is not great and the texts as published in *Béaloidéas* follow the original manuscripts very closely indeed.¹

Among the deviations in the present work from the system of spelling employed in the various numbers of *Béaloidéas* and in *Gaeilge Theilinn*, the following points may be worthy of special attention: *Cn-*, *gn-* and *mn-* have been written in words such as *cnoc*, *gnáth* and *mná* though this combination of consonants is invariably pronounced *cr-*, *gr-* and *mr-* in Donegal Irish.

Aspiration of intervocalic *-g-* has not been indicated: thus *saghart* and *agham* (common in Teelin) are spelt *sagart* and *agam*.

Daoine and *tinidh* have been spelt *daoine* and *tine* throughout, though their Donegal pronunciations are [di:n'i:] and [t'in'i:] respectively.

1. The present edition of the Irish texts is based on the printed sources. A careful check, however, has been made against the original manuscripts and a few minor mistakes have been corrected.

The following list gives the manuscript references to all the stories in this collection with the exception of No. 136 and of those stories which first appeared in *Gaeilge Theilinn*. The manuscript source of Story No. 136 cannot be traced, but at least two similar versions have been taken down from the same storyteller (IFC Ms. Vol. 1185: 434-451 and IFC Ms. Vol. 1343: 26-47).

1. Vol. 1412: 31-32	46. Vol. 1412: 166	93. Vol. 1735: 60-61
2. 1412: 34	47. 1667: 163	94. 1412: 132-133
3. 1412: 23	48. 1412: 39	95. 1667: 173-175
4. 1563: 55	49. 1412: 154-155	96. 1412: 96-98
5. 1563: 55	50. 1412: 38	97. 1667: 179
6. 1667: 164-164a	51. 1412: 55-56	98. 1563: 55
7. 1667: 160	52. 1412: 158-163	99. 1412: 67-68
8. 1412: 47	53. 1412: 43-45	100. 1412: 98, 126
9. 1412: 176-177	54. 1412: 50-51	101. 1412: 124-125
11. 1412: 112-114	55. 1412: 148-150	102. 1412: 127-129
12. 1412: 62-63	56. 1667: 166-167	103. 1667: 171-172
13. 1412: 77-79	57. 1412: 108-110	104. 1667: 176-177
14. 1412: 111	58. 1412: 19-21	105. 1667: 178
15. 1412: 26-27	59. 1412: 134-135	106. 1412: 184
16. 1412: 46	60. 1412: 28-30	107. 1412: 105
17. 1412: 93-95	61. 1412: 167	108. 1412: 147
18. 1412: 172-173	62. 1412: 174-175	109. 1412: 147
19. 1412: 52-54	63. 1667: 155	110. 1667: 193
20. 1412: 122-123	64. 1667: 155	111. 1667: 189-190
21. 1412: 130-131	65. 1412: 170	112. 1412: 106
22. 1412: 163-164	66. 1667: 165	113. 1667: 185-186
23. 1667: 169	67. 1412: 103-104	114. 1412: 178-183
24. 1412: 156-157	68. 1412: 24-25	115. 1667: 196
25. 1412: 157-158	69. 1667: 168	116. 1667: 195
26. 1412: 48-49	70. 1412: 168	117. 1667: 184
27. 1334: 2-5	71. 1412: 57-61	118. 1667: 191-192
28. 1412: 38-39	72. 1412: 169	119. 1667: 187-188
29. 1412: 37-39	73. 1667: 149-153	120. 1667: 181-183
30. 1412: 151-152	74. 1735: 27	121. 1412: 1-9
31. 1412: 120-121	75. 1735: 46	122. 1412: 80-84
32. 1667: 154	76. 1412: 91-92	123. 1412: 73-76
33. 1412: 40-42	77. 1412: 88-90	124. 1412: 69-70
34. 1412: 33	78. 1412: 10-10a	125. 1412: 142-146
35. 1412: 153	79. 1667: 156-158a	126. 1667: 198
36. 1667: 170	80. 1412: 16-18	127. 1334: 2-5
37. 1412: 165	81. 1735: 23-24	128. 1667: 197-198
38. 1412: 85-87	82. 1667: 161	129. 1667: 203
39. 1412: 165	83. 1667: 162	130. 1667: 204
40. 1412: 118-120	84. 1412: 14-15	131. 1667: 199-201
41. 1412: 22	85. 1667: 157-159	132. 1667: 201-202
42. 1412: 117-118	87. 1735: 39-40	133. 1412: 33
43. 1412: 165-166	88. 1735: 51-52	134. 1667: 180
44. 1412: 36	89. 1735: 23-24	135. 1412: 136-141
45. 1412: 170-171	92. 1735: 32-34	

The preposition *innsedir* (*soir*) "to, towards" has been rendered *ionns ar*.

Prepositional pronouns beginning with *d-* which are frequently aspirated or eliminated in this dialect, e.g. *dh'aois*, *'e ghar*, are spelt *d-* or written in full throughout.

Pádraig and *tháinig* are spelt with final *-g* and not *-c*: the Donegal pronunciation is with [-k].

Tuirseach and *girseach* are preferred to *tursach* and *giorsach* throughout. Both spellings represent the same retroflex *-rs-* sound.

Gabháil is preferred to *goil* or *dul* throughout, though the Donegal pronunciation [gɔl] is not properly represented by any of these verbal noun forms.

Istigh has been preferred to *astoigh* throughout though this preposition is always pronounced [əstih] in Donegal.

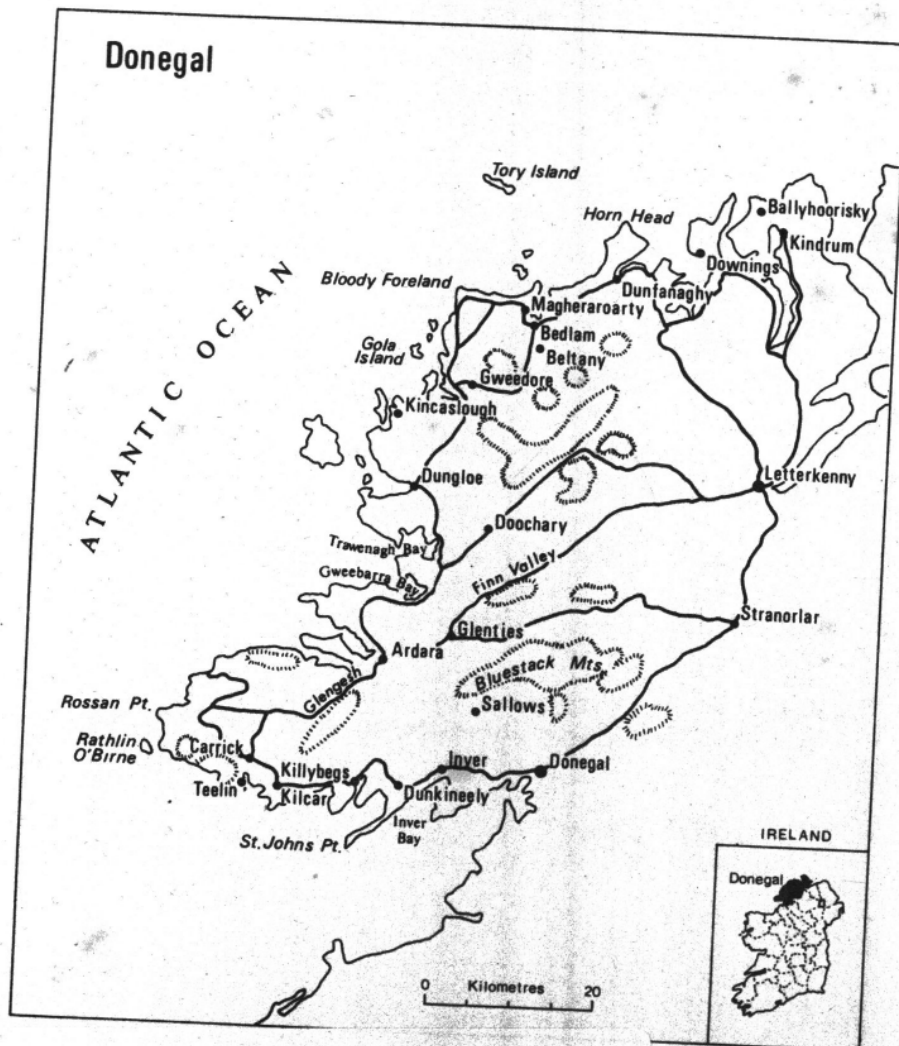
Present Subjunctive, Present and Past Tense endings in *-(a)idh* such as *chluinidh*, *brisidh*, and *chualaidh* have been shortened to *-(a)í* e.g. *chuíní*, *brisí* and *chualáí*.

Past tense dependent forms of the verbs "to do/make" and "to go" have been spelt with an initial *t-* e.g. *ní thearn* (for *ní dhearn*), *go dtearn* (for *go ndearn*), *ní theachaidh* (for *ní dheachaidh*) and *go dteachaidh* (for *go ndeachaidh*).

Subjunctive and conditional forms of the verb have been spelt with final *-dh* before words beginning with *s-*, e.g. *bhris(f)eadh sé* (not *bhris(f)ead sé*).

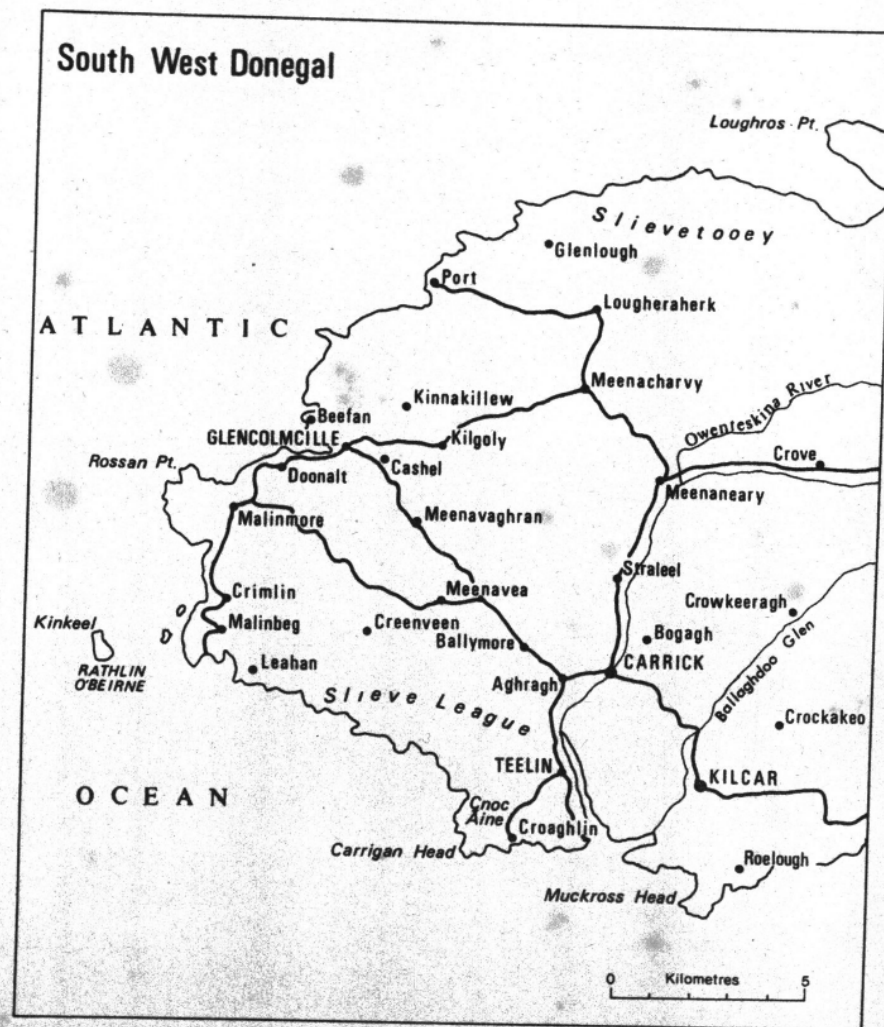
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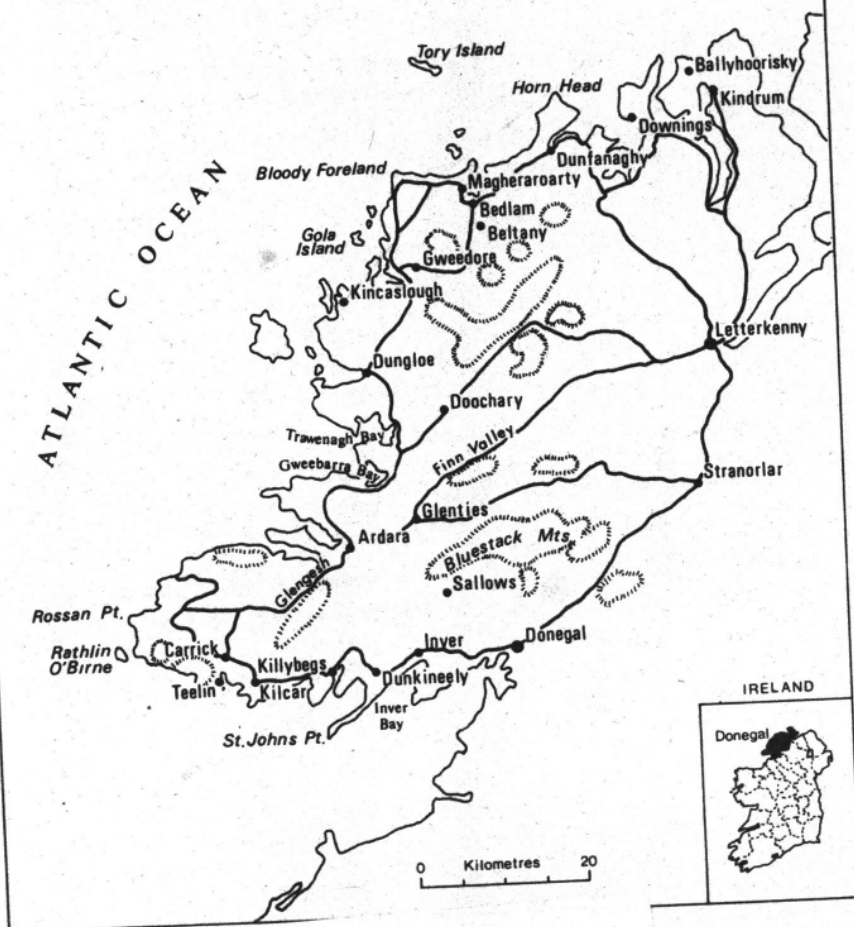


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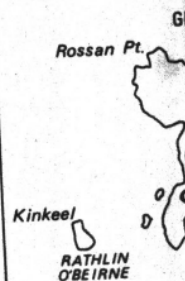


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Comhairle Bhéaloideas Éireann

Comhairle Bhéaloideas Éireann (The Folklore of Ireland Council), instituted in 1972, consists of ten members appointed by the President of University College, Dublin, four of whom are nominated by the Minister for Education. The Professor of Irish Folklore and the President of An Cumann le Béaloideas Éireann (The Folklore of Ireland Society) are permanent members of the board. The functions of the Council are:

- (1) to arrange for the cataloguing, editing and publication of material from the collections deposited, or to be deposited, in the Department of Irish Folklore, University College, Dublin.
- (2) to arrange for appropriate access to, and use of, this material.
- (3) to administer the funds which the Department of Education has made, and will make, available towards the cost of cataloguing, editing and publishing Irish folklore and studies relating thereto.

This book is the fourth to appear in the series of folklore texts and studies brought out under the auspices of the Council. *The Living Landscape*, by Séamas Ó Catháin and Patrick O'Flanagan, a study of place names and place name lore of the townland of Kilgalligan, County Mayo; and *All in! All in!* by Eilís Brady, a collection of street games and rhymes of Dublin children, have already appeared: *Leabhar Shedin Í Chonaill* (edited by Séamus Ó Duilearga) is being republished simultaneously with this volume. The first two numbers in a series of minor publications: *The Uglier Foot* by Bo Almquist and *Díoltas i nDroch-Bhirt* by Seán Ó Súilleabháin have also been published.

Major publications in progress include a collection of folktales and legends in Irish from County Clare, by Séamus Ó Duilearga; a collection of songs in Irish from Munster made by Liam de Noraídh and a collection of proverbs taken down from Mícheál Ó Gaoithín (Corca Dhuibhne), edited and translated by Bo Almquist and James Stewart. An English translation of *Leabhar Shedin Í Chonaill* by Máire MacNeill is also in progress of preparation.

Is é an gníomhaire thar ceann na Comhairle: ÁISINTEAC. DÁILIUCHÁN LEABHAR, 31 Sráid na bhFínní., Baile Átha Cliath 2.



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